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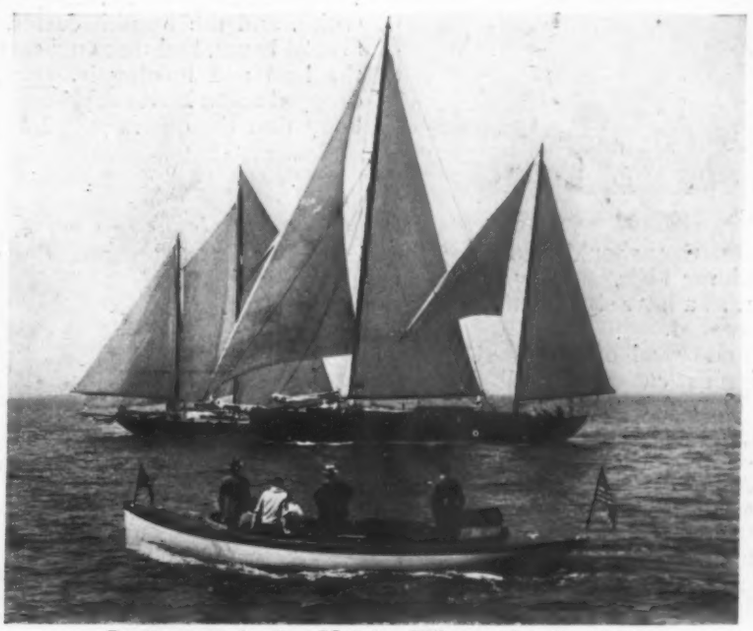
Start of Classes A and C from New London, June 20th. *Cygnet and Malabar VII* (at right) in the lead.

## The Bermuda Race of 1926

### *"Malabar VII" Wins Trophy from a Fine Fleet of Sixteen Yachts, "Black Goose" and "Jolie Brise" Other Winners*

THE Bermuda Race of 1926 will go down in yachting history as one of the most interesting, to those who were lucky enough to participate in it, that has ever been sailed to the land of the lily and the onion. This was due to the unusually high character of the fleet, to the presence of a British yacht which had sailed across the Atlantic just for this event, and to the fact that the winds were variable, much of the time being ahead, and the contestants were thus given a chance to show their paces under widely different conditions of wind and sea. In the races of 1923 and 1924 the yachts had a reach for practically all of the 660-mile course. This year there was very little reaching except with sheets well checked in. But for a short period when the wind was dead aft most of the yachts were hard on the wind, much of the time not able to lay up on their course on either tack, thus taxing the judgment of skippers as to the best course to steer.

These conditions, interspersed with several periods of irritating calm in which sails and booms slatted and banged, and 24 hours of a really hard sou'-west breeze in which many had to shorten down, and some heave to, naturally scattered the fleet and were particularly hard on the little fellows, who seemed to get the worst of everything.



*Dragoon* overhauling *Malabar VII* soon after the start.

#### How the Race was Sailed

When, at the end of nearly five days, Bob Bavier's new ketch *Dragoon*, her tall Marconi mainmast towering some 85 feet above the water, made her last hitch and, in a fresh sou'west breeze, laid across the finish line off St. David's Head at 8:46 Friday morning, nothing was in sight astern. For the third time running *Dragoon's* skipper had led the fleet at the finish. But this year he had the scratch boat and there were plenty of fast ones behind her to whom he must allow time, as he very well knew. There was *Cygnet* with nearly four hours' allowance, and *Trade Wind*, with some six hours, and little *Malabar VII*, with over eight and a half hours. Had *Dragoon* saved her time on all these, and on the English cutter *Jolie Brise*, well up with the leaders when last seen?

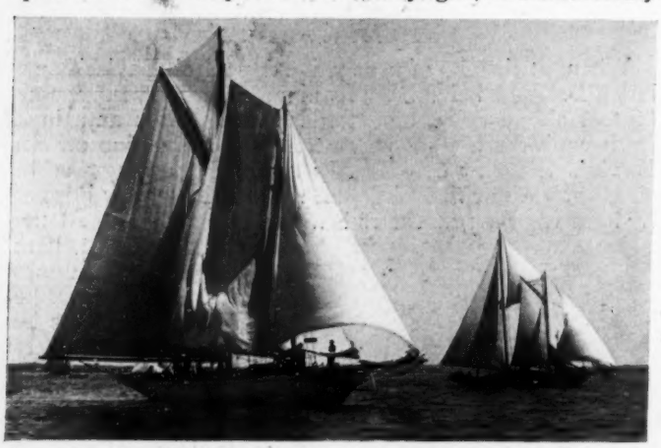
They were anxious moments that followed. At last a sail was sighted to the northeast by the watchers on the Committee Boat anchored off St. David's Head, and another to nor'nor'-west, and still another

*Jolie Brise*, which sailed 6000 miles to enter the race, won in Class C.

*Malabar VII*, the winner.

*Black Goose*, a Philadelphia entry which won in Class B by only six minutes.

right behind it. Here they were, finishing in batches, and it was still anybody's race. Hard on the wind they were, beating up to the finish line in a moderate breeze and a smooth sea. As they lifted above the horizon the jib-headed main with the staysail rig between the masts of the first boat revealed her as the *Cygnet*, sailed by Paul Hammond. She was coming up fast. Would she save her time, everyone was asking? In the moderating breeze under the land she could not quite do it, and it was 1–22–36 P.M. before she crossed. She had been sailed hard and well and had seen victory almost within her grip that last morning, with *Dragoon* still in sight ahead, only to have it vanish as a quick shot at a couple of stars at daylight, and a hurriedly

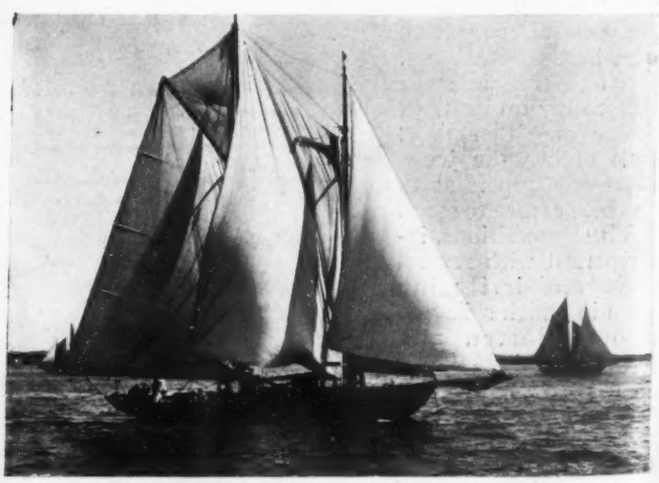


*Caroline* (left) and *Windjammer*, with their kites set.

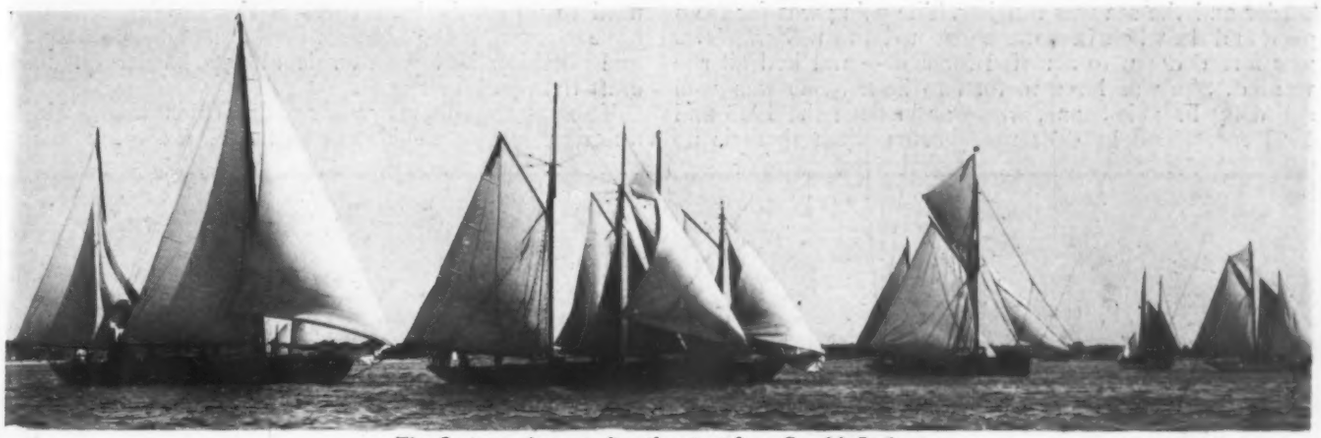
worked sight, indicated that they should bear away for the Islands instead of holding high, as they had been doing. It was a fatal error, as a later sight confirmed, for they got too far to the eastward.

Behind her the tall pointed topsail of *Malabar VII* was taking shape. No mistaking the cut of that sail. She was lifting fast and soon the big red 7 on her sail indicated that again Johnny Alden was up among the leades.r But there was an eight-mile beat against a hard head tide to make the finish. Could he do it in time? The little boat was stepping out in great shape, with sheets hard down. Her crew were getting out of her all she had to give — and she had plenty. Without knowing who had finished, time allowances meant nothing to those aboard her. There was a sail ahead and one astern — they must do their best. They did. A scant two hours behind *Cygnet* they crossed the line and got the whistle and the cheers from the Committee Boat. She had saved her time on *Dragoon*, and saved it handsomely, having some two hours and two minutes to spare. As she was the smallest yacht in Class A, she was a sure class winner. If she saved her time on the Class B yachts the Bermuda Cup was hers. This she did, by over 32 hours. She had sailed a great race, had taken advantage of every opportunity. In the strong southwest breeze of Thursday, with a rough sea, she had hung on to her sprit topsail until the sheet parted. Only then did it come in. But the fisherman staysail stayed aloft until it could be carried no longer, while some of the yachts further back were reefing or were hove to. (The smaller yachts behind undoubtedly had a much more severe blow than the leaders).

As *Malabar* finished, Henry H. Anderson's schooner *Trade Wind* was right on her heels, while coming down from North East Breakers Buoy was the British entry *Jolie Brise*, her tall jackyard topsail gleaming white as the westering sun hit it. These two yachts had been together for two days of the race, then got separated, and now were in sight again at the finish. Both had done well. *Trade Wind* was a new craft racing without even a shake-down cruise, and the English cutter, in light head winds the first 24 hours, had thrown a scare into the fleet by taking the lead and holding it. It was only when the wind dropped and a head sea proved too much for her full forebody that the others pulled away. And here she was, a



*Countess* worked through the fleet at the start.



The fleet opening up after the start from Sarah's Ledge.

type apparently obsolete for yacht use, with half as much again displacement as any boat in the fleet, and with all her stores and gear for her trans-Atlantic passage aboard, in a light weather chance, finishing well up with the leaders.

All Bermuda was rooting for her to win. Her skipper, Lt. Commander E. G. Martin, sailing for the first time in American waters, had done wonders with her. She finished in fifth place on actual and corrected time in a fleet of sixteen. In Class C she beat her competitor, the new schooner *Countess*, by nearly 24 hours actually and 18 hours, 24 minutes corrected. Not half bad, and an eye-opener to those who predicted that she would be hopelessly outclassed.

That finished all the arrivals in the first batch. It was 2:40 the next morning before "Mel" Smith's *Blue Water* ghosted over the line in the moonlight. She had sailed a fine race up to the last day and was always in the running, getting most of the breaks on the weather. She was well ahead of *Malabar VII*, the winner, the last morning. Then her skipper chucked her chances when he bore off to the eastward, despite an accurate sight and fix by his navigator that told where Bermuda bore. It meant a long beat back in a dying breeze and cost over 12 hours in time. It was a heart-breaker to those on board.

But there were many heart breaks in this race. L. Gordon Hamersley's *Countess* came in reporting heavy weather on Thursday, in which sail had to be reduced. Her noon position that day showed her to be over 90 miles behind her class competitor, *Jolie Brise*, and evidently nearer the storm center. While the latter knocked off over 180 miles that day, the *Countess* was driving under shortened canvas. Light winds thereafter made her passage a slow one to the finish line. Edw.

*Primrose III*, one of the smaller boats, got a hard dusting in the Stream.

*Cygnet*, a Seawanhaka schooner, was the second yacht to finish.

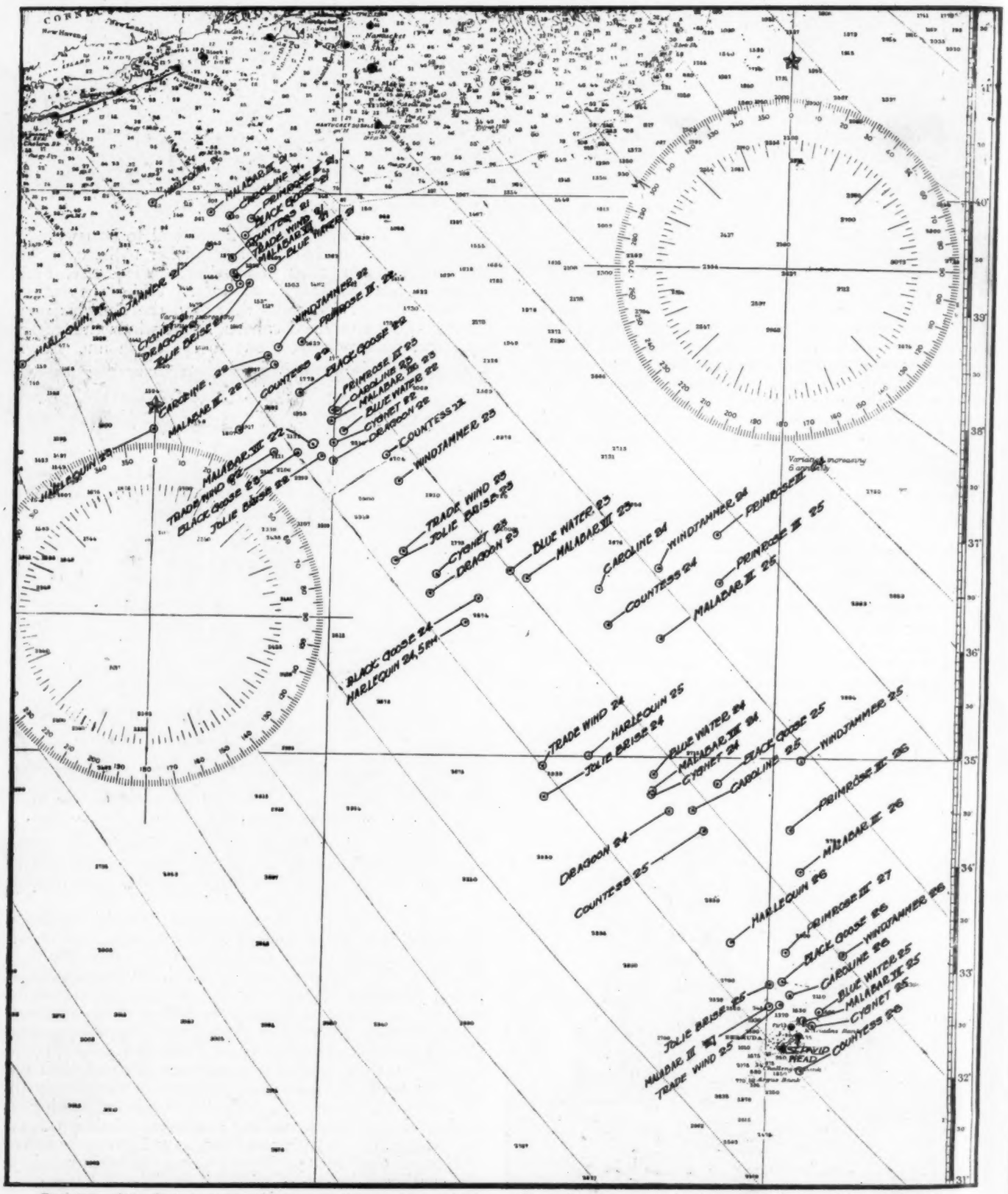
Crabbe's centerboarder *Windjammer* also found conditions very much against her. She never once had her best point of sailing — a broad reach — but was close hauled in a rough sea all the time.

In the race this year the smaller yachts which made up Class B had a trying time of it, as has been mentioned already. The class was made up of six unusually fine little seagoing yachts, of which W. Finlay Down's *Black Goose*, formerly *Mystic*, was the largest. In the light weather and calms of the first three days they could not make the same progress as their larger competitors, but slatted and banged and rolled and were generally uncomfortable as they headed first on one tack and then on another, while the Gulf Stream set them relentlessly to the eastward, when all the "dope" was to make westing in anticipation of the prevailing southwest winds south of the Stream. It was trying on tempers and stomachs alike.

Most of the larger yachts got across the Stream before the southwest breeze of wind hit in. The B Class contestants got this breeze in the Stream, where it blew

harder and the sea was rougher. The going was far from good and the whole fleet was shortened down. *Black Goose* was forced down to a reefed foresail — and had all she wanted. She was hove to for two hours. She was well sailed by Francis Stone, who was in both the 1923 and 1924 races, and he does not shorten when there is no need to do so. At least three of the smaller craft were hove to for from 4 to 12 hours. So it must have been dusty, and, besides, bad weather is always harder on small craft than on larger ones.

The way the Class B yachts got scattered shows widely different courses sailed. For instance, *Harlequin* was so




Positions of the fleet at noon each day, as given by the navigators. No positions were received from the three yachts not plotted.

intent on making some westing that she stood nearly in to the Delaware Capes and then made a long board to the southeast and Bermuda. They were thus in better position to lay the islands when the southwest wind piped up. They sailed the longest course but apparently gained by doing so. Some of the others, less persistent in going to the westward, were set to the eastward in the calms and had a long beat to the islands as the wind went to the south.

*Black Goose* was the first of her class to finish, as she did shortly after midnight Saturday, after slamming about for 6½ days. It was another case of waiting for time allowance, but in this case the leader had enough up her sleeve to win. But she had none to spare, for Edward W. Madeira's little *Sagamore* was within six minutes, thirty-four seconds of saving her allowance. There was much uneasiness on the former until the official times were announced. Both yachts are from Philadelphia, the first time the Quaker City has been represented in this race for many years, and they get first and second prizes in Class B. Not so bad for the Corinthian Yacht Club of Philadelphia. The Class A yacht *Quita* was also from the same club. She did not take kindly to the conditions found along the course, however.

Then came the *Harlequin* (average age of crew of youngsters 22 years). Only 1 hour and 39 minutes separated these three Class B yachts on corrected time, which was not so bad, and they all beat at least three Class A yachts in the general summary.

Perhaps the hardest chance was had by the crew of the Portland yawl *Primrose III*. She got a drubbing in the Stream and all hands were pretty well tired out after that, and with the continued light head winds, on a passage that took only a few hours short of eight days. Everett Morss, Jr., on *Malabar III*, with her jib-headed main, did well at the start and was well up all of the first two days. He was in company with *Primrose III* in the Stream and suffered as the latter did. *Malay* should have been one of the first of her class in. An error in plotting the position of Bermuda on the plotting charts used in navigating was her undoing. It was one of those things that can happen so easily and which may play so important a part in the result, especially on small craft where the navigator always works under difficulties.

And there's the general story of the race as sailed — a sort of sea gull's view of it as far as can be gathered from sailing on one of the yachts and from an inspection of the logs of the various contestants.

***Malabar III*, only 41½ feet long, carried a full staysail rig.**

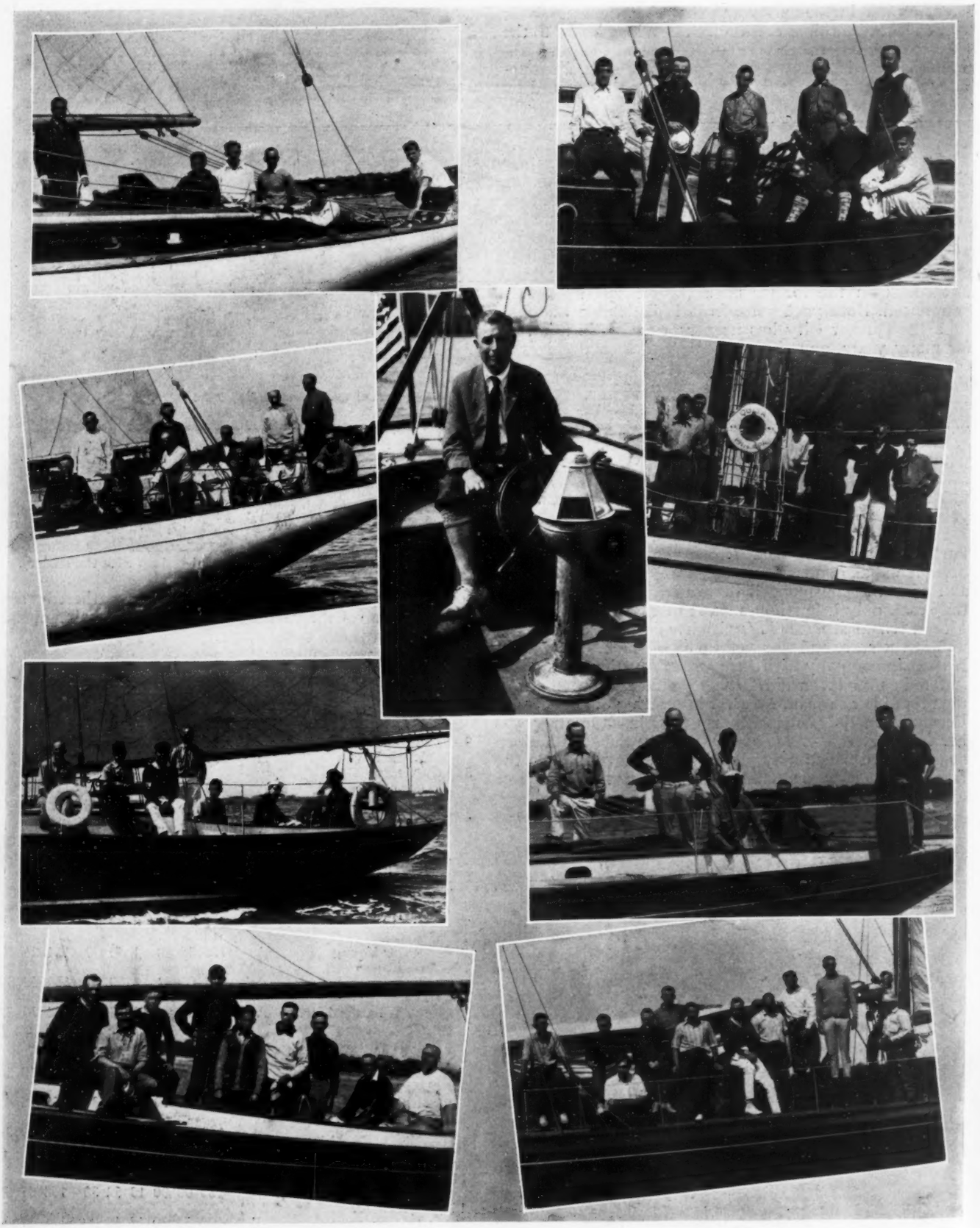
***Trade Wind* sailed a fine race and finished up with the leaders.**

The Summary follows:

| Pos. | Yacht and Owner | Class | Elapsed Time HR. MIN. SEC. | Allow HR. MIN. SEC. | Cor. Time HR. MIN. SEC. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | *Malabar VII* John G. Alden | A | 124 42 07 | 8 37 30 | 116 04 37 |
| 2 | *Dragoon* R. N. Bavier | A | 118 06 45 | Scratch | 118 06 45 |
| 3 | *Cygnet* Paul Hammond Elihu Root, Jr. | A | 122 42 36 | 3 58 30 | 118 44 06 |
| 4 | *Trade Wind* H. H. Anderson | A | 125 10 45 | 5 55 30 | 119 15 15 |
| 5 | *Jolie Brise* E. G. Martin | A and C | 127 46 45 | 1 30 00 | 126 16 45 |
| 6 | *Blue Water* M. R. Smith | A | 136 00 00 | 7 03 00 | 128 57 00 |
| 7 | *Countess* L. G. Hamersley | A and C | 151 03 11 | 6 22 30 | 144 40 41 |
| 11 | *Caroline* Roger Young | A | 155 56 40 | 1 30 00 | 154 26 40 |
| 13 | *Windjammer* Edw. Crabbe | A | 165 05 39 | 6 00 00 | 159 05 39 |
| 16 | *Quita* G. Woodward, Jr. | A | 188 25 03 | 3 58 30 | 184 26 33 |
| | | Class B | | | |
| 8 | *Black Goose* W. F. Downs | B | 159 32 45 | 9 22 30 | 150 10 15 |
| 9 | *Sagamore* E. W. Madeira | B | 167 09 19 | 16 52 30 | 150 16 49 |
| 10 | *Harlequin* G. Gallowhur | B | 169 36 07 | 17 46 30 | 151 49 37 |
| 12 | *Malabar III* Everett Morss, Jr. | B | 177 38 45 | 18 40 30 | 158 58 15 |
| 14 | *Malay* R. W. Ferris | B | 182 00 00 | 13 52 30 | 168 07 30 |
| 15 | *Primrose III* O. S. Payson | B | 190 55 30 | 12 18 00 | 178 37 30 |

*Malabar VII* wins the Bermuda trophy for all classes together and first prize, Class A. *Dragoon*, second prize, Class A. *Black Goose* wins first prize in Class B. *Sagamore*, second prize, Class B. *Jolie Brise*, wins first prize in Class C. *Countess*, wins prize for the first boat with all-amateur crew.

*(Continued on page 88)*



The skippers and crews that sailed the Bermuda Race.

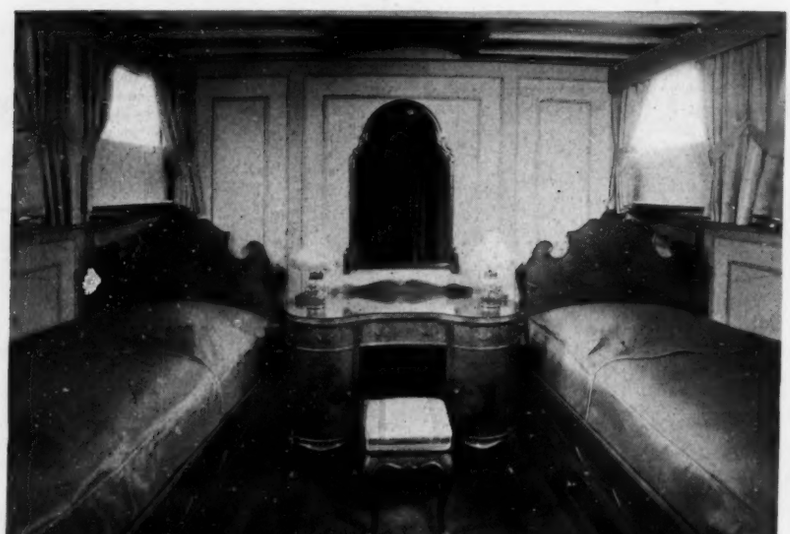
Left, from top down. *Cygnet*, Paul Hammond and crew. *Caroline*, Roger Young. *Sagamore*, E. W. Madeira. *Black Goose*, W. Findlay Downs. Center, J. G. Alden, owner and designer of *Malabar VII*. Right, from top down. *Countess*, L. Gordon Hamersley. *Quita*, George Woodward, Jr. *Malabar VII*, John G. Alden. *Dragoon*, R. N. Bavier.

Bermuda Race skippers and their crews.

Left, from top down. *Trade Wind,* Henry H. Anderson. *Jolie Brise,* E. G. Martin. *Malabar III,* Everett Morse, Jr. *Malay,* R. W. Ferris. Center, *Blue Water,* M. R. Smith. Right, from top down. *Windjammer,* Edward Crabbe. *Harlequin,* George Gallowhur. *Primrose III,* Olcutt S. Payson. The Regatta Committee, Cruising Club of America, C. D. Mower, A. F. Masury, E. H. Tucker, C. Sherman Hoyt, Henry A. Jackson.

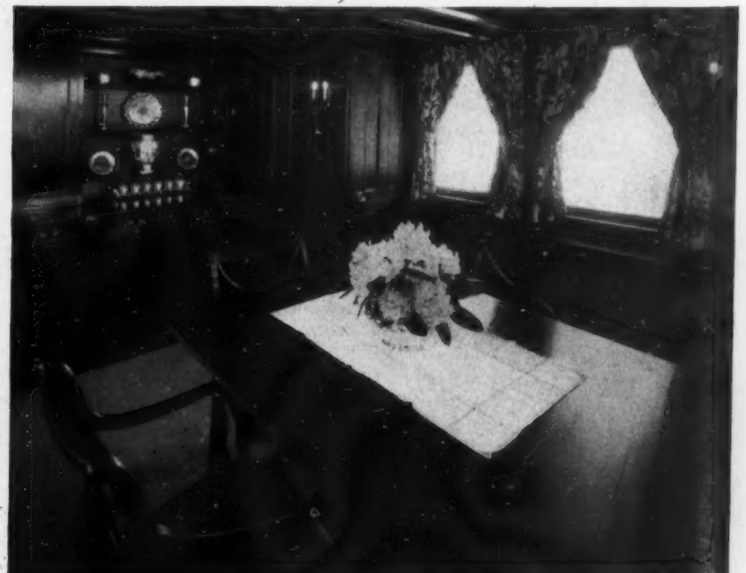
# *Vasanta*, the Latest in Express Cruisers

The *Vasanta* is a new express cruiser owned by George M. Pynchon, Esq., of New York and Greenwich, Conn., and the "last word" in yachts of this type. She is 92 feet in length and was designed and built by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp'n, Morris Heights.



The two 300 h.p. Speedway motors drive *Vasanta* 18 miles per hour. Left—Owner's stateroom. Decorations throughout the yacht are by Mrs. Virginia Bolles.

The bridge deck is protected at the forward end, making it comfortable in all weathers.



The dining room, in the forward deckhouse, is attractive in its decorations and furnishings.

# *Riposo,* A New Semi-Houseboat Power Cruiser

The new houseboat *Riposo,* designed and built by the Mathis Yacht Building Company for Dr. H. B. Baruch, is an excellent example of what the modern power yacht of houseboat type offers in the way of comfort and appointments. She is 92 feet long with two Winton engines.

Above. The large living room in the deck house is both spacious and attractive.

Below, left. One of the large double staterooms, where there is ample light and ventilation. Right. The after deck, with its comfortable wicker furnishings, is a pleasant place to spend an afternoon or evening.

# Fox and Geese in Privateer Days

*From the Log of a Portsmouth Privateersman in the War of 1812*

By C. H. J. Snider

FIGHTING, fishing and philosophizing, the privateersman of the War of 1812 spent his days. Sometimes, in the gun-room, a jovial group would gather to "sling the flowing bowl." Toasts and sentiments graced such occasions, and the composition of "toasts and sentiments" whiled away the tar's time between pike thrusts and pointing twenty-four pounders. Failing such employment he took to poetizing.

So, at least, one may conclude from *Peter Sawyer's, Junr's. Book*, a little manuscript volume which has come into the custody of Dr. A. G. Doughty, Deputy Minister of Archives at Ottawa, along with a vast mass of other material.

Peter Sawyer, of Cape Elizabeth, District of Maine, was one of the crew of the American privateer schooner *Fox*, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The book he kept was a quire of blank pages in a coarse blue paper cover, more like a child's copy-book, both in its form and material, than a diary or a ship's log. The first page bears the inscription on carefully ruled lines:—"He that medles With that that does not Concern him Shall heare of things that will not pleas him."

Peter probably went to sea as light heartedly as all the other privateersmen who sailed to make their fortune out of the war. He had, as will have been noticed already, a system of spelling all his own. It develops strongly as the log goes on. But he was no fool. His orthography does not compare unfavorably with that of many contemporary British writers of higher station, and his cheerful acceptance of what comes along proves he was fit to rate "A-1 with a star, edge-bolted and square fastened" with the seamen of any age.

"Portland, April 30th, 1813. Sailed in the Schoner *Fox* of Portsmouth, N. H. and arived in Bath the saime knight to recrute men.

"Tuesday, May 11th. Sailed froom Bath on a Cruse. The saime day captered the British brig *Mars* froom Barmuday bound to St. Johns. Cargo of Rum. Wednesday, May 12th. At 2.00 p. m. arived Portsmouth with our prize."

One can picture the rejoicing which would signalize the mooring in Portsmouth at the end of this first cruise of the *Fox*, with plenty of rum ready to hand for the celebration. Possibly it was from such an occasion that the observant Peter noted these "appropriate sentiments" in the spare pages of the back of his book:—

"Vurtue for a guide and fortune foor attendant."

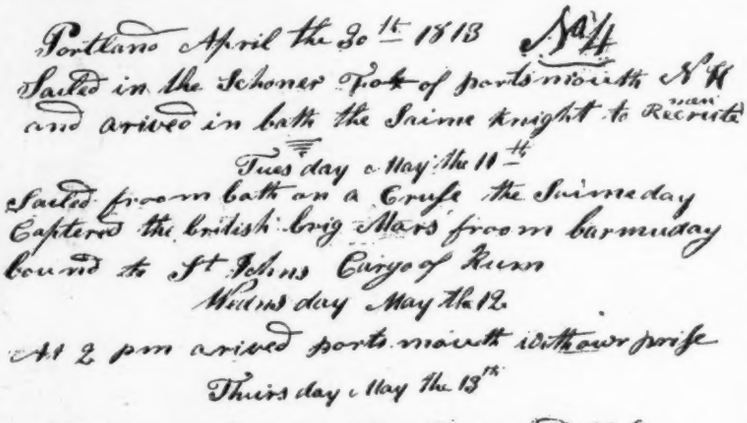
"The Rose of Pleasure without a thorn".

"The *Fox* of Portsmouth — may the craftye animile bee allways the most Sure footed'.

The rejoicings did not last long, however. Within twenty-four hours the *Fox* was off again.

"Thursday, May 13th — At 3.00 p. m. got under way and proceeded to sea on a Cruse.

"Sunday the 16th — At 6.00 p. m. saw strange saile baring NE. At X½ past six tacked to the north in chase of her. At daylight saw the land wich proved to bee Cape Ann. At 8.00 a. m. caime up with the ship. He not shoing any Nationall Cullars we fired one shot to bring him too and hee returned another at us. A short action commenced. We fired 3 or 4 broad sides at him and hee ceased firing and informed us hee was a prize to the *Alexander*, of Salem. We then allowed him to proceed and stood to sea ourselves. Too frigets in sight to the South."



Portland April the 30th 1813 No 1

Sailed in the Schoner Fox of portsmouth NH and arived in bath the Saime knight to Recruite

Tuesday May the 11th

Sailed froom bath on a Cruse the Saime day Captered the british brig Mars froom barmuday bound to St Johns Cargo of Rum

Wednesday May the 12

At 2 pm arived portsmouth with our prise

Thursday May the 13th

At 2 pm got under way and proceded to Sea on a Cruse — Sunday the 16th

At 6 pm Saw a Strange Saile baring NE at ½ past 6 tacked to the North in Chase of her at daylight C Saw the Land wich proves to bee Cape ann at 8 am Caime up with the Ship hee not Shoing any Nationall Cullars we fired one Shot to bring him too and hee returned another at us a Short action Commenced we fired 3 or 4 brood Sides at him and hee Ceased firing and informed us hee was a prize to the Alexander of Salem we then allowed him to proceed and Stood to Sea ourselves too frigets in Sight to the South — — — —

Peter Sawyer's logbook, open at the first page.

The *Alexander*, of Salem, was a noted privateer, ship-rigged, and as well equipped and disciplined as a man-of-war. She was commanded by Capt. Ben Crowninshield, and had a very successful career. Meantime, to return to the two frigates which were ready to pounce on the *Fox* and bring an end to her cruise:

"Sunday, May 17th," saith Peter, using the second day for the same date, "at 4 p. m. discovered one of the frigets in chase of us. Continued our cors to the Eastward. At dark lost sight of them. Continued all sail before the wind. At daylight saw the friget abought 10 miles a stern under a press of saile after us.

"Monday, May the 18th. At 6 p. m. the Friget apreared to be abought 2 leegs a stern of us. At 7 saw Cape St. Marys baring E. N. E. At 9 lost sight of the friget and halled our wind to the north and took in saile. Latter part calm. Caught soom fish in the bay of Funday."

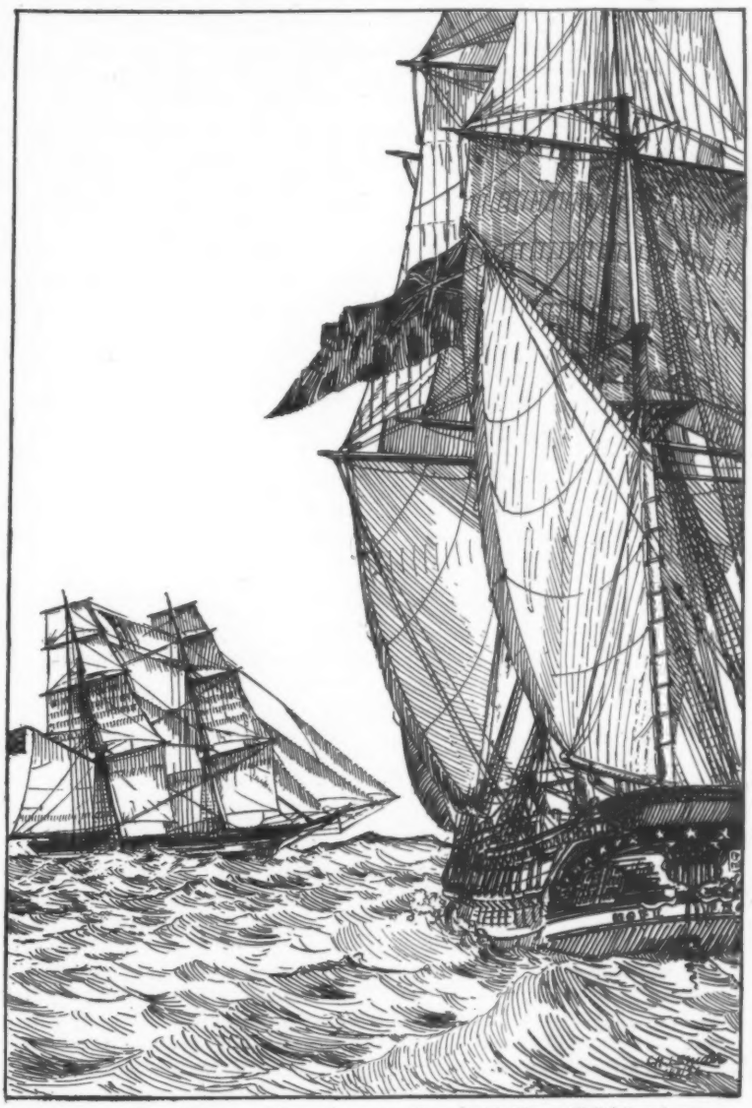
The piscatorial interlude was interrupted by the appearance of the two most successful British privateers of

the many which sailed from Nova Scotia. These did not often hunt in couples, but on this occasion they were out together from Liverpool, N. S., where both were owned.

"Tuesday, May the 19th — At 10 A.M. fell in with an armed schoner and a gun brig and was chased by the brig and lost sight of hur in the fog. Suppose them to bee the *Sir John Sheerbrook* and *Liverpool Packet*." The *Sherbrooke* had been an American privateer, the *Thorn*, and was captured, condemned, sold, and re-commissioned under the British flag. She was commanded by Capt. Joseph Freeman, of Liverpool. The *Liverpool Packet* was a Nova Scotian privateer schooner commanded by Capt. John Freeman, and later by Capt. Joseph Barss, junr., of Liverpool, N.S. Forty American prizes were taken by these two vessels during the war.

Sails were not plentiful on the Nova Scotian coast, and some proved to be neutrals or Americans. "Sunday, May 23, at 7 A.M., borded a Swedish Ship froom Gottenburg bound to Boston." A week later, "Sunday, May 30, spoke the brig *Joseph*, of Philadelphia, froom Corona (Corunna, in Spain) bound to New York." Still another empty week. "Sunday, June the 6th — In chase of a ship. It being calm we pooling up with our sweeps. Monday June the 7th, at 4 P.M. coom alongside of hur and found hur to bee the Ship *Fairtrader* froom London bound to Boston." — A favorite American name, but little consolation for a long hot session of 24 hours at the oars, forcing a large schooner through the water at a snail's pace.

"Tuesday June the 8th — At 4 P.M. saw a saile. Giv chase to hir. Caime along side and borded hir and found hir to bee the British schoner *Hariet* froom Newfoundland bound to London, loded with Oile and Sealskins. Poot Mr. John Mathews, prizemaster, and a Crew on board and ordered her foor America."



The *Hope*, of Providence, with a prize crew aboard, bluffing a British privateer.

The *Fox* was by this time in longitude 20.48 west from Greenwich, and getting well across the Atlantic, in the track of British commerce. "Saterday, June the 12th. Cooms in with light winds and thick weather" (favorite privateering conditions.) "At 3 P.M. saw a sail to the South. Maide saile in chase and coom along side of hur and found hir (Peter varies the spelling as quickly as that) to be the *Nelly and Peggy*, froom Cork, bound to Novy Scocy in ballast." No sooner had the Irish lass or lasses departed with a Yankee prizemaster at the helm than another sail was chased.

"At 10 A.M. Saw another saile to the North. Giv chase. Ireland in Sight, bairing East." One can tell it was an important occasion for Peter Sawyer, this first glimpse of the old sod, for he pens the phrase very carefully in his largest and best copybook hand, with capitals. It freshened and blew hard. "Stiff gailes and good weather," the log goes on. "At meriaden (noon) caime alongside of the Ship, ordered hir topsailes to the mast, and her boate caime on board, and found her to be the late American ship *Hope*, of Providence, R.I., and from Rio Janeiro fourteen days out bound to Cork. Had been captured by His britannic Majesty's sloop of war *Rackoon* neer the Equater. The boates brought the passengers and thaire bagage on board the *Fox* the sea so rough we waire not able to man hir this Knight."

The *Hope* was a 300-ton American ship which had sailed more than a year before for the Dutch East Indies, and there loaded a cargo of sugars, spices, coffee, and southern products of great value. She was captured by H.M.S. *Raccoon*, carried into Rio Janeiro, and brought on from there for adjudication in England. So valuable was the ship and cargo that Capt. Black, of the *Raccoon*, had her insured for £60,000 for the voyage under convoy; but in the fog which proved the undoing of the *Nelly and Peggy* the *Hope* became separated from her guardian, and, being short of water, was steering for Cork, in order to rejoin the *Raccoon* there and replenish her supplies. The voyage from Rio Janeiro had taken much longer than Peter Sawyer believed, and had run into two months instead of two weeks. The prize crew of the *Hope* made every resistance they could, and threw overboard the mails, and the ship's papers and her four guns before the privateer got alongside and forced them to lay "the topsails to the mast."

It was an anxious night for all concerned, as the two vessels lay tossing, hove to, the privateersmen dreading, and the prize crew hoping for, the possibility of a rescue by some of the British cruisers based upon Cork; but none came.

"At 10 A.M. went on board, Jeremiah Jordan, myself and nine men, and too (that is, two others) late belonging to the ship, bound to America and maide saile, the wind W.S.W (ahead.) Stood to the N.W. At mariden the *Fox*

bore away and seet squaire saile and steering saile, to the Eastward. N.B. The *Hope* was from Batavia previous to her capture by the Rackoon."

So ended Master Peter's cruise in the privateer schooner *Fox*, of Portsmouth of which he wrote: — "May the craftye animile bee allways the most Sure footed." He was now homeward bound, one of a prize crew, and he set his wits to the composition of more "sentiments" for the mess. His daily entries for a time showed nothing more exciting than "Taking in Saile occationly", but he evolved these gems for the back of his book and the tip of his tongue:

"Ship *Hope*, at Sea — May our Hope be founded on Saifty."

"The Ship *Hope*, of Providence — may we live in Hope and trust in Providence."

"Capt. Handy — (last toast on the last page) "May hee never bee found other ways then So in action."

In the dark at the end of the middle watch on June 17th the re-captured prize had her first close call. "Stiff gailes of wind and raine. At 11 P.M. took two reefs in the topsailes. Latter part foggy with raine. At 4 A.M. passed within 1-2 leeg" (a mile and a half, the heroic distance of the Noble Six Hundred)"of too English Letter of Mart Brigs steering E.S.E., the wind N.W."

Thus did two British privateers run away, as fast as a strong quartering gale could carry them, from $300,000 worth of booty slowly plodding to windward! One of the ironical fortunes of war. Next day, "Fryday the 18 of June" the *Hope* shook out her reefs and set topgallantsails and studdingsails to a wind fair for America. For days there ensued calms and "light ears", as the writer called them, and the *Hope*, foul with the barnacles and sea-growths of 18 months' voyaging, crawled slowly through the sluggish sea.

"Wednesday, June 23d," reads the record,"at 2 P. M. loored down the boate and seet the hands to work cleening the ship's bottom." On "Saterday June 26, at 1-2 past 10 P.M. pased something that appeared like a large spar on the warter." Next day, "Saw a brig bair N.W. (ahead) We halled our wind to the North and pased hur, shee having the appearance of an Englesh merchantman, steering E.S.E.", and the next day, "at 6 A.M. seet a spaire jibb foor lore steering sail, the Sea warter looking very light culered. At maridian jibed ship and steered west, Veriathon (variation) abought 2 points."

"Tuesday, June the 29 — At 2 P.M. saw a number of ships baring froom S.W. to W., steering to the W.N.W. We took in our steering sails and halled our wind to the south and they proceeded on thair cors untell we lost sight of them. We counted abought 40 saile, they beeing the rear of the fleet. We think it to bee the Cork fleet bound to Newfoundland that the brig *Peggy and Nelly* that we captured on the 12th inst. in the *Fox* was trying to joine."

Here was another of fortune's jests, the laugh this time being on the American privateersmen. If the prowling *Fox*, instead of pushing on into the dangers of the Channel under squaresail and studdingsails, had elected to accompany her recapture homewards she might have got her through safely, and in addition she would have had the picking of a convoy of from 100 to 200 merchantmen, the enormous fleet that annually fed the commerce and military and naval commitments of British North America!

These convoys were guarded, of course, but a diligent privateer had opportunities of snatching vessel after vessel in the fogs or the darkness, or in stress of weather which would scatter the fleet and always cripple more than one member. As it was, the handful of *Fox* men in the *Hope* could only look on enviously, for there were not enough of them to take care of their own ship, and to attempt to cut off another would be madness. The most they could do was to dodge recapture, and this kept them on edge. They spent the American holiday of the Fourth of July as follows:

"Sunday the 4th of July — Cooms in with light winds and good weather. At 4 P.M. saw a saile bairing S.W. (ahead) When she caime abrest of us shee squaired away and caime down foor us and when within one mile of us she halled hir wind to the S.E. and proced on, we having previously taken in our light sailes and goot redy foor action." (A bluff on their part, for they had nothing but muskets to fight with.) "She appeared to bee an American priveteer schoner with one topsaile."

Day after day, following this incident, Peter records "Nothing remarcable. Plenty of fog. The wind ahed as usual." They were sounding and getting no bottom, believing themselves near the Banks of Newfoundland. "Fryday July the 9th, nothing remarcable, brocht the last barrel of beef on board, allowance 1-2 lb."

"Monday July the 12th — At 7 A.M. saw a saile a stern of us steering by the wind to the south. At maridean we tacked ship to the north. The ship, beeing now under our lee, tacked and stood foor us. . . . We histed Inglesh Cullars, the ship answered us with Inglish do. Knight cooming on and thick weather we lost sight of the ship foor the time. The ship fired 3 guns at 4 P.M."

Next day they got soundings, first in 80, then in 38 fathoms, and the next day, to their great relief, in the fog they "caught abought 30 codfish." They got some more two days later. Two more ships were sighted and lost in the fog, the *Hope* tacking back towards Europe to avoid them, although the provisions and water hastily put on board from the *Fox* at parting were now quite low. But the sea supplied food of a sort and the clouds gave drink.

"Saturday, July the 17th — In the middle wach heered guns. It being foggy coold see nothing. At 6 A.M. the fog cleering a way we saw a brig on our weather bow. We headed W.N.W. The wind was very light. The brig had steering sails out below and aloft steering E.S.E." (Directly in the *Hope's* course. What would you do?)

"We was within a half mile of hur. She was a black brig with two white moldings Round hur. She histed Inglish Cullars and appeared to have abought 8 or 9 men on deck. We histed Inglish Cullars. She halled her Cullars down. We gave hir a shot aheed of hir" (sheer bluff, this firing of the musket, the *Hope* pretending that she was English and suspicious of an English vessel which did not keep her colors flying.) "She histed her Cullars and fired a lee gun" (a friendly salute)"and proceded on her cors, E.S.E. We set roials (the *Hope's* highest sails) and proceded to the west. A ship in sight to windward steering west. I think the brig had lost a convoy and was firing in the Knihgt (when the three guns were heard in the middle watch) thinking foor an answer from them. She was very deep laden."

Another plump prize for the *Fox*, but the *Fox* cubs in the *Hope* could only lick their lean chops. They had now crossed the Banks and were again out of soundings, with fogs and "plenty of raine", and occasional glimpses of vessels.

"July 23-24—At daylight saw a brig in chase of us bairing E ½ N, distant 3 leegs. We kept up W.S.W., light breezes. A ship in sight at 4 A.M. bairing S.E. At maridean, to leeward out of sight, the brig standing on for us. She had very much the appearance of an English gun-brig with many light sailes seet. At 2 P.M. she was within one mile of us under the lee quarter."

Again, what would you do?

"We seet American Cullars at the peak and bore

(*Continued on page 82*)

# Across the Western Ocean in the *Jolie Brise*

## *Part II—Forty-Seven Days at Sea from Falmouth to Larchmont*

*By* Weston Martyr

SLOWLY we sailed from Falmouth's peaceful harbor, out into a cold grey evening and a dull and cheerless sea. A flurry of rain obscured the land and soon great lazy ocean rollers commenced to swing majestically past us from the westward, sending through me a thrill of fear. They were, I knew, just the gentle breathings of a sleeping ocean, but I thought, with a catch in my heart, of that time when the deep sea should awake.

The day departed and the gods, being too depressed, refused to paint for us their sunset colors on the sky. They let the light ebb slowly from a sombre world—and it was night. A head wind came out of the darkness and the light on the Lizard began to wink. "Five thousand miles and more to sail, my sons," it plainly said, "and I can see you still." So, through all of that first watch I thought with awe and trepidation of those thousands of miles of sea ahead of us; and when midnight came and my watch was done, there was the Lizard leering at us, no further off than when the night began. All through my watch below, thoughts of the sea's immensity oppressed me and I could not sleep, so that it was a weary sailorman who climbed on deck at 4 a.m. to stand the morning watch. I found no morning waiting for me; it was still black night, with the wind still dead ahead and the loom of the Lizard still showing plainly above the dark horizon. It was cold and wet, the sea looked very big and very, very dreary — and there were still five thousand miles and more of it to come. It was then that I thought what a fool I was to have embarked upon this preposterous and most uncomfortable adventure.

Presently a tint of faintest pearl crept out from the East across the darkness of the sky; the blackness all about me slowly changed to grey — to rose — to gold; and it was day. Then the sun came up and smiled, and warmed my back, and the waves began to sparkle and to dance. From forward came the cheerful crackling of a new lit fire, the pleasant scent of wood smoke and the perfume of early morning coffee. Then out of the sunshine sprang a jolly breeze to greet our ship, its namesake, and speed her on her way. A fair wind and fine weather — it was glorious to be alive, and we but started on our voyage. How glad I was to know that there were still five thousand miles and more to go before we came to the end of our most glorious adventure.

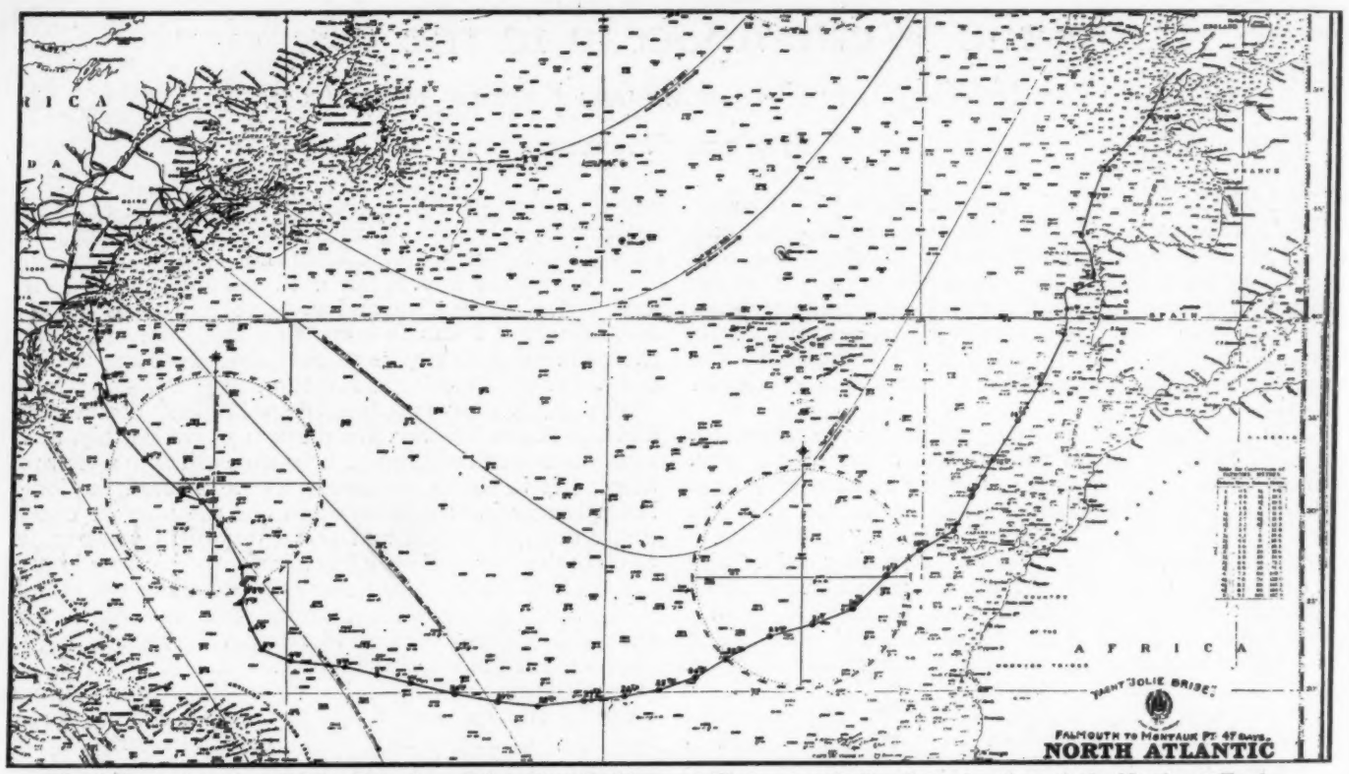
The next five days produced a spell of fresh head winds and boisterous weather. We meant to save our big, new mainsail as much wear and tear as we could with a view to keeping it in shape for racing, so we secured the long boom snugly in the gallows and did the best we could under our gaff trysail and trysail topsail. Our struggle to cross the Bay of Biscay has left a set of pictures in my mind which I hope may never grow dim. Days of grand sailing, full-and-bye with a strong wind, and seas so big that each one needed careful watching. Cold, dark, blowy nights when the watches seemed centuries long and the phosphorescent waters washed about the decks, to leave stranded there a host of blue and fiery eyes that stared fiercely at us. A grey haze with a French lugger plunging down upon us on the top of an apple green sea. She was painted deep sea blue and pink, and she had red sails and a hairy and excited crew who brandished their arms and called to us excitedly. They merely wanted to know where Ushant lay.

I think this weather did us good. It shook us up and hardened us so that we settled down to our sea routine more quickly than we otherwise should have done. The gear was also tested and not found wanting, which was a most satisfactory thing to *know* so soon in the proceedings.

Our spell of dirty weather lashed itself at last into a fury and launched upon us, under cover of night, a short hard gale. But by that time we had turned into tough and hearty mariners and our ship had shown us that to her a gale was just a breeze. And besides, this blow was out of

Left.—"We ran before a fair wind for over 3500 miles."

Right.—The raffee pulled *Jolie Brise* along splendidly for many a hundred miles. But it was some job to set it and keep it set.




**Track chart of passage of *Jolie Brise* from Falmouth to Larchmont. She averaged 150 miles a day through the Northeast Trades.**

the Nor'west; — a fair wind at last — and it felt sinful to heave to and waste it. So we triced up the trysail tack, doused our jib and sailed her.

The gods rewarded us for that sail, too. It was a scary affair while it lasted, but it did not last very long and at the end of it we slid clean out of cold, grey winter into bright and balmy summer, with the scent of gorse and mimosa blowing to us from the sunny coast of Spain. At 7 a.m. on April 8th I was wearing all the clothes I could put on. At 8 a.m. I was sweating in a singlet. Then came a calm and we rolled all day in the blessed, blazing sun and festooned the ship with our damp clothes and sails and bedding.

In its own due time a fine fair wind made out of the North and remained there, constant and steady. "The Portugese Trades," said we, "and we're lucky to pick 'em up so far North thus early in the season." Now the Portugese Trade is a summer wind that blows all down the coast of the Spanish peninsula. It is, I think, a kind of far-flung arm of the Northeast Trade; and ships that are lucky have carried it clear from Lisbon to the Line. For some reason we fancied our own ship's luck just then. We had visions of holding that fair wind down to Madeira, where the true trade wind would most certainly join it and blow us right across the Atlantic until we reached the Gulf Stream. This was a very splendid vision — and the queer thing is, it very nearly came true. But for one blundering westerly gale which wandered South out of its proper track across the Western Ocean, upsetting the wind systems for a while, we *would* have carried that wind dead aft from Finisterre to the Stream. Except for some four days, while the evil influence of that last gale lasted, we did run before a fair wind for over 3500 miles.

Having faith in our vision we forthwith stowed our fore and aft sails, sent our yards aloft and turned the *Jolie Brise* into a square-rigger. And under her new rig, when she had time to get used to it, the ship sailed like a clipper. But she gave us a handful of trouble at first. When we gave her the square-sail she was very much surprised. She was like a dog with a new collar — and she tried to rub it off, until in time the freshening wind bellied out the sail and it lifted her up and carried her along so comfortably that she decided to give it a trial. In time she grew to like it and long before we ran out of the Trades the boat and the sail had become inseparable friends. Under her squaresail alone our ship liked to roll comfortably along at between 6 and 7 knots, and she would maintain this speed consistently whatever the wind might do. In light airs she would sometimes condescend to amble along at 5½, and in a breeze would bestir herself a little and run at something over 7; but on the whole she showed surprisingly little variation.

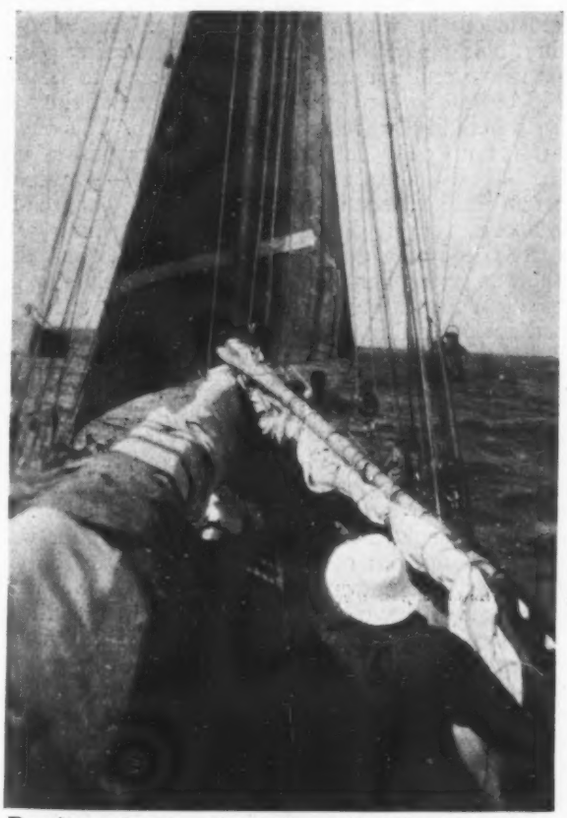
On the other hand, for some unaccountable reason, she seemed to hate the raffee. When we first tried to set it she performed like a sensitive and spirited cat when you try to tie a large new ribbon round its neck. She pitched once, rolled once, gave her head a vicious shake — and the raffee sheet parted! We tried again — and kept on trying. For the next 3000 miles the fight went on, but we never succeeded in patching up that feud between the boat and the raffee. She parted so many raffee sheets and halliards that at last we got tired of logging these occasions. In time we learned to tie that sail on to the boat with wire, and it pulled her along splendidly for many a hundred miles. But even the steel halliards could not prevent her from getting at the sail and chewing a piece right out of the middle of it. I am sorry about this business because the raffee is really a very nice sail and, given a fair chance, rejoices in pulling the *Jolie Brise* along like a tow boat.

For two days we ran lazily down the coast of Portugal in very fine weather, and nothing of note happened to us there that I can remember. I have not been allowed to forget, though, that it was here I lit our flare in panic and waved it in a vain attempt to scare away Venus. That great star of the morning loomed so close and bright above me that I mistook her for a steamer and made a fool of myself.

On the 10th. the sunrise showed angry and red, the

glass fell steadily and fast, a sleek fat swell rolled up from the South, the porpoises commenced to play and the gulls flew landward, screaming; so we judged it wise to make an offing and prepare for a gale that flaunted its warnings on sea and sky until they were as plain to the eye as those other sky signs on Broadway.

That gale sticks in my memory now as the only gale of wind I have ever enjoyed. It was a curious gale in its way, and at times it became very severe. The boat behaved splendidly all through. This is what I wrote about it at the time in my private log:—"10th. April. Noon. Strong SSE wind and high sea. Bar. falling rapidly. 2 p.m: More wind. Stowed trysail topsail. Hove to with staysail sheet to windward. Ship sailing herself SWxW about 2½ knots and making *beautiful* weather of it. 4 p.m.: Blowing very hard. Stowed staysail, triced up trysail tack and hove jib sheet to windward. Ship lying to nicely and as dry as a bone. Lowered both yards and seized them in rigging. Bar. 29.54. 5.15 p.m.: Wind shifted in a tearing squall to WSW, catching ship aback. 5.30: Sudden lull. No wind at all. 6. p.m.: Wore ship and hove to on starboard tack. Wind South, strong Bar. 29.52. Immense westerly swell. Midnight: Bar. 29.46. Light northwesterly air. Starlight. Tremendous sea; but ship rides lightly up and then drops gently down them. 11th. 12.30 a.m.: Wind West, strong. Let draw the jib and steered South. The way she goes is a marvel and a joy to behold. 1 a.m.: Set staysail. 7 a.m.: Wind increasing. Very heavy squall from WNW. Stowed staysail. 7.20.: Terrific squall from WNW. Hauled jib sheet to wind'ard. Sea milk white, and our considered opinion is



Running under staysail set athwartship in heavy weather.

that it is blowing about 70 miles per hour. Went below and had a shave. Everything very neat and dry and comfortable in the cabin. 8 a.m. Bad sea, but sky looking less wild and boat behaving wonderfully. Noon: Wind gone mad and coming out of the West. Sea dreadful to look at but apparently quite powerless to harm us. 3 p.m.: Sky

The skipper, E. G. Martin, at the tiller.

very low and threatening. Stowed jib and set reefed staysail. 8 p.m: Gale moderating. Let draw the staysail and steered SSW through weather that would sink any other yacht I have ever been in."

So much for my log. That night we gradually shook out our reefs and made sail, and the next morning found us storming along under our trysail topsail with a strong northeasterly wind tearing off the tops of the old seas, which were still running as high as our lower masthead.

That strong northeasterly wind was the Trade. We did not suspect it then and took it for nothing but the dregs of the gale; but when we ran 160 miles in the next 24 hours and the breeze still held steady and true — then we began to understand. On the 13th. I see I put in my log, "*Still* this fair wind. Ship doing 6¾ knots under squaresail." On the 14th. I began to wake up. "Wind steady at NE. Can this be the Trade? The ship is still North of Gibraltar." By noon on the 15th. I must have seen a light. "Fresh N.E. Trade," I boldly wrote. "Ship running 8 knots under raffee and squaresail." Yes, we had picked up the Trades, sure enough. And what is more, we held them for 23 solid and consecutive nights and days!

Twenty-three days of fair winds. Three weeks and more with the breeze blowing constant and true over the stern. A steady slide down wind of 3500 miles. Think of that, you sailors who trim your fluttering sails to the shifting, fickle breezes of the Channel and the Sound.

And now, in case you may think I am getting too enthusiastic about this fair wind of ours, I will say at once that one can have too much of a good thing. Our fair wind was good; but there was much too much of it — in both senses of the word. Most of the time it blew *too* hard and it *always* blew too fair. For the first ten days or so we got much more wind than we needed. It was too much for the raffee and, sometimes, too much even for the squaresail. At such times we had to take everything off the ship but the staysail, which we set 'thwartships with the tack lashed in the port rigging and the clew secured to the starboard shrouds. Under that rig the boat would do about 6 knots; but it was extremely uncomfortable sailing, because, with nothing aloft to steady her, the *Jolie Brise* would roll, roll, roll, until we felt the mast would roll out of her or that she would roll over altogether. The rolling was dreadful; but the great big following sea which all that wind kicked up was worse. It was bad enough when steering in the daytime to feel an endless succession of mad avalanches rushing up behind

and trying to climb over the stern; but at night one trick at the helm under these conditions was enough for anyone.

Another drawback to all this wind was that we had to try and make the boat sail as slowly as possible. If we had given her her head and let her go in that sea, she would surely have broached to or been pooped. It was annoying to be forced to jog along uncomfortably under the staysail when with less wind we could have set the squaresail and raffee and done 8 knots and had a quiet time.

Then again, our fair wind would persist in blowing dead fair. Before we started we thought if we sailed West through the Northeast Trades we would naturally go bowling along all the way with a nice breeze on the quarter. As things turned out the only time the wind blew from the N.E. was while we were steering S.W. Immediately we turned West the wind turned, too, and blew straight out of the East; and when we altered our course to Northwest to run up to the Stream the wind followed us round at once and came away from the S.E. It was then we decided we never wished to see a fair wind again — and we cursed our fair breeze. This was a mistake; our fair wind incontinently left us, and for a week we drifted in that disgusting area of the sea which sailors call the Horse Latitudes. There, when there is any wind at all, it is merely a black and drenching squall which lasts perhaps for 20 minutes and leaves you slamming about wildly in a most unruly sea. You do this for 12 hours or more — and then you get another squall. After a few days of this unholy breed of weather we prayed for a fair wind again. We did not get it.

Running through the Trades was not at all the comfortable, easy sailing I had looked for. I expected to find moderate winds, an easy regular sea with flying fish popping out of it; a fine blue sky with nice fleecy clouds drifting about. And I hoped to be able to lay back, take it easy and have a good time. Instead of these pleasant things there was an uncomfortably fresh wind, a high confused sea, a sky like burnished brass, and clouds that were white enough on top but so black at the bottom that they frightened me. And each cloud generally had a squall in it, with wind, or rain — or both. And as for lying back and taking things easy, we were on the jump all the time. It was hard enough work steering in all that wind and sea; but the incessant rolling made even sitting down hard work. And the rolling was bad for the running gear. Raffee sheets seemed always to be parting, and sometimes the halliards would go for a change. A raffee is a fine sail; but it is a long way up and quite out of reach, so that when any of its gear goes there is invariably plenty of excitement and lots of work. Then the squalls made work. When a squall came up the raffee came down, and when it was all over and the sail set again, as likely as not another squall would come along. It was by no means peaceful sailing.

From time to time the rolling would get on our nerves and we would then set the trysail to try and steady the ship. The sail did steady us a little; at least it altered the maddening rhythm of that everlasting roll. We would set it and breathe sighs of relief. But not for long. That trysail had its bad qualities, too. It was very fond of jibing, and when it was not doing that it pretended to. It would make jibe-like gestures and then suddenly think better of it and crash back again to loo'ard with sickening thuds that shook the whole ship. After some hours of this enchanting entertainment we would decide that honest, unmitigated rolling was not so bad after all, and then we would jerk that trysail down on deck and stow it — and set it again when we could not bear the rolling any more.

I know now that running your Westing down through the balmy Trades is not all the writers of sea fiction would have you believe. It's tough. Even the flying fish did not come up to sample. There certainly were flying fish about. Not many of them, but some. And they certainly flew. Which is the part I do not like about them. They fly too fast. They fly like bullets. One of them tried to snipe Martin, as he sat at the tiller. It missed its aim in the dark and hit the boom, scattering blood and scales all over the ship. One deliberately flew at Warneford, missed him — and went into the trysail.

I like the tradewind region, though, in spite of its roughness and squalls. For one thing, it is always comfortably warm down there. You can stay on deck in the middle watch in your pyjamas, with the wind whistling and the spray flying, and never feel the slightest chill. During the day it gets hot, of course, but not too hot. The maximum heat in our cabin was 87°; but this, being tempered by the breeze, was not at all unpleasant.

South of Latitude 20, when we got in the heart of the Trades, we found the squalls less troublesome. In fact, there were no squalls at all down there, but merely puffs and gusts which generally came along, with a gentle sprinkle of rain, at sunrise and sunset. Between whiles the wind would blow steady and fresh, when we had some really delightful sailing.

I think I shall remember always one most delicious morning. I was alone on deck, and the sun, although it had only just come up, was warming me nicely between the shoulder blades. It was the sort of smiling morning that makes you sing. The sky was a deep and glorious blue with a fleet of round white clouds bowling comfortably across it. The sea was blue too, a crazy, chemical, indescribable blue; the bluest kind of blue you can imagine, and it was slashed with stabs of vivid white where the crests of the waves were breaking. The wind was blowing, bold and strong, clean into the straining bellies of our raffee and squaresail, which seemed to be doing their level best to lift the ship clean up out of the water. The seas were big but regular, great heaving hills of water that rolled up dead astern. As the crests passed under her the boat would drop her stern and stop — or seem to; but when the next sea lifted her she would charge ahead again and go roaring down the face of the running wave with the speed of a destroyer. She sailed so fast that I felt she was trying her very best to fly, and the two great waves of whitest foam which flared from either bow seemed stretched like wings to aid her.

In the middle of one such rush as this I was watching her, entranced. Her stern was lifted high, and below me I saw the tip of her bowsprit cutting through the blue, while from it two white jets, like graceful feathers, sprayed up and out. Behind them foamed the bow, a black wedge ploughing through gleaming azure, and throwing magnificently outwards two gleaming wings of snow. That was a very splendid sight — but more splendor was to come. Suddenly, out of the waves thrown up on either bow, two silvery showers of flying fish burst into the air. I think we must have charged full tilt right into the middle of an enormous shoal, for, while our rush down that wave lasted, those two great fountains of glittering fish played out of the water on each side of us until the air seemed full of their shining, flashing bodies. Then the light changed and I looked behind me — and saw the round sun shining through the thin, translucent top of a great blue wave, and . . . Oh! I give it up. I find it is quite useless to describe it. The only way for you to get these pictures is to sail to the heart of the Trades yourself and *see* them.

We sailed and sailed and sailed, until I lost all track of time, and for all I knew or cared we might have been sailing a month or a year when at last we came to the fringe of the Sargasso Sea. This is a strange place —

(*Continued on page 78*)

# Auxiliary Engine Installations

*By* S. S. Pierce

AUXILIARY yachts today are of two kinds. First, what for convenience we shall term "true auxiliaries", and second, "overpowered auxiliaries."

In the first class are those boats in which the motive power is sufficient to dispense with topsails and light sails generally in light airs, to make port in a flat calm, or to help the craft in stays in a light head wind and heavy swell.

In the second class are those boats in which the motive power is such that their speed under power alone may seldom be exceeded, or sometimes even equalled, in a hard breeze under full sail. This tendency toward overpower has greatly increased in the last few years and is much to be deplored as marking, in many instances, a certain decline in seamanship.

In this article we deal only with "true auxiliaries." The first question is, obviously, what type of engine to install? This question cannot be answered in a general way without studying each individual problem; it can, however be said that shortness, that is to say, least fore and aft length, is the first and most important consideration. As the timbers in a cruising sail boat are relatively very heavy in proportion to the power required, the objections to one and two cylinder engines, which prevail in motor boats, are neutralized. As a general rule, the fewer the cylinders, the shorter the engine, — fewer parts to take care of, greater ruggedness of such parts as there are, etc., etc. For boats from 20′ to 40′ O.A. the antiquated and much maligned single-cylinder, two-cycle gasoline engine still has much to recommend it, namely, very short fore and aft length, extreme simplicity, long life, low first cost and upkeep, and further, it is understood by almost any local waterman anywhere on our Atlantic coast. While it produces a certain amount of rather ample thumping, it is almost entirely free from that insidious vibration inseparable from small high speed four cylinder engines. It has two very grave shortcomings, namely, lack of flexibility and high fuel consumption. This last fault, in its yet more ponderous brother, the hot bulb, or low-pressure semi-Diesel engine, disappears entirely. In fact, such an engine is in every way best suited to small craft contemplating long passages or extended cruising in localities where fuel supplies are few and far between, as the fuel consumption of this type of engine is lower than any gasoline engine made, although slightly more than the full Diesel or even the high pressure semi-Diesel.

In larger boats, where more than eight or ten horse power is required, a two-cylinder, four-cycle gasoline engine is usually best, except in cases where fuel economy is important the single-cylinder, low-pressure semi-Diesel is still suitable for boats up to 60 feet O.A. (These engines are made in single-cylinder models as high as 65 horsepower!)

In lighter craft, which may often be used for racing, small high speed four-cylinder, four-cycle gasoline engines are best.

The question of location resolves itself into a sort of relentless warfare between proper accommodations for the engine and similar accommodations for the humans. The most usual and best place for the engine is aft, as in this case it can be completely separated from the living quarters by a watertight bulkhead. When aft, in the average small cruising auxiliary, 35%, roughly, of the water line length will be sacrificed to the engine. As, however, only one third of this will be actually occupied by the engine, and, as the remaining two thirds, owing to lack of headroom and interference of the cockpit could not be used for accommodations in any case, only 11% or 12% of the water line length available for living quarters is sacrificed to the power plant; and some of this, on either side, may be made available by proper bulkheading. In fast boats with long overhangs and a fine run the conditions are much worse, whereas in boats of the double-ended type they are better. Of course, as the size of the vessel increases, the percentage of the water line length available for accommodations increases also, but, as more power is required and the engine becomes correspondingly longer, the percentage of available accommodation sacrificed to the engine does not diminish proportionately.

When the engine is forward, or anywhere within the accommodations, the space sacrificed is negligible, as a reverse gear and often the flywheel may be below the floor, and of course the space on each side remains clear if water, fuel and exhaust pipes are lead under the floor. In this case, however, it is practically impossible to separate the engine from the living quarters, rendering the fire hazard extremely high as well as subjecting the crew to heat, smells, dirt and noise, or, in other words, transforming what might have been a yacht into a floating garage. This arrangement has the further disadvantages of a long shaft, long and tortuous piping and remote cockpit controls.

Taking everything into consideration, a short engine, as far aft as possible, gives the best arrangement both for power plant and for accommodations.

The racing boat, of more wholesome type, which may also be used for cruising, fitted with auxiliary power, has already made its appearance, in one class at least. As these boats are built to a class, the intolerable nuisance of removing propellers for each race is done away with. Such boats will undoubtedly become increasingly popular as combining the possibilities of class racing, day sailing and cruising, and, owing to the very fact that they are used

(*Continued on page 84*)

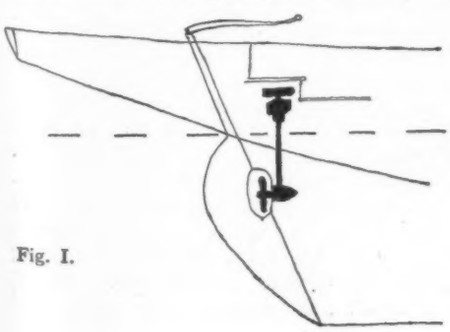


Fig. I.

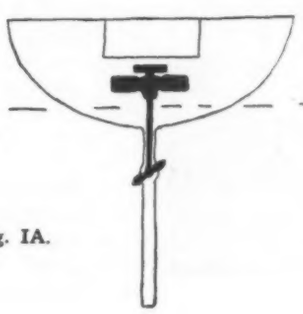


Fig. IA.

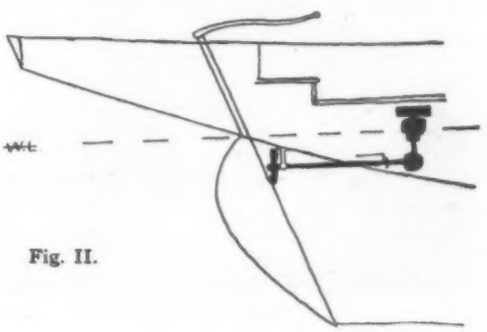
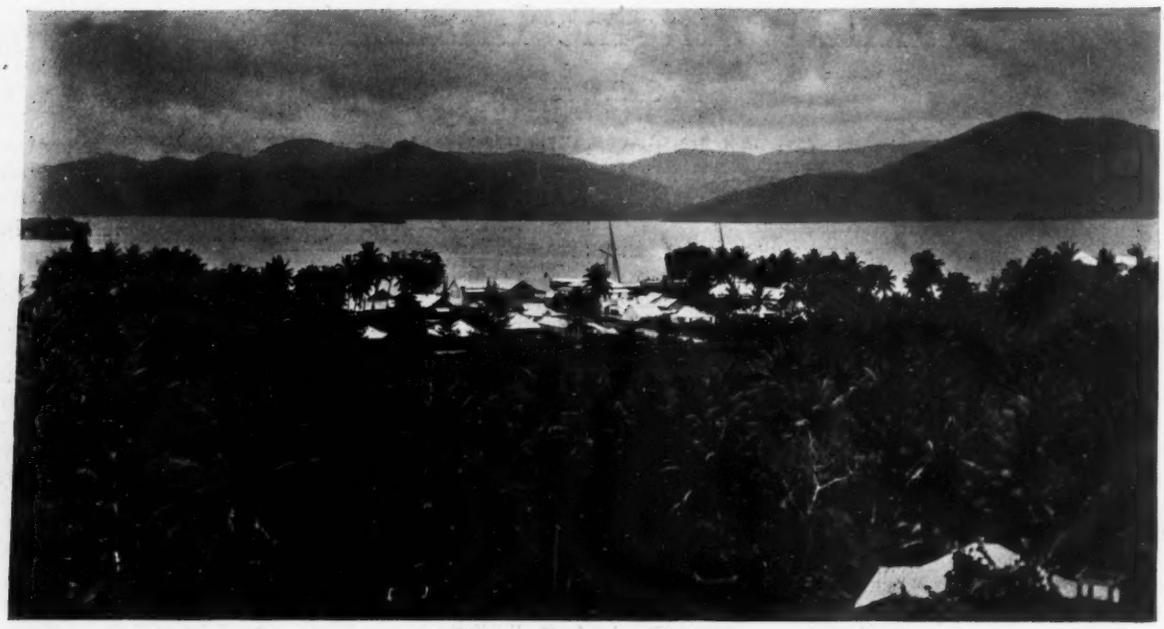


Fig. II.



Dilhi, in Portuguese Timor.

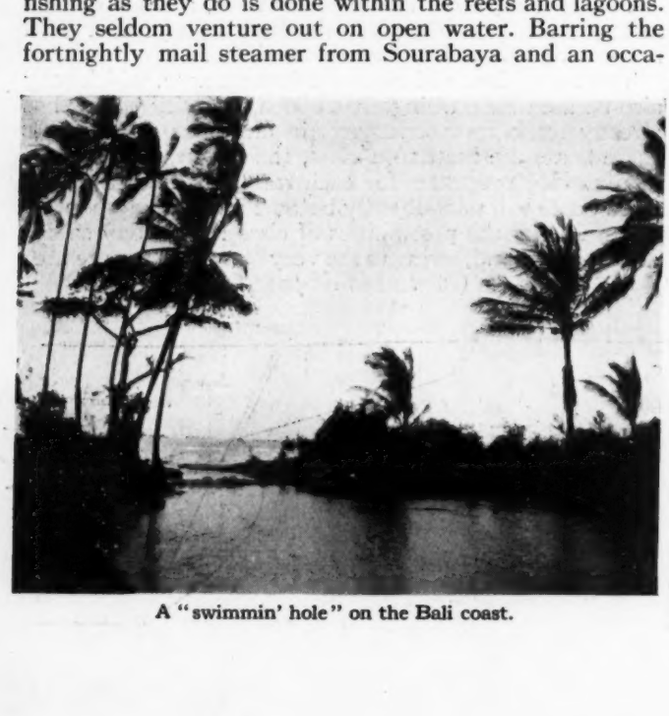
# The Escapades of the *Eleanor*

## *Part II—From Bali Down to Torres Strait*

*By* WARWICK MILLER TOMPKINS

BALI'S beauty struck us speechless or incoherent by turn. I find the spell still holds now, a year later, when I would convey some of that wonder to others. Fortunately my camera caught with a fair degree of accuracy the marvels of flooded rice fields gleaming like diamond dust, the stateliness of mirrored palms, the magnificence of the happy, proud people who know and care nothing for the bustling, mad world beyond the sharp rim of their ocean.

The Balinese have, practically speaking, no boats. The fierce currents of the neighboring waters have made them almost wholly an agricultural people. Such fishing as they do is done within the reefs and lagoons. They seldom venture out on open water. Barring the fortnightly mail steamer from Sourabaya and an occasional yacht the only visitants to Bali are the ubiquitous Chinese junks. How in the world these ever get anywhere with their ponderous matting sails and crazy hulls, not to mention the unstayed masts, is more than I know. All through our stay in Benoa there was one anchored near us, and one dirty night we had a little brush with her. Although Benoa is the only harbor on the island that is at all safe it is far from being a secure anchorage, these being nothing but a few inches of coral sand over coral on the bottom. This particular night a westerly wind, aided and abetted by vicious rain squalls, started the anchors of both the *Eleanor* and the junk. After much grief the Filipinos and I finally got the yawl back to her position where we held her with two anchors and a line to a buoy. But the junk was now in the grip of a boiling spring tide that was surging in against the wind. Again and again she seemed about to crush us, only to have the wind come suddenly in a strong enough gust to throw her away. We three, drenched and shivering, serenaded her with our fog horns in an effort to get her crew on deck. Not a soul appeared — they were all below playing mah jong; in the lulls we could plainly hear the mad clicking of the ivories.



A "swimmin' hole" on the Bali coast.

Eventually she did come down on us. Fortunately our lance-like bowsprit was pointed squarely at her just then and it took the shock nobly. There was a rending of bulwarks and a sudden burst of excited yells as the startled Mongols tumbled on deck. Before they could man their winch and haul clear we had swept away a good ten feet of their flimsy superstructure, and I wasn't a bit concerned. The excitement was not over, however. What, with the wind and tide playing merrily with us, and the junk unable to "stay put" even with both her ponderous hooks out it looked as though another collison was inevitable. Happily we hit upon the idea of rigging one of our sea-anchors out astern. The big cone, caught by the tide, worked us off to windward and safety, and

held us there until the blow was over.

When we sailed in the middle of February we had lost Jack, much to our regret. The call of a long-awaited business opportunity at home had taken him from the *Eleanor*. So the Skipper, Mac, and I re-divided the watches — we never trusted the Filipinos with the wheel except in good weather and then only during the day — and started on the 700 mile run to Portuguese Timor.

Nearly every square foot of Bali is cultivated, and the Balinese are experts in irrigation.

Back through Lombok Strait we sailed, getting through neatly this time before we were becalmed. Again a tide rip surged out towards us but went rushing harmlessly on not a hundred yards away while we watched it boiling and bubbling madly.

We had dallied too long in Bali and the good westerlies that had blown all through our stay there had now given way to more variable winds, the invariable between-monsoon condition. Slowly we coasted past Lombok and along lanky Soembawa, rarely making more than 30 miles a day. Oh for a reliable auxiliary!

A hankering for fresh meat and fruit sent us shoreward near the end of Soembawa, where we were much surprised to find a race of natives who, for no apparent reason, were as poverty-stricken and miserable as the Balinese were prosperous. When we left them, laden with a young goat, two scrawny chickens, and a bunch of bananas, (all the place could muster in the way of provender), weather was developing in the west.

By noon, with the mounting wind creeping a bit northward, the *Eleanor* was logging a fair eight knots and all hands quit their dinner to get a couple of reefs in the mainsail. Even with the wind working aft we did not want the whole sail on her any longer. The mainsail was old and worn and it took this occasion to rip from clew to peak, so we got it stowed snugly. Then we shook out the furled mizzen and got back on our course. An hour later it was evident that we would be safer with the staysail in and a few minutes after we were under jib and jigger only, yet racing along in great style.

"Doesn't it seem to you that this wind is acting like typhoon weather?" I asked the Skipper later that night when, under a cirrus-shot sky, we were driving along with a rising nor-nor-west gale.

"I don't believe that genuine circular storms develop in this latitude," he returned. "The wind's shifting clockwise all right, but I believe it is just an ordinary shift. We'll watch it, though."

To port a 6,000-foot cone, Sangeang Volcano, rose sheer out of the water and we were spared the full force of the gale for a short time as we passed through its lee. Throughout the night the wind rose slowly but did not shift perceptibly. The yawl traveled beautifully. The next day dawned all at once and all hands got to work with palms and sewing cotton on the battered mainsail. By dark the job was completed but we could not attempt to bend the sail in the wind that was now blowing almost a full gale.

In the light of a mean, gray-yellow sunset the surviving chicken we'd bought at Soembawa "flew the coop" and went flapping awkwardly off to leeward, settling finally on the crest of a big sea and swimming gallantly. We did not care much, for her partner, immolated at noon, had dulled all our knives and dislocated our jaws and any shark that wanted the deserter was welcome to her.

From this Sunday evening until Thursday my log is empty. Things started happening too fast to be entered. Perhaps I am wrong, but I believe that the *Eleanor* was caught that night on the outskirts of a cyclonic disturbance, on the edge of a typhoon, to use the Far Eastern nomenclature for those circular storms that are known as hurricanes, cyclones, or typhoons, depending on where they are found. Some of the usual typhoon signs were missing. We had, for instance, no calm period of long, oily swells preceding the storm, but the wind did shift from right aft to the port bow in the course of the next three days, and it blew at a maximum speed which we figured must have been close to eighty miles an hour. Unfortunately I have not, in my personal diary, a record of the barometer's behavior during those days and I have no reliable memory of just how the aneroid did act. But you can take my word for it that if what hit us wasn't a regular typhoon it was a mighty close relation to one.

After supper that Sunday night I turned in for some well-deserved sleep before my mid-watch. Two hours later it had grown so wild outside that the Skipper called me on deck. Mac, who seemed utterly devoid of a seaman's instinct, was no longer capable of handling

Balinese fishermen, with their dugout canoes hauled out on shore.

A typical New Guinean on the *Eleanor*. They are expert sailors.

the wheel and Aitken said that we two would have to stand watch and watch.

It was amazing to watch the seas growing. Each succeeding wave seemed appreciably larger than its predecessor and by 10.30, when Aitken came to relieve me, we were running before beautifully crested combers, and flying like a ship possessed.

I could not get back to sleep and so I stood with the Skipper by the wheel, fascinated by the wavering heads of those fiery seas that seemed sky-high as they reared over the counter. And how the *Eleanor* was traveling! Her wake blazed for a quarter of a mile astern — a wide path of light running up and down the pursuing hills of water.

At a little after eleven I was trying to suggest to Aitken that we'd better reef the mizzen when the wind took that matter into it's own hands. Zrrrrriiip! The clew of the sail tore out and a strip of canvas along the leech five feet wide ripped from boom to gaff and caught about the masthead.

"She's reefed!" Aitken howled. "New way of doing it — saves a heluva lotta time and trouble."

Still the yawl plugged along, the remaining fragment of mizzen and the jib doing splendid work. Talking, or rather shouting, was a burden for, added to the storm's diapason, there was a fiendish slatting and flapping aloft where our unique "reef" stood boardlike in the gale.

Nothing more happened for fully fifteen minutes, so that when a new uproar forward started then, it did not surprise anyone. It was due. What in the world it was this time I could not imagine as I worked a precarious way forward. It was utterly dark save for the gleaming wave crests and I had to rely almost entirely upon the sense of touch to locate the damage. There was the jib halliard, still taut — nothing wrong there. Yes, the dinghy was secure — Bam! That noisy, mysterious presence zinged past my head and smacked the dinghy a resounding blow. I made a grab for it but it was as elusive as a spook. Then my fingers, clutching at the weather shrouds, found but two where three had been before. It took but a moment to verify my suspicion. A heavy shackle between the turnbuckle and the chainplate had parted and our heavy-footed dancing sprite was nothing but a two-foot set-screw lashing about on the end of a long shroud. The game of blind man's buff that developed was not pleasant, even though it was eventually successful and free from fatalities.

At midnight I was at the wheel again while Aitken sought some rest below.The ship was going like a mad thing, racing down the steep hills and plodding along on the succeeding up-grades. The phosphorescence was brilliant but too wonderful. Time and again I thought we were running on some uncharted reef as the churning white crests looked like distant breakers. At other times an unusually bright particle, glinting for a second high above me, would fool me into thinking it was a shore light, or perhaps a steamer's glowing ports.

By one o'clock the seas had started washing over the counter and swirling about my bare legs. But the cabin scuttle was securely closed and I did not think we were in any danger of serious pooping so I kept her traveling. Half an hour later enough water was coming abroad in this fashion so that I was just on the verge of calling Aitken when the jib clew tore out and I had to get him on deck in a hurry. Jose came with him and they worked out on the bowsprit and got in the sail while I kept the yacht fairly before the wind and kept her going under that tiny piece of mizzen. A gust shortly put an end to this when it extinguished the binnacle light and I lost the course just long enough to let the wind get a slight side-swipe at us and threw her head up into the wind.

We had kept a sea-anchor bent to our large hawser and it was the work of but a few seconds to get it out over the port bow. Then, with the helm hard down, the *Eleanor* came around nicely and presented her bluff bows to the driving seas, taking them and the wind "broad on" and never shipping a bucketful of solid water.

It was Mac's first anchor watch so Aitken, the boys, and I went below. The Filipinos were badly frightened; they had forsaken their comfortable fo'c'sle for the main cabin where they sought sleep on the repaired mainsail heaped on the floor. Constancio managed to make some coffee, while I played a doleful dirge on the accordion.

A smiling non-union whitewasher of Bali.

And now let me have my say about sea anchors. For something over three days the *Eleanor* rode at one while the great wind crept to northwest, to north, and then on towards the east. Through those days, and we slipped over the biggest seas I've ever seen in four years spent at sea, that insignificant little 15-ton packet never wet her decks with anything but spray. The motion was violent, but one must expect that in a small boat. Undoubtedly it would have been more comfortable hove to so long as the sails lasted, but I do not believe that in such a wind as we experienced any canvas could be expected to hold for more than a few hours. Captain Voss, who knew a thing or two about small boat cruising, goes even further; he advises that in preparing for typhoon weather that all sails be unbent and halliards unrove!

At first we had the hawser bent to the forward bitts but later we moved it to the butt of the mainmast in

order to bring the wind and sea a good four points from the bow. A constant watch was needed to prevent chafing at the bulwarks; that we forestalled by wrapping the hawser with sacking.

The drogue was a seven-foot pyramid of the heaviest canvas with inch-and-a-half bolt ropes. The apex was cut away to provide the water-vent needed while wooden spreaders kept the mouth extended. We gave the anchor 175 feet of hawser and did not buoy it. Our rate of drift was sufficient to keep it in sight at a depth not exceeding 20 feet.

The hawser we used was 9-inch manila. Yes, sir! She measured a full nine inches in circumference and not once during all that gale did any of us think that it was too heavy. As the *Eleanor* jerked that big hawser clear of the water, stretching it to iron-like rigidity and squeezing the water from its fibers, we thanked our stars that the rope was no smaller.

"But where did you stow such a line?" I've been asked. *We* stowed it on the floor of the fo'c'sle where it fitted rather snugly when neatly coiled. I can't say where it would go in other boats, but a similar line will go *somewhere* on any boat that I ever expect to take through really bad weather if I have to make a mattress of it for myself.

Another word about the way the ship rode and I'll get along with my tale. When we finally got her to taking wind and sea broad on the bow she left a patch of ironed-out, smooth water for 25 feet to windward, "keel water" as it is often called. The effect of this upon the big seas was little less than miraculous. High above the *Eleanor* they would rear their flint-black heads, and we'd see the drogue for an instant, a dull splotch of gray in the rushing wavehead. Then the wind would push over that wavering, thin line and a creaming crest would come roaring at us. Every time it seemed that bubbling flood would surely sweep pell-mell over us, turning the tiny vessel topsy-turvy in its rough play; and every time that bright little area of keel-water broke a smooth pathway through which we rode saucily. Right ahead, under the bowsprit, and astern, within arm's reach, almost, would be the broken, tumbling water, but the *Eleanor* would ride drily and easily down to the depths of the next trough.

The ketch *Wisdom II*, of Los Angeles, in Malekula Inlet, New Hebrides, where the *Eleanor* crossed her track.

Other observers have reported the same phenomenon; none whose accounts I have ever read have attempted to give an explanation for it. Might I suggest that at least part of the effect of the keel-water is due to the fact that it has been set in motion by the leeward drift of the ship, whereas the rest of the wave, down which the crest tumbles, is nearly static? I am convinced that the "keel water" is in motion and I believe that such motion, inasmuch as it is in the same direction as that of the broken crest, would result in such a lessening of surface resistance to the crest as to cause it to subside. Quite possibly I am wrong; I should like to hear more learned discussions of the matter.

We nearly came to grief when, after twenty-four hours at the anchor, the wooden spreaders chewed their way through the bolt ropes and cost us the anchor. After some of the fastest work we'd ever done we got our second drogue out before she shook the sticks out, as it seemed most likely she would do. In that incident is a lesson. Use chain or wire bridles for your drogues and fasten them far enough past the mouth so that the spreaders can't get at the ropes. We later fixed ours in this fashion and, though we never used it again, I am confident that it is the safe and proper way to rig such a vital bit of gear.

On the third day the sun started peeking through occasional gaps in the clouds and I, an ardent devotee of the Sumner Line method of navigation, stood by with my sextant for four hours waiting for a shot. When I got it, in mid-afternoon, we had sighted some dim, unrecognizable land almost astern. Much to my delight the line ran right through the sighted land, which proved to be Paloe Island, Latitude 8-05 South, Longitude 121-50 E.

That night we attempted to set sail and get back on the course but recurrent heavy squalls prevented and we continued to ride to the sea anchor, keeping an uninterrupted deck watch. And this night we were repaid for all our long and what often seemed useless hours of deck watches. At three A.M. land was sighted to leeward and I called Aitken. We watched the dim mass for a little while and concluded it was so far away that we were drifting past it with miles to spare. Aitken turned in again. An hour later it became apparent that a long, low point of land extended out from what now was clearly a fairly respectable peak, and that our drift was setting us directly on it.

In a few minutes the call for "All hands" had everyone on deck with the sails going up as the drogue came over the bow. When dawn broke the *Eleanor*, running under her headsails, cleared the dangerous peninsula nicely but closely enough to prove that another half-hour's drift would have put us fairly on a rocky coast.

While we ran on, past Komba Island with its plumed volcano, we repaired the storm's damage, bent the mainsail and set it, replaced a broken whisker shroud, and patched up the mizzen just sufficiently to give us a bit of sail aft. In another twenty-four hours we had lost all sign of the storm and were just easing along at a couple of knots over a sea that was refreshingly calm after the turbulence of the past week.

We now headed southward again to make Portuguese Timor. Had a dirty night with quite a trace of fog, a rare occurrence in the tropics, through which came to us the unusual sound of a steamer's whistle, one of the occasional Dutch inter-island packets probably. We answered, heard her reply several times, and then lost her in the murk.

Among the entries for that night of items telling of the jib clew tearing out for the three-hundred-and-sixteenth time, of sudden squalls, of Aitken's and my lengthened watches when the Scot proved unequal to steering, is one saying merely that "we are having trouble with our running lights." The *Eleanor's* port

(*Continued on page 84*)

# Nautical Nuggets

*By* W. W. Swan

IN this article, which will be the last of the Nautical Nugget Series for 1926, I will endeavor to describe various helps devised for the racing fraternity over a period of twenty-five or more years.

In the majority of cases these "gadgets" were the inventions or ideas of thoughtful and enthusiastic yachtsmen. They have been taken up by manufacturers, who make such articles, usually without compensation of any kind to the originator. In other cases these useful adjuncts to the equipment of racing vessels have been merely a natural development of material in better form.

Foremost among the skippers' and crews' helps is the racing winch. These come in many forms and sizes according to the size of vessel and use to which it is to be put. For instance, if used for the throat or peak halyards, where the craft is rigged with wire, they are not so high in the spool or drum as those used for handling main sheet rope. (See sketch A).

They are all on the ratchet principle, some of them geared down to make it easy to put the desired strain on the halyard or sheet. It must be borne in mind, however, that the geared ones are necessarily slower than the plain ratchet winches. The latter depend on the number of turns and the leverage of the bar used to actuate them for their power.

It is not only quite necessary to have these powerful helpers on a racing craft, but considerable thought must be used in placing them, and the attendant cleat, so that they can be reached easily and cannot interfere with other tackle. If a bar winch is used, such as Herreshoff developed for the N. Y. Y. C. 40-footers, the cleat should be far enough away and in such a position that, with two men turning the winch, the third man, who is keeping a tension on the turns, is clear of their elbows or feet.

On smaller boats, it is advisable to have the cleat near enough to the winch to allow one man to turn it and tend the rope at the same time. As a rule these winches will never get out of order if kept sufficiently well oiled.

One of the new developments has been the track on mast and spars to fasten the sails. These are made of brass, bronze, or nickel, and come in various forms and sizes. (See sketch B). They are very useful in expediting the act of getting underway or "making sail" and have an extra advantage in allowing one to get an even, smooth sail on mast or boom, devoid of wrinkles that so often appear when hoops are used or the sail is laced on with marline or cotton lacing. The track also allows you to quickly and easily remove racing sails so that they may be stowed below or on shore and be kept dry and in fine condition.

When a sail is new and before it is stretched out on the foot or head, you should be careful to bind the eye or the outhaul down securely if it does not reach the heavy brass track near the end of the boom. (See sketch C).

The reason for this is that the light track is held in place with small, short, round head screws — whereas the heavy track near the end is secured by heavy rivets to take the strain of the upward pull when closehauled.

Another development is the use of bridles on deck as well as a strain release for spars.

The bridles on deck are used as a track for the preventer or backstay. They help reduce the cumbersome rigging formerly required for this important stay and allow one to put the necessary tension of back pull with less effort than with the old fashioned double block and tackle.

Some designers use tracks similar to those spoken of for use in bending on sail, but I don't think this type is as efficient as the wire bridle. It can become clogged, or can be damaged to such a point that you cannot pull the stay far enough aft. Another point in favor of the bridle is that it is more or less flexible and gives a little when the boat is pounding or a sudden strain is applied by a puff of wind, and is therefore less liable to part.

One of the most important helps that the racing man has on his boat is the snap hooks. Yet I maintain that in nine cases out of ten little or no thought is given to them outside of cussing if they tear your sail. This grief can all be avoided by carefully choosing the proper hook.

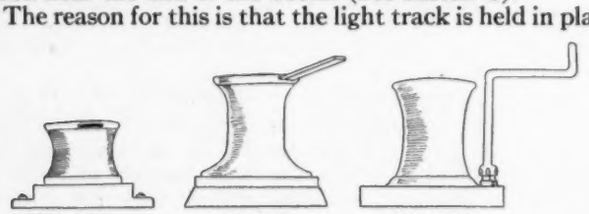
The racing man who doesn't know the proper type, or who is too penurious to spend the money for the patent racing hook, deserves to receive all the trouble he is courting. Many races have been lost because the light spinnaker or balloon jib has been caught in the old type of snaphook.

Not only should care be taken to get the proper snaphook on the jib, but one should give some thought to the proper hook to use on your spinnaker halyards, spinnaker tack, and after and forward guy ropes. Here the old fashioned snap hook is extremely dangerous because of the hurry and rush of getting the spinnaker set and the danger of having the shoulder on end of spinnaker boom open up the hook.

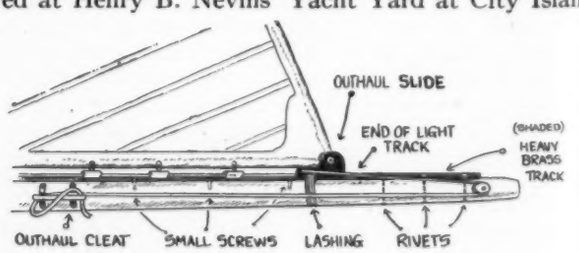
The best and quickest hook for safe setting of the spinnaker is the shackle-type hook illustrated above. It can be put on and removed, using the same pushing motion. It cannot let go or be opened accidentally and is, in the writer's belief, the fastest of them all.

In connection with spinnaker setting, I should like to mention an English ball bearing swivel which Ernest Ratsey brought to my attention. It is hand made of solid brass (except the bearing surfaces of the balls). It is made in various sizes, but even the smallest is tested to 500 lbs. strain. This swivel, placed on the head of your spinnaker, will eliminate all tendency to have turns in the sail at the head when set hurriedly in a race. Any skipper will realize at once the relief this brings to his mind.

The next item I have on my list for you is a wonderful "tell tale" or pennant for your masthead. I don't know whether these are patented or not, but they can be procured at Henry B. Nevins' Yacht Yard at City Island.




SKETCH A.

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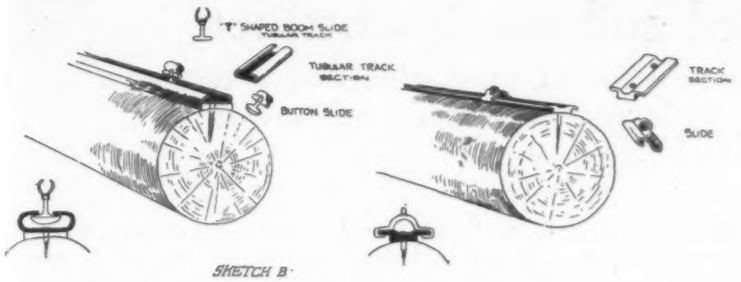


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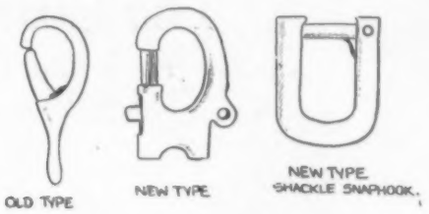


SKETCH D

It is a circular band of brass so placed on top of the rod that there is practically no friction, and no chance to jam or tangle. To this band is sewed a cone-shaped open-ended silk pennant.

When properly assembled this "tell tale" will be actuated by the slightest breath of air. It does not wiggle or wobble, but stands out at right angles to the rod. It will not twist around the rod no matter how many times you may jibe or go about, even when wet.

Another fine point in yacht racing that is generally overlooked is in the running rigging. Ordinary three-strand hemp rope is all right in its way, but has no place on the up-to-date racing boat. There are several new ropes imported by various houses for the express use of the racing yacht. The latest and one of the most interesting is an Italian linen rope that is soft and flexible even when new. There are also many good four-strand hemp and cotton lines that all have a place in yachting. It is well to look into these things carefully. The writer has seen a main sheet which got a kink in it, just as three boats were rounding a mark, cause several hundred dollars damage in the resultant foul, and the foul caused disqualification in that race.

So many skippers depend entirely upon the repair men at the yards to do their work that they do not have the proper tools or extra tackle on the boat. There are many times that the possession of an adequate kit of tools and an extra shackle or block would have prevented the withdrawal of a boat from a race. In the writer's opinion, it is desirable to have the following tools in a box and kept in a handy place:

1 Hammer
1 Breast Drill, 2 bits
1 Flat File
1 Hack Saw, 2 blades
1 Screw Driver
1 Pair Pliers
1 Scout Knife
1 Palm
3 Needles
1 Beeswax
1 Ball Thread
1 Small Marline Spike

Back up these tools with a ball of white marline, 3 extra snaphooks, 3 extra shackles and duplicate screws, bolts, cotter pins, etc. and you have put together a valuable racing kit. In an emergency you could make necessary temporary repairs with the above kit in almost any situation short of being dismasted.

One more hint to the tyro, especially that beginner who does not have a paid hand look after his boat. Buy yourself a nice large chamois skin. This is the most useful thing to have aboard you can imagine. It should be used to wipe off mahogany seats, rails and cabin tops. It should be used to rub down the sides to the water line at least once a week. But it is most handy on a rainy day to sop up wet seats and small puddles and a wipe or two along under side of boom every few minutes relieves a lot of annoyance to the skipper, especially if he sails while sitting to leeward.

While on the subject of a rainy day, a subject that we don't like to think about too often, I suggest that every owner sees to it that his boat is supplied with three or four suits of rainproof material. I personally dislike the common oil skins, but would rather see them on board than nothing at all. My objection to them is their stickiness and their liability to mar the varnish work, and the smell which upsets anyone not used to it.

There are oilers that are not sticky and that do not smell and that owner who looks after the comfort of his crew usually has a regular crew, a big advantage upon which I commented before.

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## Star Class Internationals Have Record Entry

NEVER before have there been so many entries for the annual Star Class International Championships, nor have the eliminations leading up to the event been so keenly contested as this year. The Star Class, the largest one-design class of racing yachts in the world, has an excellent system of elimination which brings together annually the proven champions of its many Fleets, thus making its International Series the most representative form of yacht racing championship possible.

The following are the probable Fleets that will enter, with the leaders to date in each. The actual entries will not be named until late August, so that it is impossible to give them at this time:

| *Defending Fleet* | *Results of eliminations to date* |
|---|---|
| Western Long Island Sound | *Irex* — Ernest Ratsey, tied with 76 per cent |
| | *Iscyra* — Geo. W. Elder, tied with 76 per cent |
| | *Little Bear* — John R. Robinson, tied with 76 per cent |
| *Challengers* | |
| Hawaiian Islands | *Hula Star* — H. M. Dowsett, Pearl Harbor Y. C. Officially named, won eliminations by one point |
| Los Angeles Harbor | *Movie Star* — B. Rey Schauer, Los Angeles Y. C. Officially named, won by fraction of one per cent |
| New Orleans Gulf | *Talita* — Earl Blouin, leading big margin |
| Chesapeake Bay | *Tarpon* — C. H. Reeves, .937 per cent |
| | *Mackerel* — H. W. Smith, .933 per cent |
| | *Shark* — J. R. Miller, Jr., .933 per cent |
| | *Dolphin* — Mrs. J. R. Miller, Jr., .925 per cent |
| Gravesend Bay | *Sonny* — W. L. Inslee, leading 2 points |
| Flota de la Habana | *Gavilan* — J. Gorrin, leading by small margin |
| Narragansett Bay | *Rhody* — Comstock and Gidley, 98 per cent |
| | *Hope* — C. E. Chrystie, 96 per cent |
| Central L. I. Sound | *Ardara* — D. S. Starring, leading by one point |
| | *Old Sol II* — W. J. McHugh |
| Detroit River | *Scrapper* — Pat Clancy, leading |
| English Bay | *Mercury* — H. E. Wylie, leading 2 points |
| | *Astrea* — H. Simmonds |

Others not yet reported.

# The Coast Guard and the Yachtsmen

## *A Plea from a Coast Guard Officer for a Better Understanding Between the Two, Making for a Lessening of the Inconvenience Attached to Boarding*

*By* RANDOLPH RIDGELY, JR.
*Commander, U. S. Coast Guard*

During the yachting season of 1925, much friction and misunderstanding occurred between the U. S. Coast Guards and persons engaging in legitimate summer sport afloat. We believe this was unnecessary, and frequently was due to a misunderstanding on the part of all concerned.

YACHTING has, therefore, obtained the article published below, written by a Coast Guard officer of over thirty years' experience, and believes the dissemination of the information contained in it will largely do away with many of the unpleasant situations that arose last year.

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THE enforcement of the Navigation Laws and Regulations of Motor Boats is under the supervision of the Department of Commerce and is handled by the Bureau of Navigation of that Department. The Bureau of Navigation is under a commissioner who, from time to time, makes and promulgates rules and regulations in accord with various laws of the United States having to do with the equipment, inspection, manning, and operating of merchant and pleasure craft of the United States.

The enforcement of these laws and regulations is in the hands of Collectors of Customs, supervising and local inspectors, the Steamboat Inspection Service, and others.

Among the "others" concerned, is the personnel of the U. S. Coast Guard, and it is laid down in the Regulations of the Service as one of its most important duties, "Enforcement of the Navigation and other laws governing merchant vessels and motor boats." It will be seen from an inspection of these laws that boarding and inspecting vessels of the United States is no new departure for the Coast Guard. In fact, the Service has been performing the duties since its inception, and yearly for the last decade the Coast Guard has boarded and examined over 25,000 vessels.

Since the Eighteenth Amendment became a part of the constitution, and the Volstead Act became a law, the Coast Guard has been more active than ever in one of its most important duties, "The Protection of the Customs Revenue."

With this amendment in effect, and the various laws passed to support and enforce it, everyone knows that large smuggling and bootlegging rings and organizations have been formed, and are operating. They are none too ethical as to the means they employ. Their boats are camouflaged to represent any type of craft that will avoid boarding and search by the Coast Guard. They do not hesitate to disguise their boats as yachts or pleasure craft, or even as Government vessels. In addition, some pleasure craft owners have been known to indulge in a little illicit traffic on their own hook. The Coast Guard officials are well informed of these facts and, therefore, in the efficient performance of their duties, boarding is more thorough and frequent than ever in the history of the Service. Naturally, this may become annoying to legitimate pleasure craft owners and operators. The smugglers and bootleggers, knowing of this feeling of annoyance and irritation, have played it up so as to arouse a feeling of antagonism to the Coast Guard.

In process of a rapid expansion of the Coast Guard, to meet the new conditions and increased activities, many new officers and enlisted men were taken into the Service. These men were not familiar with the traditions and practices of the Service, as the regulars are, and time did not permit of as thorough training as desired. Many of the new personnel became puffed with authority, or were naturally inclined to follow Bucko Mate methods and, as might have been expected under the circumstances, this has led to friction and an antagonistic attitude on the part of all concerned.

The Commandant of the Coast Guard has issued orders that in carrying out the duties of the Service, the entire personnel shall be courteous, considerate, and dignified, and offer as little inconvenience and annoyance as possible to all persons employed in legitimate operation of craft of any and all kinds. The Commanding Officers of the various units of the Service have repeated these orders to the personnel of their commands, and issued detail orders and instructions with the object of avoiding as far as possible unpleasant situations.

The coming yachting and motor boat season, therefore, should be almost free of friction, and would be, except for the fallibility of human nature. Yet, if pleasure boat owners and operators will only realize that the boarding of all craft is a necessary evil, that the men performing this duty are simply obeying orders, and that after assuring themselves that the persons boarding them are bona fide Coast Guards, they will assist as much as possible in the inspection, this disagreeable duty will be made pleasant for all hands. If the Coast Guards doing the boarding are discourteous or objectionable in speech or manner, the best plan to follow is to get their name or names, and also the name of the unit to which they are attached, and report the facts in detail to the Commanding Officer or, if this is impossible, to the Commandant of the Coast Guard, Washington, D. C. Prompt action will be taken in the case, and if the case is as reported, disciplinary action will be prompt and adequate. A controversy at the time of boarding is to be avoided by all concerned.

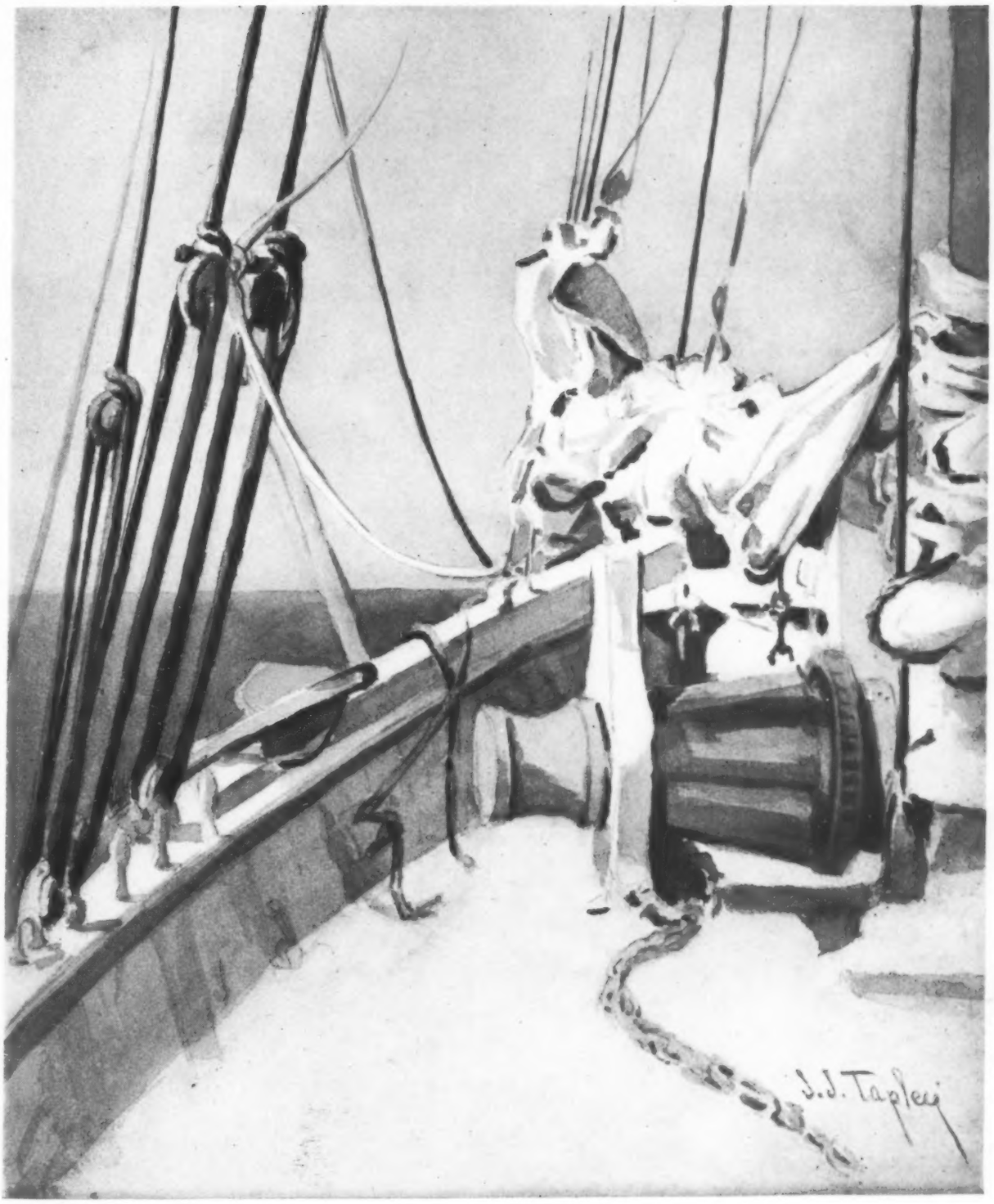
It is hardly necessary to take space in this article to enumerate equipment, etc., required by law for yachts and motor boats, as all owners or captains are familiar with the regulations. Yet, there are a few pointers I might give that should be of value to novices or those who are inclined to be careless.

All owners of craft of any description should know that all violations of laws and regulations found by boarding officers *must* be reported to the Department of Commerce (Bureau of Navigation), regardless of mitigating circumstances, as authority to remit penalties under laws is vested solely in the Secretary of Commerce. But it should also be known, that when there are mitigating circumstances and appeals are made, usually supported by affidavits, these appeals are given fair and just consideration.

All motor boat owners are familiar with the regulations for the three classes of motor boats and their requirements, but not all know that the term "motor boat" applies to boats temporarily equipped with motors, nor that small tenders equipped with motors are required by law to comply with all laws applying to the class of motor boats in which their length places them.

It is suggested that all pleasure craft owners and operators secure and make themselves familiar with the Pilot Rules, and Department of Commerce Circular

(*Continued on page 86*)




Fisherman at Anchor.
From a drawing by Mrs. J. J. Tapley.

*Photo by M. Rosenfeld*

**A close reach to the mark in the Larchmont Regatta of July 5th. The Larchmont O Class *Grey Dawn* and *Mirage* with their jib-headed rigs.**

*Hoosier Boy* at top speed. She is owned by the veteran racing enthusiast, J. W. Whitlock, and won permanent possession of the Webb trophy.

# Records Smashed on the Ohio River

## *Keen Racing and Fast Time Feature Nineteenth Annual Regatta of the Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association*

THE muddy waters of the Ohio River were churned into seething white foam on July 3rd, 4th and 5th, when a splendid fleet of fast power driven craft smashed records right and left in the nineteenth annual regatta of the Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association. Hydroplanes, displacement craft and outboards all took a hand in handing jolts to Father Time and contributing to one of the most successful "Valley" meets ever held. The courses were laid out on the Rose Island course, fourteen miles above Louisville, Ky., and the meet was capably handled by A. P. B. A. officials.

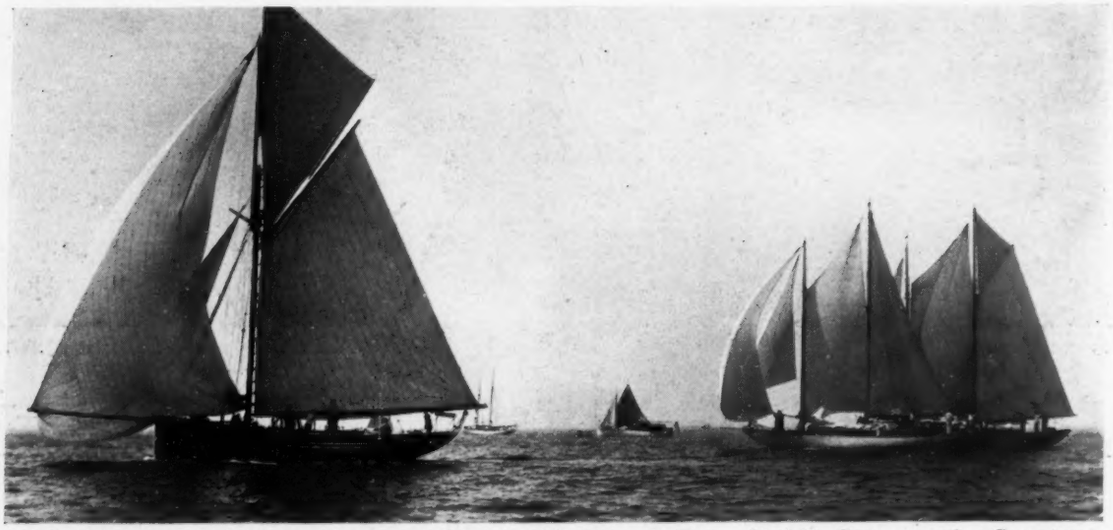
The Webb Trophy, which has been in competition for sixteen years, and which must be won three times for an owner to gain possession, was finally taken into permanent custody by *Hoosier Boy*, owned by the Rising Sun veteran, J. W. Whitlock, which carried off the two heats in impressive fashion. *Whizz*, a little hydroplane powered

(*Continued on page 90*)

*Little Star*, a 151-class flyer owned by the Waugh brothers, won in her class and smashed a world's record in the 215-Class.

*Dixie Baby*, a flashy high stepper, won the honors at Louisville in the 725-Class.

Start in one of the heats of the 151-Class on the Ohio River at Louisville. This fine little class furnished keen competition and lots of sport.



*Jolie Brise,* carrying her huge spinnaker at the start of the Bermuda Race. At right, *Cygnet* passing *Countess.*

# Sailing on the *Jolie Brise* in the Bermuda Race

## *A Schooner Advocate's Impressions of the Cutter Rig for Ocean Sailing*

By Herbert L. Stone

THERE is nothing that will give one as liberal an education in things nautical as an offshore voyage in a vessel of a type with which one is not familiar. As like as not a number of preconceived ideas will suffer a severe shock, but the man who cannot learn something every time he goes to sea is not worthy to be entrusted with a ship, nor will his opinions carry much weight.

When the genial skipper of the little British cutter *Jolie Brise,* Lt. Commander E. G. Martin, asked me to sail in the Bermuda Race with him as soon as he heard that the *Fei Seen,* for which I had signed, had been withdrawn, I felt, first, that it was a most gracious thing for him to do, and then realized that the voyage would be of unusual interest, as I would get an opportunity to sail in a type with which I was unfamiliar, both as to hull and gear. And so it proved.

The *Jolie Brise* has already been described fully in Yachting. She is of a type practically obsolete for yacht use, and yet after a long voyage in her, sailing against a fleet of modern yachts, I wondered why this should be, as there was so much that was excellent in her and she had so many fine qualities. A straight stem cutter, she was built in France in 1913 for a Harve pilot boat. But while in profile she resembled the typical British cutter, in proportions she was quite different, as her beam ratio was much greater than in any yacht of that type. As Martin said, any British cutter yachtsman would regard her with horror. On a water line length of 48 feet she had a beam of 15 feet 9 inches, a ratio of about 3 to 1. Over all she was 56.1 feet. She was full-bodied, of heavy displacement and with 10 ft. 3 in. draft. Her displacement in the trim she was in for the race, with her trans-Atlantic stores aboard, was approximately 60 long tons. She had 18 tons of ballast inside and two and a half tons of iron outside. The sail area of her three lowers was about 2,100 square feet; with the jackyard topsail about 2,600 feet — not an excessive rig considering the displacement.

The rig was typically cutter, even to the loose-footed main, except that the mast was stepped slightly farther forward than usual. Yet the main boom was only 38 feet in length. To be entirely candid, I went aboard with something of a prejudice against the cutter rig for offshore work. I preferred a two-sticker where different combinations of sails could be had when shortening, without reefing or shifting sails, and where everything would be lighter and easier to handle. However, once aboard the *Jolie Brise,* I never thought of this phase of it. The single mast seemed perfectly natural, there were plenty of combinations at hand and the loose-footed main had many advantages. We were never caught in a hard squall where we had to take the main off her, but the sail was not difficult to handle, and in an ordinary squall the tack was merely triced up the mast by a three-part tackle, trawler fashion, and sail reduced without reefing.

That loose-footed main could also be manipulated so as to regulate the draft in uncanny fashion. It was a beautifully cut sail, and by a pull on the outhaul when on the wind it could be made as flat as desired, with none of the bagginess along the foot so often noticed in sails laced to the boom, while on a reach or run it could be slacked up with an even draft from luff to leach. Tom Ratsey, who made the sail, said it was the first he had turned out in many years, but he was all for it and thought it more efficient than one fast to the boom. It gave the dead air a chance to escape from the bottom, without pinning the boat down, and there was apparently no undue strain at the clew or on the boom.

The jackyard, or club topsail, was a most efficient sail. It contained about 500 square feet and gave breadth aloft, where it was wanted. When we used it, as we did most of the way to Bermuda, it was more efficient in light air than the narrow Marconi, or jib-headed sail, to my way of thinking. The topmast truck was 65 feet above the water and the yard projected 10 or 12 feet above that. And there we were swinging a broad, well-cut sail towering 75 feet above the water, while *Dragoon,* for example, with about an 80-foot mast, had only a narrow, less effective sail in its upper quarter. As to handling, the jackyarder was easier than the regular gaff topsail to *take in.* With a guide rope from the topmast to keep it from getting adrift, it came down well. But it was heavy to handle on deck and it took beef to send it aloft.

Left. The tiller of *Jolie Brise* is 10 feet in length, a sizable stick. There is a 'thwartship seat for the helmsman.

Right. Looking forward, showing two-foot bulwarks and the loose-footed mainsail.

The headsails were conventional cutter type. The jib set flying, with a ring on the bowsprit that was hauled out, and purchases on the tack of every headsail to bowse it taut. The jib could be taken in over the bow without sending a man out on the nosepole, which, by the way, was 17 feet outboard and quite a stick. The jib topsails were set on a stay in the usual American fashion.

Another gadget I noticed was the reef pennant for the main. It was not carried in place, but was of heavy manila with wire cores to the strands and was rove through the cringle by a light cotton line and set up by a purchase hooked on underneath the boom — all done without sending a man to the boom end. No earring was passed, the pennant being strong enough to take all the strain. It was most handy.

Another feature that has caused a lot of comment among American yachtsmen was the tiller. It was a big stick, ten feet long, and was handled by a single tiller rope (not a tackle) from each side. She was well balanced and sensitive, so that it was not hard to steer her in the conditions we encountered in the race. There was a 'thwartship seat to sit on when steering, and cleats to brace the feet, and one hand was generally sufficient on the tiller. In a heavy quartering sea I imagine the helmsman might have both hands full. Turning to windward there is a chance for one to *feel* his boat not present in a wheel. On the whole, for cruising, and offshore voyages, I still prefer a wheel. It is easier on the helmsman, and less tiring, although I must say it was more pleasure to steer *Jolie Brise* in the conditions we had than if she had had a wheel.

As to her hull, it was a surprise to see the way she traveled in light winds with her extremely full displacement. Her after sections are particularly sweet, with an easy run, and at no speed that we touched, and we did better than 9 knots for a couple of hours, was there any sign of a quarter wave. Her wake was as smooth as a ship's deck in every kind of going. Her bow is a little too full for great speed, I think. In smooth water this was not apparent; nor did it seem to stop her in rough water when there was a breeze, but in a slop, or heavy sea and light winds, it held her back. This is where *Dragoon* and some of the schooners got away from her on Tuesday and Wednesday, when the winds were lighter and there was considerable sea. If her lines forward could be drawn out a few feet, and the fullness there fined down, she would be a hard type to beat on an ocean passage.

She was a fine sea boat. I've never seen a better, or one more comfortable. Her heavy sheer forward kept her dry, and her long keel made her very steady. There was none of the sickening falling off of her head in a heavy sea which is nearly always apparent in boats with the forefoot cut away. She would hold her course in hard going with very little helm.

The two-foot rail was a great comfort on deck. No life lines were necessary, and it gave protection both from the wind and the water. Ample scuppers took care of any water that might come on deck, but very little ever finds its way there, except what washes in through those same scuppers. Yet we ran over 180 miles in one 24 hours when the sea was rough.

Summing up, I'm ready to concede most of what the cutter advocates have been claiming for the rig. It's efficient, no doubt about it, and it is convenient if you have the crew, as we did. But one needs more beef to handle it on a boat of any size, and to stow the main and heave to under a trysail means more work than to heave-to under the foresail of a schooner.

Martin tells me he and his paid hand have sailed *Jolie Brise* alone. But Martin is a big man, he knows his boat and gear thoroughly, and his paid hand, Briggs, is a real sailor. The work is undoubtedly heavier than on a two-sticker of equal size, yet much of it can be, and was, lightened by knowing how.

Any way you look at it the *Jolie Brise* is a great little ship. For real seagoing purposes the type has a lot to recommend it still — in spite of present-day practice in naval architecture.

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Every racing man knows that the conditions at the finish of any handicap race have a tremendous bearing on the result. The light weather near the finish line appreciably widened the gaps between boats — had the finish been in a brisk reaching breeze, both *Cygnet* and *Trade Wind* would probably have saved their time on *Dragoon*, and some of the smaller boats would have been much nearer the top of the score sheet.

*Malabar VII* getting a washing in a head sea.

In the strong sou'wester *Malabar VII*, with sheets down, traveled fast.

# How *Malabar VII* Turned the Trick

*By* SAMUEL WETHERILL

THE Bermuda Race of 1926 is now history, and once more I have had the pleasure of being one of the crew of the winner in a race to the Onion Patch. In 1923 we took the measure of a fleet of 22 starters in the doughty little *Malabar IV*, only 47 feet over all, and this year *Malabar VII* lived up to the reputation of her older sisters and carried away the Bermuda Trophy and first prize in Class A.

*Malabar VII* is a bit different than her famous predecessors — and "There's a reason." For John Alden intended to duplicate *Malabar IV* this year, but could not find a builder who would guarantee delivery in time for the race. But he had entered a boat for the race, and a boat he must have. So, as a last resort, he took one of three ketches he was building (see plans on page 85, December, 1925, YACHTING), put a schooner rig on her, and called her *Malabar VII*. The hull is a development of the successful Marconi ketch *Matinicus*, with the bow drawn out in order to eliminate the bowsprit and make a knockabout Marconi ketch — wherefore the rather long forward overhand.

Prior to the start, we knew little of the new craft, except that she had been thoroughly baptized in a roaring nor'easter off Cape Cod, and had come through with flying colors. But she was a *Malabar*, and any boat of that name had our full confidence.

The day before the start of New London was a heartbreaker. For in the forenoon, just as we thought everything was in "apple pie" condition, a final inspection showed the steering gear was sadly awry, having been badly damaged in the thrash around Cape Cod a few days before. It wasn't the fault of the gear, but of the installation — the whole rear supporting block had gone adrift, and looked to be almost "unfixable."

We immediately got in touch with my friend, C. L. Moody, of a New London shipyard. Moody rose nobly to the occasion. With *Malabar* berthed in the shipyard basin, competent mechanics and carpenters slaved all afternoon, and by 6 P.M. that steering gear was securely anchored in place — and *Malabar* was ready for the fray.

A light, faltering easterly greeted us at the starting line. Alden berthed his boat beautifully, right on top of *Cygnet*, and *Malabar* crashed the line in the lead, with balloon canvas set and drawing. Halfway to the Race *Dragoon* challenged and passed us. Then a bit of a calm, and a southerly air came in. Several other boats got it first, and *Countess*, *Dragoon*, *Jolie Brise* and one or two others got away from us as we passed Race Rock.

Then we hardened sheets on the starboard tack in the light southerly, unable either to make Montauk Point or lay our course for Bermuda. *Blue Water* was just to leeward of us, footing fast, but not holding quite as high as we were. *Dragoon* passed *Countess*.Then we also passed *Countess*, and began gaining slowly on *Dragoon* and *Jolie Brise*. *Trade Wind* was not far behind, *Cygnet* was well out on our starboard beam, holding very high with her staysail rig, and the others were trailing far astern.

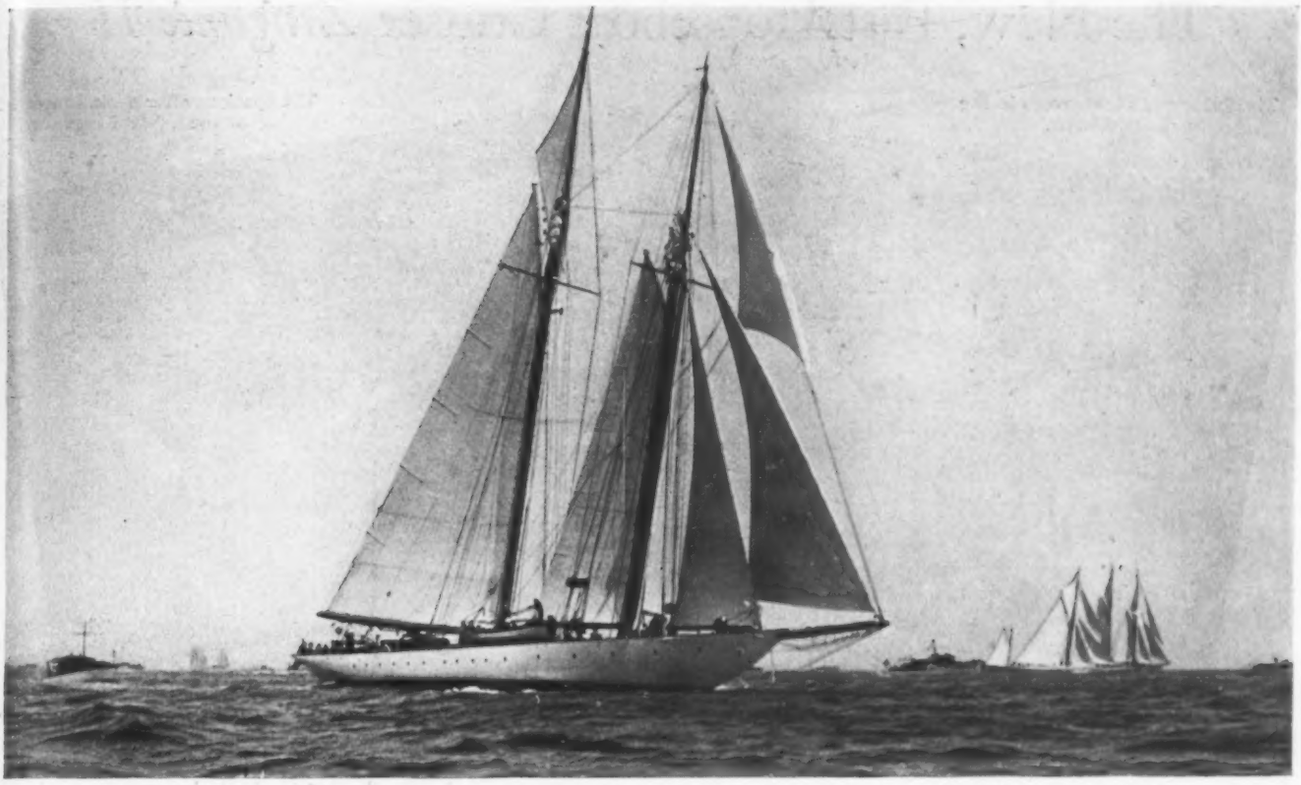
Just before nightfall the wind shifted to light S.E., which put *Jolie Brise* and *Blue Water* in the lead of the whole fleet, with *Dragoon* and ourselves not far behind. All night we sailed on the port tack, with the leaders gaining slowly on us. About 8 A.M. Monday, the breeze hauled to about east, so we set a southerly course and set light sails for a few hours. Then the breeze hardened and hauled to the southward, and once more we were down to working canvas, unable to lay our course. During the day and evening it breezed up until the rail was awash. At nightfall *Jolie Brise*, *Dragoon*, *Blue Water* and *Trade Wind* were well out on our weather, the latter having made a splendid showing in the fresh breeze, coming up from our lee quarter and working out well ahead of us.

The fresh southerly continuing, we overhauled *Blue Water* and *Trade Wind* during the night, and in the morning of Tuesday, the third day, when we tacked to starboard as the wind went around to S.S.W., both boats crossed our bows, not far ahead. Later in the day we again went on the port tack as the wind shifted — taking whatever tack would let us lay a course somewhere near the plotted course. We had now lost sight of the entire fleet for the first time.

During the night we encountered a raging calm and choppy sea, necessitating the use of boom tackles to keep the sails from slatting to pieces. Some time after daylight on Wednesday, the 23rd, we picked up *Blue Water* about four miles on our port beam. A light N.N.W. breeze came in, and by hauling up to a southeasterly course and setting spinnaker, balloon jib and balloon staysail, we sailed *Blue Water* completely out of sight in four or five hours. The wind then hauled to the westward, when we promptly jibed, hoping to win back some of the westing we had lost.

The wind continued to back fast, and freshened, and all afternoon and evening we were rail down on the star-

(*Continued on page 94*)



The schooner *Invader*, owned by Don Lee, winner of the 2200-mile Honolulu race in 12 days, 2 hours, 48 minutes.

## Comment on the Bermuda Race

"THE finest fleet, and the finest bunch of men, that ever took part in a Bermuda Race."

More than one person was heard to comment thusly after all the boats had anchored in beautiful Hamilton Harbor and the crews had had a chance to circulate around and get acquainted. To be sure, there was a bigger fleet, and a bigger crowd, in the 1923 race; and, possibly, some faster craft in the 1924 event. But the boats in the 1926 fleet were, with practically no exceptions, the ablest, fastest and most comfortable craft that ever combated the Gulf Stream.

While there have been good crews before, the crowd which went this year was a more experienced and better balanced outfit than in previous affairs, and as fine a bunch of sportsmen as ever sailed an ocean race. Not a boat but that was ably manned with a crowd which, even though they didn't win, drove their boat to her limit, and met defeat with a smile, — the kind of crowd you're glad to "gam" with after it's all over, and "h'ist a couple" just to prove there are no hard feelings.

A boat which is fast with started sheets is generally considered the best bet in a Bermuda Race. The fallacy of this belief is proven by the results this year. Sheets were slacked for only a few hours in the entire race, and the boats with windward ability were the winners. Boats like *Dragoon*, *Countess*, *Windjammer*, *Caroline*, etc., known to be good off the wind, hardly had a chance to show what they could do in all-around going; proving that, after all, windward ability is not to be sneezed at for ocean work.

The noon positions shown on the track chart are those given by the navigators of the different craft. Obviously, some of them are wrong. But as we are poor guessers, they go down on the chart "as is." Two or three boats failed to hand in their positions at all.

(*Continued on page 98*)

## *Invader* Wins Honolulu Race

### *Scratch Boat Beats Four Competitors in Pacific Ocean Dash*

DON LEE'S big schooner *Invader*, the scratch boat in a fleet of five, carried off the honors in the 2200-mile San Pedro-Honolulu Race when she finished off Diamond Head 12 days, 2 hours and 48 minutes after the start on June 12th. Second yacht to finish was the big yawl *Poinsettia*, owned by Walter Horne, which finished some 12 hours after *Invader*, and which lost considerable time locating the finish line, due to thick weather. John Barrymore's schooner *Mariner*, which established a record for the race in 1924, came in a day and a half later, followed some twenty hours later by Clem Stose's yawl *Teva*. *Jubilo*, the little 40-ft. schooner owned by James Dickson, was the last boat to finish, taking 21 days, 4 hours and 25 minutes for the trip.

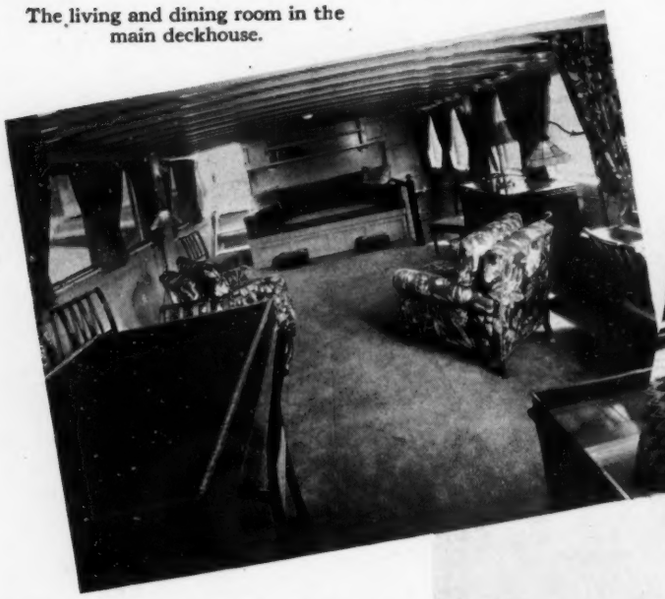
*Invader* saved her time on all the smaller craft, and is the winner of the handsome cup donated by Sir Thomas Lipton. *Poinsettia* gets second, and *Teva* third place.

Several of the boats were in touch with shore by radio at different stages of the race, so that their positions were fairly well known. Fair weather greeted most of the yachts during the greater part of the trip, though *Poinsettia* reported losing some canvas in a hard squall. The latter yacht also reported a serious fire on board when about midway between San Pedro and Honolulu, which was extinguished by the prompt action of an automatic apparatus installed prior to the start.

The race was sailed in fast time, *Invader* completing the course only some twelve hours over the record of 11 days, 14 hours and 46 minutes established by *Mariner* in 1924. A full story of the race will appear in the September issue of YACHTING, from one of the crew on one of the racers.

# The New, Fast Houseboat Cruiser *Zinganee II*

The living and dining room in the main deckhouse.



The spacious after deck, protected at the forward end.

LAST year, when the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp'n built the so-called express houseboat cruiser *Nashira* for Richard E. Hoyt, they brought out a type of yacht which had never been seen before. The comfort and roominess of a houseboat with a speed of close to 30 miles an hour seemed little short of incongruous. But the *Nashira* proved such a success that this year the Consolidated Company has had orders for three more of the same type. The first of these to take the water is the *Zinganee II*, recently delivered to Edward S. Moore.

She is like her predecessor, being 81 feet long overall and 14½ feet beam, and she is powered with the same make of motors, two Wright Typhoons, which drive her up to 30 miles per hour. These engines, which are the same as in the record-breaking runabout *Teaser*, are exceedingly light and powerful, developing 550 h.p. each, and are so compact that they take but little room from the living accommodations.

A corner of the owner's stateroom below deck.

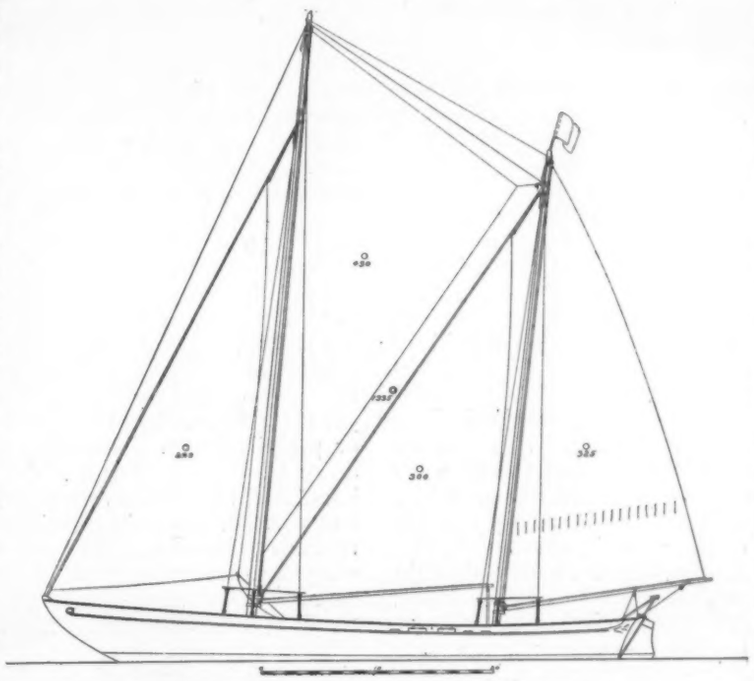
The two Wright Typhoon motors are compact and take but little room.

# The "Main Trysail" Rig

*Being Somewhat Reminiscent of the Grand Haven Rig, the Thames Barge, or What You Will*

*By* FREDERIC A. FENGER

WHAT started it? Well, the same wee bug, no doubt, that has entered the mind of almost every yachtsman who has sailed down the Chesapeake and flaxed about among the lower reaches of the Inside Passage — the bug which hops out from the bugeye and forever after lurks within him, like the malaria germ, for instance. There are so many things about the bugeye that appeal to one's nautical common sense, — its inborn handiness, the nice distribution of areas, the masts being tied together aloft, and their jaunty rake which causes the booms to top up when they swing out-board for running free . . . And then, oh woe to the man who loves power, and we must have power even for offshore cruising, he becomes aware of its only fault — the lack of sail area. One can, of course, take the bit in the teeth and run the sticks a bit higher. But that brings on an excess of spar weight, and excessive spars on an offshore cruiser are a two fold menace. They increase the roll in light airs and calms, although, within certain limits, it is perhaps better to court their slower, deeper roll rather than the short, quick one, while there is ever the increased windage when hove to, or at anchor in a gale. For those few extra feet aloft, where the air speed is correspondingly higher, not only add tremendously to the windage, but also induce a super leverage which augments the pitching effect and increases the jerking upon the rode or chain.



The main trysail rig, designed by Frederic A. Fenger.

So the encysted bug becomes more or less dormant, and the problem remains unsolved until some looby with an idle pencil happens upon the nub of the thing. Linton Rigg had a try at it, with his spring-stays'l on *Filatonga*. Another attempt, come at from a different angle, is broached herewith.

In sketching up the bugeye rig, or the jib-headed ketch as we call it when the masts are brought more nearly perpendicular, it becomes immediately obvious that between the two poles there remains a considerable area which is not sail-filled. This has been previously remedied on some of the ketch-rigged Thames barges, by wearing a mizzen stays'l in addition to the usual broad-headed sprit mains'l which is, of course, loose footed. During the latter sailing days of the Great Lakes, one found on many of the old three stickers whose mainmast had been removed to ease their weakened hulls, a loose footed stays'l set in the space thus left vacant between the mizzen and the stump of the mainmast. This became known as the Grand Haven rig, from the port in which it originated. So the mizzen stays'l, as used in this manner on fore-and-afters, is nothing new! The further solution of our problem then suggests itself — by filling in the remaining triangle with an inverted trys'l on the mainmast. In this way the sail area between the poles of our ketch is increased by about 45 per cent over that with the ordinary jib-headed mains'l.

Taking advantage of this increase, then, let us start with the premise that our maximum spar height above the rail — as in the case of a known example, *Diablesse* — will be equal to the overall length of the vessel. This rule of thumb, by the way, for gaff-rigged vessels with two masts and having bowsprits, allows a sail spread to be carried which agrees with good practice for cruising yachts.

In the particular case which we are now considering, it has been decided to do away with the bowsprit. Therefore the base line of our sail plan is considerably shortened, although there is some regain in this length, as will be shown later. Ordinarily, this shortening would have to be made up for by increasing the height. And the height may be increased, safely, till the upper limit of the mainmast is in the neighborhood of 110 per cent of the overall length above the water plane. This is but a small increase and we are still within safe limits for the strictly offshore cruiser. But let us continue with our original dictum that the mast height above the rail shall be equal to the overall length of the vessel. For the sake of direct comparison, I have laid down a hull 52 feet in length.

First, sketching in the masts as one would usually place them for the jib-headed ketch, and replacing the mainsail with our inverted trysail on the mainmast and the mizzen staysail, one becomes immediately impressed with the bulk of the two middle sails and the relative narrowness of the jib and the mizzen. The masts want to come together a bit. So the mainmast is moved aft and the mizzen forward, in this instance three feet in each case, till not only are the jib and mizzen brought to more effective proportions than we usually find in the jib-headed ketch, but the two middle sails are given less depth from clew to luff. The total area of our four sails is now approximately 1350 sq. ft. distributed in the following proportions: jib 21 per cent, main trysail 32 per cent, mizzen staysail 23 per cent, and mizzen 24 per cent. (It is well here to note that the relative percentages of the jib and mizzen as compared with a jib-headed mainsail, with

the masts in this position, would be 26 per cent and 30 per cent respectively.) The increase which we have gained over the normal jib-headed rig having the same height and base length is about 18 per cent.

Let us now compare the above with the rig of *Diablesse*. Although we have extended our new rig a bit farther beyond the counter than in the case of the schooner, due to the smaller size of the after sail, the base length of the schooner's sail plan, with its bowsprit, is 9 feet longer. But the apparent gain in the case of the schooner, whose lowers measured 1450 sq. ft., is only 7.4 per cent. Deducting 10 per cent from the schooner's foresail, a conservative if arbitrary estimate for its loss in efficiency as compared with the remaining lowers, the effective gain of the schooner with its nose pole, over the new rig, is further reduced to a bare 5 per cent which easily can be made up, if we wish, by slightly increasing our spar height. The upper limit of the mainmast will still be within 110 per cent of the overall length of the vessel. The distribution of areas in the schooner rig is as follows: jib 12 per cent, jumbo 13 per cent, foresail 22 per cent and mainsail 53 per cent.

Obviously, the schooner with her 53 per cent of mainsail, or the orthodox ketch having approximately 50 per cent in one sail, has a tremendous advantage in so far as resultant speed is concerned. And we are vitally concerned with resultant speed, even in the offshore cruiser! Yet this advantage is largely gained upon, not only because the jib and mizzen of the new rig are brought up to more effective proportions, but also because we may have hit upon a combination of sails, the two middle ones, which *may* prove not only to earn their salt in pulling power, but closely to rival the effectiveness of the single mainsail which they are designed to replace. Rather by chance than otherwise, we seem to be meeting that desideratum of Professor Warner's wherein one sail should serve to direct the wind toward the loo'ard side of the one following it and so aid the flow of air along the convex side, where it will do the most good.

A further advantage in this particular rig, is that the spar weights are somewhat more centralized than in the ketch and compare favorably with those of the schooner having a nose pole. For the foremast of the schooner with its topmast doubling and fore gaff will be nearly equal in weight to the mainmast of the new rig whose weight is centered 4½ feet farther aft from the forward end of the load water line — no account being taken of the rather ponderous bowsprit which we have discarded. Still disregarding the bowsprit, as this comparison is not altogether a fair one, we find that the combined center of mast weights in the new rig falls about five feet farther aft than with the schooner. So the old bugaboo of the added pitching effect from the spars of the ketch rig has been brought within safe limits — if not altogether done away with should we compare it directly with the knockabout schooner.

The bulk of the main trysail being high up, where we want it, should catch a good capful o' wind. And while we are no longer greatly concerned over high centers, as our modern craft with their added topside buoyancy have a way of "coming up" quite handily in a squall, by taking off the main trysail in the first move toward shortening down for a blow, the center of effort immediately is brought down to suit the exactments of the most cautious offshore man. The main trysail can go up on a single halliard and be jigged at the tack and, having no foot, it should be easy to smother upon lowering. The rig, then, essentially would be "reefless," the first normal reduction being to replace the main trysail with a smaller one, all of which easily could be managed by one man without bringing the vessel into the wind. In a hard chance of some duration, it might be worth while to turn a reef in the mizzen, which should be of heavier material than the others, and to carry on in conjunction with a stout spitfire jib. Whether the mizzen staysail would be suitable for heaving to, would remain to be proven. My inclination is towards an out and out storm trysail with its tack cut high and the luff laced zig-zag fashion to the mainmast. At any rate, it would be an economy to carry such extra sails as the storm trysail together with a No. 2 jib and a No. 2 main trysail.

With the mizzen staysail loose-footed, or at worst having a light boom, the rig should be an easy one in light airs and a rolling sea, and should remain asleep almost until the last gasp has slipped off the end of the wheft. Probably there would be little need for light sails, although a ballooner of moderate size might be worn on the fore headstay and a fisherman — with its luff run up the lee main shrouds on snap hooks — tailing down toward the end of the mizzen boom which would be settled in the lee notch of the gallows frame.

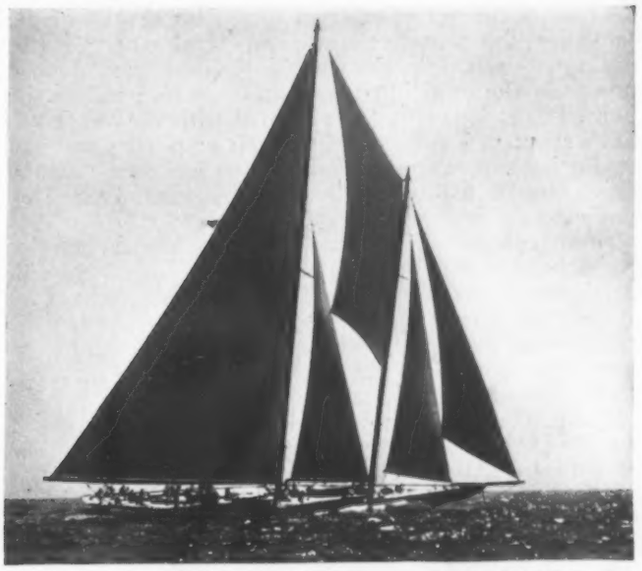
So far we have considered only the *pros*, some of which are obvious while others are mere paper ones until proven. A mechanical difficulty to overcome would be that of properly sheeting in the main trysail. For this a small traveler on a crosstree high up on the mizzen mast, would be necessary. But it would have to be so rigged as not to wring the head of the mast. This might be obviated by running a pair of shrouds forward from the ends of the crosstree and having them meet a foot or so below the head of the mainmast, thus giving an additional staying effect aloft. With the two head stays running up from the stem head, the main shrouds well spread, in addition to a swifter landing almost amidships, and a pair of mizzen preventers which could be hooked on close to the taffrail, the masts would be amply stayed against any punishment to which they might be subjected.

Frankly, the chief "out" would arise when laying a course before the wind. For here, without some means of booming out the main trysail — and no sane solution has yet come to mind — this sail would be rendered useless, or practically so. Personally, I am in favor of beating down wind on long runs. Then the vessel is always in hand, and there is less wear and tear on nerves and gear. But whether the main trysail would still be worth its salt, remains to be proven. The only direct answer would be to carry a squaresail on the mainmast, now strongly advocated by those offshore men who have tried it, or to wear a pair of moderate-sized spinnakers run out on either side with long booms.

There is one suggestion which presents itself, and that is to move the mizzen mast still farther forward, thus further narrowing the two middle sails, while the size of the mizzen is increased until it has become a driving sail halfway between the mizzen of a ketch and the mainsail of a schooner. The advantages of the schooner will then be approached — the driver being aft and the reefing where there is less motion and boarding spray — while there may be considerable improvement when running off even though the larger mizzen would tend to blanket what stands before it. A tall narrow spinnaker would be carried on the mainmast. But the nice distribution of sail units for single-handing would be destroyed!

So now you have it. The germ of the idea has been on my board for a year or two, awaiting the time when I might try it out on a sizeable model. But the trend in new rigs has turned so much in this direction, having recently been spurred on by the apparent success of the staysail rig for schooners, that I have been tempted to put forth this parallel conception lest some one else beats me to it. Perhaps he has. Gentlemen, break out your hammers!

*Resolute,* showing her new and novel schooner rig used in her early races.



*Vanitie,* as a schooner, made her appearance at the N.Y.Y.C. and Eastern Y. C. Regattas.

# The Schooners in the New York and Eastern Yacht Club Races

## *"Advance" Takes the Measure of the Fleet on the Eastern Cruise*

By William Upham Swan

VICE COMMODORE JOHN S. LAWRENCE'S schooner *Advance*, designed by W. Starling Burgess and built by Anker and Jenson, in Norway, which last season revolutionized racing schooner rigs with her singular looking staysails, was easily the sensation of the nine races which she and the five schooners which followed her lead in rig, *Vanitie*, *Resolute*, *Vagrant*, *Wildfire* and *Flying Cloud*, sailed between June 28th and July 13th. As shown in the accompanying table the *Advance* won five first places in eight starts, all in straight races. In two of the races she defeated the five larger yachts, boat for boat. In the other three she invoked the aid of her time allowance of more than 35 seconds to the mile from the *Vanitie*, the scratch boat, and captured one by 4 seconds and another by 17 seconds. *Vanitie* won three races and *Resolute* one.

The speed of *Advance* up the wind was astonishing and was due in some degree to a new fore topsail, or skysail, which Commodore Lawrence evolved last winter as the result of experiments with model sails and electric fans. But the greater part of her remarkable showing was through her able handling by her owner, and it will take some clever work on the part of the other schooner skippers to displace him in the seven races in the New York Yacht Club cruise this month.

The yachts gathered at Newport on the afternoon of June 27th for two races of the New York Yacht Club, which had transferred its annual regatta for the Bennet Cups to the old yachting center in the hope of better winds than on the Sound. The shift was a good one, for except during the early minutes of the first race, and during the early morning hours of July 1st when two of the yachts were struggling out of the harbor on a midnight start, old Newport played true to form.

On July 3rd the staysail schooners assembled again at Marblehead and had a couple of races off the eastern yachting center, both in light to moderate winds. Then they all headed for Bar Harbor in a long tedious ocean race, which was followed by three shorter contests on the Maine coast, mostly to windward. In fact, in the 502 miles which most of the yachts sailed in the nine races, only 12½ miles were directly to leeward, with spinnakers.

The two ocean jaunts, that from Newport to Marblehead of 148½ miles and from Marblehead to Bar Harbor, 165 miles, were both sailed in very light airs, although the second event was punctuated by a few lively squalls.

The best contests were the second race of the New York Yacht Club at Newport in a 25-mile sou'wester, the race from Bar Harbor to Blue Hill in a 12-mile sou'wester and that from Islesboro to Boothbay in a 10-mile breeze.

With the attention of the entire yacht racing world centered on the performances of the six big staysail schooners it would seem fitting that a description of their varied rigs should be given.

In general, they may be divided into three groups. The first comprises the *Advance* and *Flying Cloud*, the second the *Resolute* and *Vagrant* and the third the *Vanitie* and *Wildfire*. They all have one characteristic sail, the main staysail, hoisted on the old main stay of square rigger days, and having the foot laced to a boom.

The two schooners in the first group, the *Advance* and Winthrop Aldrich's *Flying Cloud*, carry a quadrangular or Advance staysail above the main staysail, a fore topsail or "skysail" as it is sometimes called, all between the masts, and three headsails — fore staysail, jib and jib topsail.

The Advance staysail appeared first last year and proved a wonderfully effective sail between the masts. It is hoisted to the extreme head of the mainmast, with its head running at a sharp angle to a point on the foremast, while the luff runs some 20 feet down the foremast and is attached either by slides on a track on the after side of the foremast, or by hanks to a strong tricing stay.

The clew of the sail, coming aft to a point abreast of the main mast, sheets to the taffrail, and of course necessitates tending on each tack. Next to the mainsail the Advance staysail is the most important and effective sail on the yacht. In shape it may be compared with the old fisherman's staysail, but modern methods of rigging and sail making have developed a mere bag, useless except off the wind, into a highly efficient and beautifully setting windward driving sail.

The "skysail," which some of the yachtsmen refer to as a necessary part of an infant's attire, on the *Advance* and *Flying Cloud* is a triangular affair, with its head set on snap hooks on a taut wire stay running from the main truck to the fore truck. Strictly speaking the sail has no sheet, but adjusting the downhaul on the luff, gives exactly the desired draft at different points of sailing.

The feature of the second group is the sprit foresail, but the old Cup defender *Resolute* and the *Vagrant* also carry Queen staysails, and skysails, between the masts, and fore staysail, jib and jib topsail forward. The sprit was an invention of Mr. Herreshoff. The sail itself is an inverted leg-o-mutton with the luff carried on a track on the after side of the foremast and its clew held in position by a standing sprit, permanently hinged to the afterside of the foremast, about where the jaws of the gaff would ordinarily come when hoisted. The sprit is intended to serve a double purpose, that of holding the clew of the inverted foresail, and of sheeting the clew of the Queen's staysail. It might be stated here that the Queen's staysail is a small triangular sail, carried forward of the main topmast. It was first carried some twenty years ago by the schooner *Queen*.

On the *Resolute* and *Vagrant* the after end of the sprit is controlled by a single sheet, running to a block at the foremast head and then down to the deck. By this arrangement both the foresail and Queen's staysail are self tending. Furthermore the mainstaysail, foresail, Queen's staysail and skysail practically fill the entire space between the masts and utilize every foot of measured area. Theoretically it would seem an ideal arrangement, but the early races showed that the inverted forestaysail cannot be made to set with the proper draft, while the sprit prevents the proper setting of the main topmast staysail. After the fourth race Commodore E. Walter Clark of the *Resolute* discarded the sprit and adopted the Advance staysail.

Furthermore the skysails on the *Resolute* and *Vagrant* showed a tendency to curl and the tip frequently formed a pocket, which probably destroyed much of the driving force when the yacht was on the wind. With started sheets, however, the skysail proved quite effective.

The *Vanitie* and *Wildfire* have shorter foremasts than the other yachts and carry, besides the main staysail, the Advance staysail and two head sails only — forestaysail and jib. All the yachts broke out immense balloon maintopmast staysails and balloon jibs when broad reaching.

A tabloid description of the nine races sailed by the big schooners is given below, but it might be well to point out some of the specia' incidents.

The first race was won by H. P. Whitney's *Vanitie* (her maiden effort as a schooner) in the first half hour of sailing, for after slipping across the line in the best place she pulled ahead of the fleet with a nice breeze and picked up a change in the wind long before the other yachts.

In the second race, sailed in a hard southwester, *Vanitie* again won the start and worked steadily to windward of *Resolute* and *Vagrant*. An hour after the start *Resolute's* port shroud jumped the spreader and she ran back to the harbor for repairs. The *Vanitie* romped up the wind in grand style from the *Vagrant* under conditions which it was thought would suit the Vanderbilt boat admirably. In the spinnaker run down the wind the *Vagrant* lost her pole off Point Judith and *Vanitie* came near jibing, the long boom coming in against the weather backstay and having to be pushed back by hand. Dismasting would surely have resulted had the jibe been completed.

In the long race round Cape Cod, in which only the *Resolute* and *Flying Cloud* started, the Aldrich boat was well within her time allowance at the end of the Cape, 40 miles from the finish, but her navigator made an error in his course and the yacht fetched up at Gloucester.

In the first race at Marblehead the *Flying Cloud* again had a fine chance to win, but was slow in setting her light sails and lost by 17 seconds. The *Vanitie* showed her superior reaching qualities in this race. In the next contest, two days later, the *Resolute* picked up the breeze first and was never headed. Again the *Vanitie* outreached the rest of the fleet, but could not catch the *Resolute*. The Clark yacht had the race won at the second mark, but ran off half a mile while setting her balloon maintopmast staysail and lost to the *Advance* by 4 seconds.

The ocean race to Bar Harbor tested the rigs on many of the yachts. The *Vanitie* was slipping along easily about midnight with balloon maintopmast staysail set when a squall came up without warning and hove the yacht down nearly to her cockpit. Everything stood the sudden strain, which speaks volumes for her rigger.

In the race from Bar Harbor to Blue Hill, the *Vagrant* clung like a leach to *Resolute*, but neither yacht could save its time on the *Advance*. Again it was a matter of seconds.

Then came three days of no racing, but finally the yachts started off again in a long uphill climb down the Penobscot and across to Boothbay. It was a dead beat of 30 miles and the *Advance*, which won the start, was not caught by the *Vanitie* until just before the turn at the Old Man ledge. *Resolute* seemed very listless on this race and the *Vanitie* did not have much life, although the breeze during the latter part of the race blew nearly 10 knots. In part of the 14-mile fetch to the finish the *Vanitie* must have sailed two miles to the others' one, but she ran into a soft spot a mile from the line so that her gain was quite small. She was sailed in the series by "Bob" Emmons, except in two races when Charles F. Adams had the wheel.

The last race was all the *Advance* again, for she was never headed. At the start, with the line far too short, the *Wildfire* and *Vagrant* were running along waiting for the gun, with the *Vanitie* close astern. Just before the signal the two leaders luffed sharply to avoid the committee boat and compelled *Vanitie* to cross ahead of the gun. Had the line been 100 yards longer *Vanitie* would have been saved from disqualification.

The following is a summary of the nine races of the six staysail schooners off the New England coast:

First Race. New York Yacht Club June 28th, Off Newport
Course 12½ miles southeast from Brenton's Reef Lightship and return, 25 miles. Sea smooth. Wind northwest at start, shifting to southwest; light to moderate.

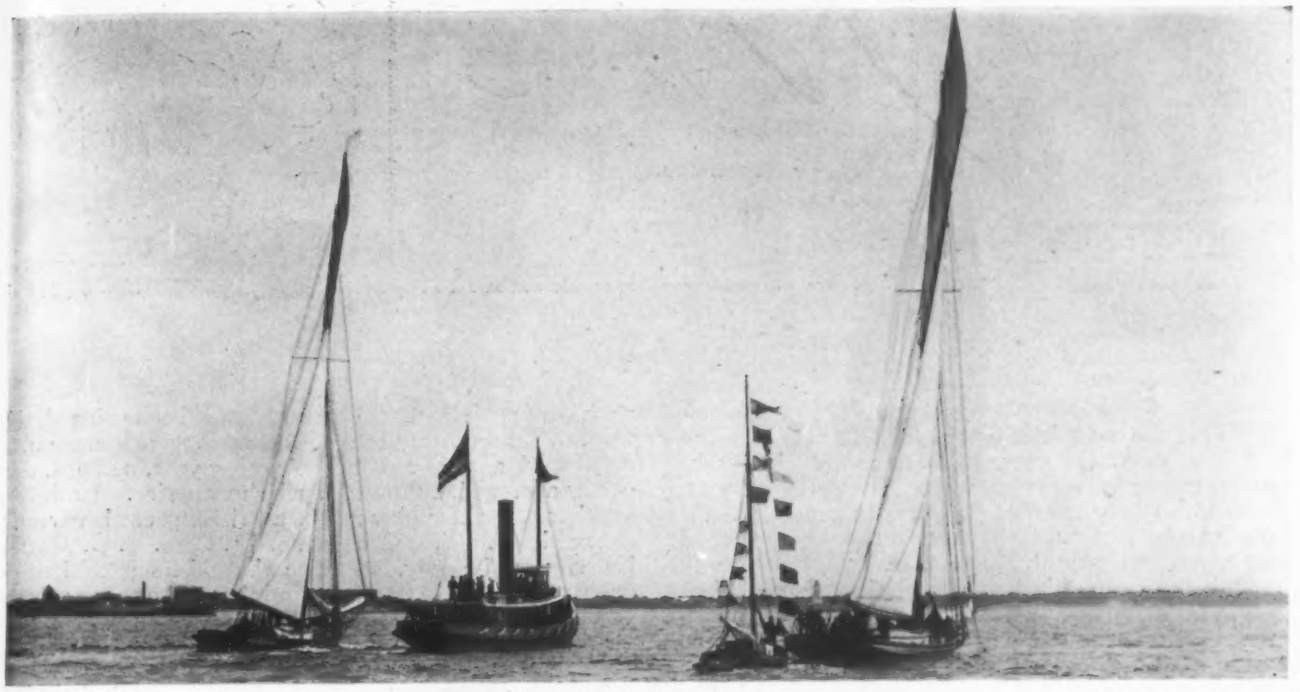
| | Elapsed | Corrected |
|---|---|---|
| *Vanitie* | 2 47 52 | 2 14 55 |
| *Advance* | 3 12 46 | 2 25 13 |
| *Resolute* | 3 04 13 | 2 30 03 |
| *Flying Cloud* | 3 18 58 | 2 31 39 |
| *Wildfire* | 3 14 23 | 2 33 18 |
| *Vagrant* | 3 16 40 | 2 39 32 |

Second Race. New York Yacht Club June 29th, Off Newport
Course 12½ miles southwest from Brenton's Reef lightship and return, 25 miles. Sea rough. Wind strong southwest.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Vanitie* | 3 00 31 | 2 27 34 |
| *Vagrant* | 3 11 40 | 2 34 32 |

(*Continued on page 90*)

# Yachting in the Roaring Eighties



A race of the New York Yacht Club in the early eighties between the famous centerboard sloops *Fannie* and *Gracie*, starting from the Lower Bay, New York. They have just cast off from the tug.

Left.—The cutter *Ileen*, the first year she was out. She was owned by E. M. Padelford.

Right.—A former flagship of the Larchmont Yacht Club. Commodore Augustin Munroe's *Schemer*, at anchor in Larchmont harbor, 1884.

Commodore James B. Ford's *Katrina*, when she was rigged as a sloop and owned by the Auchincloss brothers. She was designed by A. Cary Smith and built in 1888.

# Yachting

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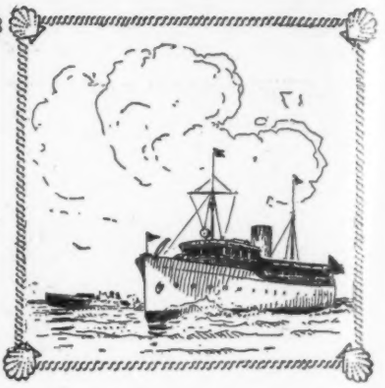
EARLE D. GRIMM
*Publisher*

# *Editorial*

### Thorough Tests of the Staysail Rig

WITH the commissioning of *Resolute* and *Vanitie* as schooners, the racing of large two-stickers has assumed greater proportions than in several years and is "chock full" of interest to yachtsmen generally. This is due to the fact that the new staysail schooner rig brought out last year by John S. Lawrence on the *Advance* is being given a thorough tryout in a season of hard racing, and also because the intense rivalry of the last America's Cup candidates is being renewed, but with a changed personnel. This year Bob Emmons, managing owner of the *Resolute*, whenever she was out from 1914 to 1920, is on the deck of the *Vanitie*, and is sailing her in many of her races. So far, the unsuccessful cup defender seems to have the edge on the defender of 1920. But it is still too soon to draw conclusions, and neither yacht has its new rig settled into shape.

Most of the schooners to be fitted with the staysail rig have attempted to go *Advance* one better, and have experimented with modifications of her last year's rig. Lawrence himself has made some changes on *Advance*, and so far he seems to have had the best of it. It looks as if some of the others were going too far in the matter of a number of small sails of doubtful driving power, and hard to handle or make set properly. There are still many mechanical difficulties in the matter of handling the new rig to be overcome, but these will be worked out, and it seems apparent that the new rig has come to stay.

### Failure of American Entries to Materialize

With the smoke of the Bermuda Race blowing off to leeward and clearing the atmosphere for other events, one cannot help but feel regret that no American yacht accompanied the cutter *Jolie Brise* back to England to have a try at the British ocean race. With the owners of three yachts intending to go, and two of them sailing in the Bermuda Race, the presence of the English cutter, which had crossed the Atlantic unannounced to take part in our big race, should have been an incentive to them to have carried out their plans and accompany the visitor home. As it is, one American yacht has started across to take part in this race. This is the schooner *Primrose IV*, owned by F. L. Ames, of Boston. She left Newport about June 21, and should arrive in plenty of time for the British event. While she is not representative of our best ocean racing schooners, she is a good boat. If she is well sailed she should make a creditable showing; but the Fastnet course is apt to be a hard one and knowledge of tides may play an important part in the result.

The Royal London Yacht Club, through Sir Algernon Maudsley, offered a hundred guinea cup for a race across from Bermuda if any of our yachts were crossing. The offer came only a week or so before the fleet left for Bermuda and there was not time to put the thing through, even if some of the American yachts had been going all the way. A trans-Atlantic race means long preparation, a lot of work and much time. Another year, perhaps, this can be arranged, but not on such short notice. However, another year there may not be a British yacht here ready to race back, although now that Lt. Com. E. G. Martin has shown the way, we hope that visits from British yachts will be more frequent, and that more of our owners will find time to take their yachts to British waters.

### The New York Yacht Club Cruise

The New York Yacht Club cruise this month should be productive of the best port-to-port racing seen in many years. With an unusually active season, a big fleet is expected to rendezvous at New London on August 17th. The itinerary is a popular one and not too strenuous, Vineyard Haven being as far east as the fleet will go, with a stop at Newport on the way for the Astor and King's Cup races, and another at Mattapoisett where the Commodore's Cups will be sailed for. Commodore George Nichols will fly his flag from the steam yacht *Corsair* and probably will not race a yacht of his own. The squadron will disband at Newport on August 25th.

### Primrose IV Arrives in England

Just as we go to press word comes of the safe arrival at Falmouth, England, of the little schooner *Primrose IV*, owned by Frederick L. Ames, after a fast passage of 22 days, 1 hour and 20 minutes. This is excellent time for a yacht of only 17 gross tons and 44 feet on the water, the distance being about 2950 miles. *Primrose IV* left Newport, R. I. on June 21st, and west to southwest winds were encountered for most of the passage, although the little ship was hove to on a couple of occasions. The average of her daily runs was 135 miles, her best single day, noon to noon by observation, being 192 nautical miles. With the owner were Nicholas Biddle, Jr., Reginald Bishop, Joseph Roby, Jr., and F. M. Gardiner, navigator. The latter sailed in the Bermuda Race of 1924.

Long ocean voyages in small boats apparently are becoming quite popular with yachtsmen. Hardly a year has passed since 1920, when Nutting crossed in the *Typhoon*, that some small vessel has not made a trans-Atlantic passage. In some years two yachts have made the voyage. The type of cruising yacht that has been developed since the war is somewhat responsible for this. Seaworthy, able and strongly built, they are, in capable hands, perfectly competent to make long ocean passages in safety, and, given a fair break in the winds, with reasonable speed. Passages of from 20 to 30 days which have been made compare favorably with those of the old sailing ships in the Western Ocean trade, when 22 days (the time of the *Primrose IV*) would have been considered good, except in the case of some of the packets noted for their speed.

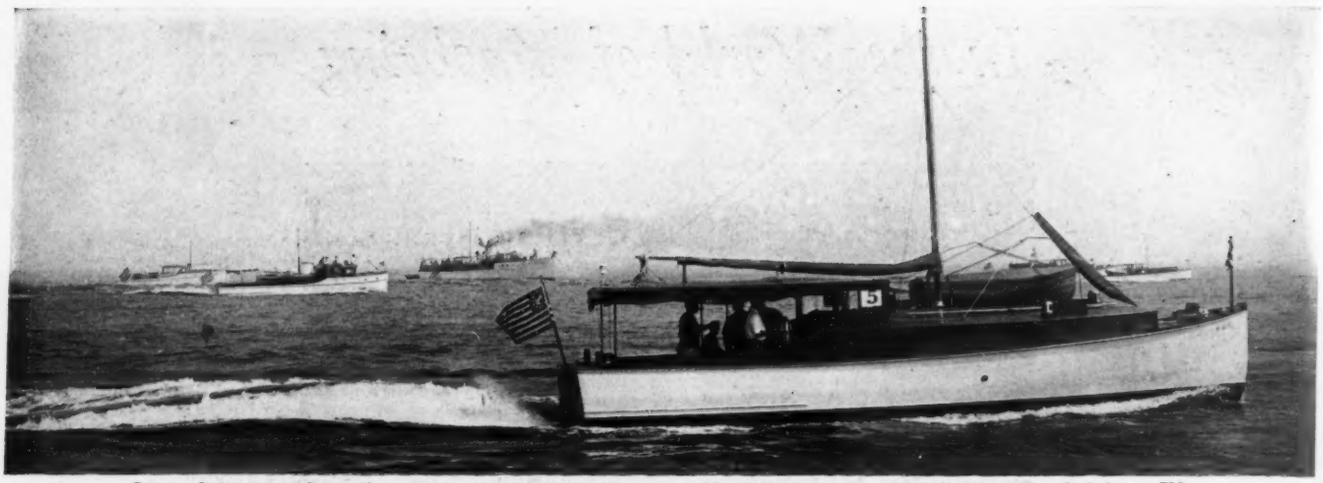
# *In the World of Yachting*

GEORGE A. CORMACK

*THERE is probably no one who has been as closely connected with yachting affairs in this country during the last forty years, and yet of whom so little is known beyond his name by yachtsmen who have not the privilege of his acquaintance, as George A. Cormack, Secretary of the New York Yacht Club since 1902. Closely connected with the defense of the America's Cup in the last few attempts to "lift" it, he has done much of the work and planning on these occassions while modestly disclaiming any of the credit. There are few persons more familiar with the development of yachting and its history and traditions than he, or who have done more actual sailing. In the day of the large schooner he raced on many of the famous yachts, sailing frequently on the "Dauntless" when she was owned by Caldwell H. Colt, on the "Yampa," and many others. For a number of years he lived in England and did much yachting there, both racing and cruising, making several trans-Atlantic passages.*

*A member of the New York Yacht Club since 1886, he has been its secretary for the past twenty-four years. In that capacity he carried on the negotiations for the last America's Cup race. When the terms of the challenge were settled, he made the contract on behalf of the syndicate for the building of the "Resolute," he supervised her construction and he sailed on her in most of her races from 1914 to the actual races for the cup in 1920.*

*A full account of all his yachting activities is not possible in the brief space of this page. He has seen so much and taken part in so many of the events of forty years on the water that he himself is the one to record them for the benefit of the coming generation of yacht sailors.*



Start of the power boats from Execution Light in the annual Block Island race, which was won by *Brickton IV*.

# The Month in Yachting

## *Algol* and *Brickton IV* Win in Race to Block Island

THE straightaway race to Block Island of 100 miles from Execution Light, held annually by the New York Athletic Club, started this year on Saturday, July 10th, and resulted in a win for the Sound schooner *Algol*, in the sailing division, and *Brickton IV* in the power driven brigade. The elapsed time prize in the sailing class went to the Bar Harbor 30-footer *Young Miss*, which was dismasted shortly after the finish, while *Sea Dream*, an Elco cruiser, won the time prize for power boats. A snappy southwest breeze carried the racers all the way to the finish in fast time, a fog near Block Island causing some of the boats a loss of time through inability to locate the breakwater at the entrance to the harbor. *Brickton IV*, the winner in the power boat division, is powered with a Hall-Scott six-cylinder engine.

The summary:

SAILING DIVISION

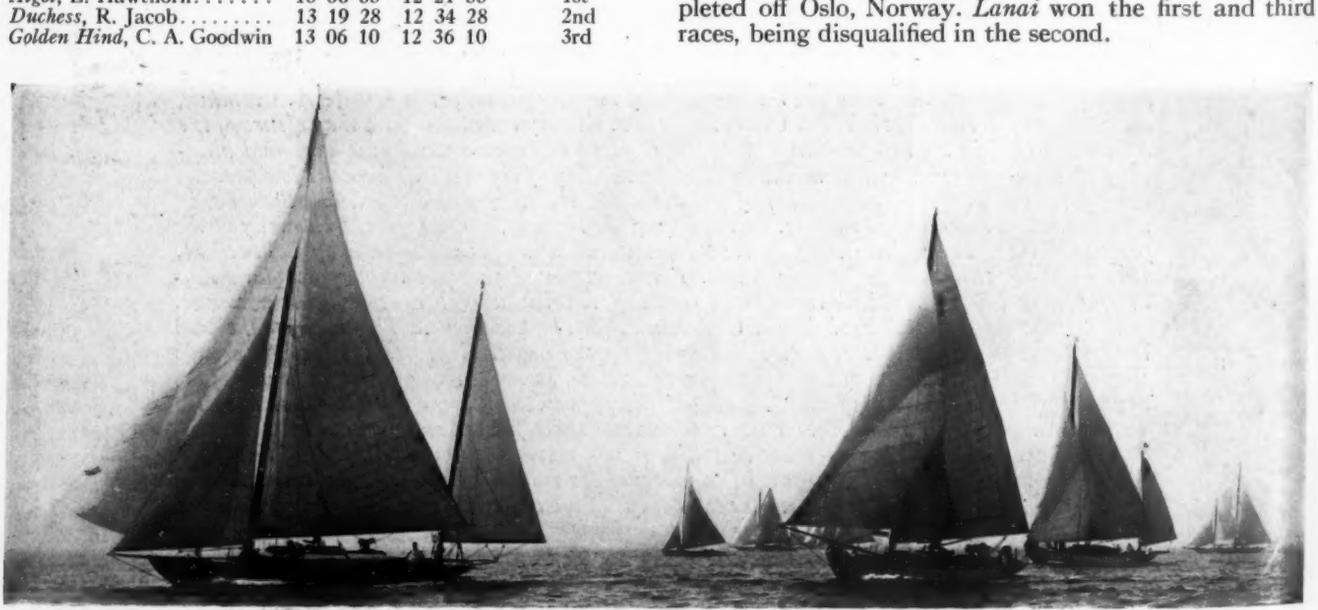
| | *Elapsed* H M S | *Corrected* H M S | *Remarks* |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Algol*, L. Hawthorn..... | 13 36 55 | 12 21 55 | 1st |
| *Duchess*, R. Jacob..... | 13 19 28 | 12 34 28 | 2nd |
| *Golden Hind*, C. A. Goodwin | 13 06 10 | 12 36 10 | 3rd |
| *Young Miss*, L. B. Schwarcz | 12 54 50 | 12 54 50 | Time Prize |
| *Gleam*, C. V. Kazlay..... | 13 25 05 | 13 05 05 | |
| *West Wind*, M. W. Ehrich.. | 13 50 43 | 13 25 43 | |
| *Duckling*, C. W. Atwater .. | 15 12 34 | 13 42 34 | |
| *Sequoia*, D. Durant..... | 14 45 00 | 13 45 00 | |
| *Senta*, Daniel Bacon..... | 17 45 00 | 14 35 00 | |

POWER DIVISION

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Brickton IV*, A. L. Bobrick.. | 8 40 25 | 5 37 17 | 1st |
| *Rene, Jr.*, L. M. Simmons.. | 8 32 48 | 6 15 55 | 2nd |
| *Mu I*, D. Rigney..... | 10 04 05 | 6 49 39 | 3rd |
| *Sea Dream*, Z. D. Larner... | 8 25 45 | 7 10 21 | Time Prize |
| *Kemah*, E. A. Jimenis..... | 10 22 39 | 7 11 13 | |
| *Ripple*, M. M. Porter..... | 10 37 27 | 8 00 11 | |
| *Momo*, F. G. Moe..... | 9 34 41 | 8 17 01 | |
| *Andy*, D. C. Anderson..... | 13 20 10 | 8 56 07 | |

## *Lanai* Wins Norwegian Gold Cup

The famous little 6-meter yacht *Lanai*, designed last year by Clinton H. Crane, winner of the Seawanhaka Cup and leading boat on the American team which last year defeated the Scandinavian team off Oyster Bay, has just won more laurels. Sailed by her owner, Herman F. Whiton, of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, *Lanai* won the Norwegian Gold Cup from a fleet of fifteen competitors representing five countries, in a series of races just completed off Oslo, Norway. *Lanai* won the first and third races, being disqualified in the second.



Start of the sailing division in the New York Athletic Club race to Block Island.

Start of the Bear Mountain Handicap in which a record number of boats for a long distance event started. ***Brickton IV***, the winner, at left. ***Senator Bill*** in foreground.

## The Bear Mountain Handicap Race

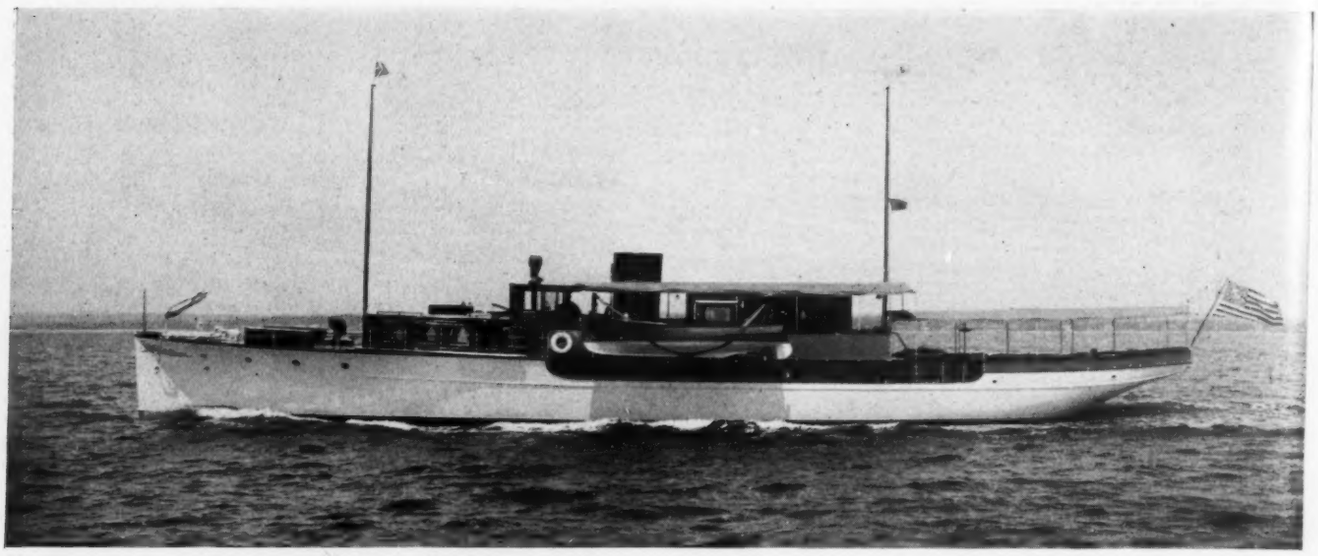
THE second annual Bear Mountain Handicap of the Colonial Yacht Club was run on June 27th with a big fleet of 26 starters. The date for this event came at an inopportune time for the Colonial Yacht Club, which recently sold its clubhouse at 140th Street on the Hudson, and has in process of building its new home in Riverside Drive Park, at 76th Street. Because of this the New York Motor Boat Club extended an invitation to the Colonial to hold the race at its clubhouse, and this was gladly accepted.

Promptly at 10:30 the starting gun was fired by A. J. Utz of the American Power Boat Ass'n, with Commodore Farmer and President F. R. Still acting as judges. On the gun, *Starlight*, *Brickton IV*, *Adele*, *Grayling II*, *Randa*, *M. U. I*, *Sea Dream II*, *Turtle* and *Uncowa* got away in the first group, with *Shadow*, *Paducah*, *Algos*, *Senator Bill*, and the others following. The groups held together as far as Washington Point where *Starlight*, *Sea Dream II* and *Shadow* gradually drew away in the lead with *Brickton IV* and *M. U. I* in the gap between these boats and the main body of cruisers.

On the return leg *Sea Dream II* lengthened her lead and *Shadow* also drew away from the other cruisers by a wide margin. *Sea Dream II* crossed the line winning time prize, with an elapsed time of 4-36-27. She is an Elco cruiser of the current model, equipped with W. S. M. motor. She is owned and was driven by G. De Forrest Larner. *Shadow* crossed the line in second place with elapsed time of 5-08-58, but her heavy handicap of frequent stops on the course eliminated her from the places. *M. U. I*, Douglas Rigney, followed *Shadow* across the line with elapsed time of 5-20-24. *Brickton IV* arrived 22 seconds later. In the computation of the handicaps *Brickton IV* was adjudged the winner with a corrected time of 4-52-53. She is powered with a Hall-Scott 60-70 h.p. reduction gear motor. *M. U. I* got second place with corrected time of 3-28-51 and *Sea Dream II* won third place with corrected time of 3-49-02. *Andy* of the Bayside Yacht Club, came fourth, corrected time 3-55-43 and *Wolf*, of the Colonial Yacht Club, was fifth. *Sea Dream II* exceeded a maximum limit of twelve knots per hour but was not disqualified because of the favorable tide which added greatly to the speed of all the boats in the race. She averaged throughout the course 15.2 statute miles per hour.

***Sea Dream II*** made the best time in the Bear Mt. Handicap, averaging 15.2 miles per hour. She is an Elco Cruisette.

***Lanai***, which won the Norwegian Gold Cup for the United States. She was sailed by Herman F. Whiton.



***Ramna*, a last year's 92-foot power yacht owned by Walter B. Lashar, of Bridgeport, from designs by the Luders Marine Construction Co. She was given a new stern this year by the same company, making her now 102 feet in length, and adding to her attractiveness.**

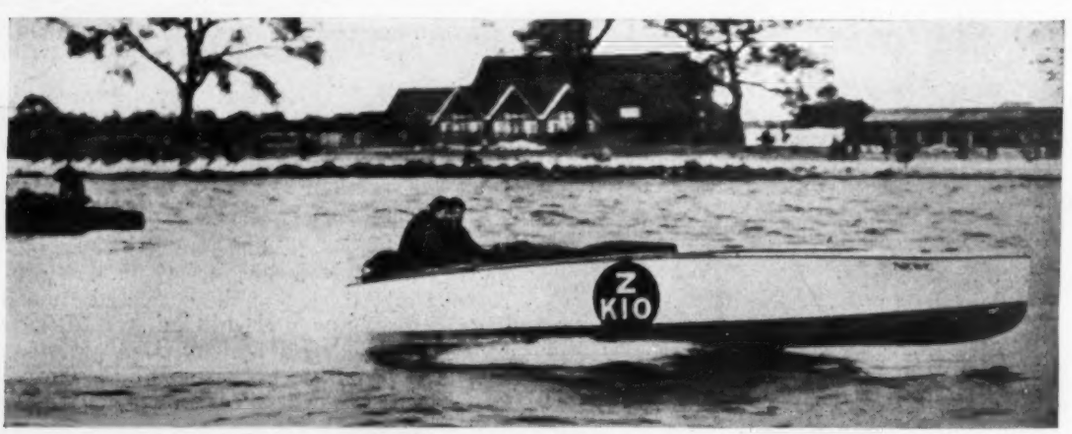
## Great Britain Wins Duke of York Trophy

ALTHOUGH two little high-speed flyers from the United States and one from Canada competed on the Thames, near London, June 26th, 28th and 29th for the Duke of York Trophy, not one of them came through the three heats. In fact, only one boat from America survived one heat. It was most disheartening. Also, only one boat of the eight that started completed the three heats. This was the British entry *Newg*, owned by Miss Carstains and driven by W. Barnato, and she was awarded the trophy. Her best time for the course of 32 nautical miles was 35.8 knots.

*Little Shadow*, owned by Carl Fisher and driven by C. F. Chapman, did not complete the first day's race. *Dixie Flyer*, the entry of D. P. Davis, and driven by Howard Lyons, went out during the second race when the insulation on the high tension wiring burned up. *Rainbow V*, Harry Greening's Canadian entry, passed out on the first day with an elongated valve stem. It was a sorry showing for three fine boats, with a lot of speed and, apparently, a good chance to win. The French entries also passed out early in the game. The German entry, the little *Sigrid IV*, put up the best race, and lasted until the third race, when a broken piston rod put her out of the running. The winner, *Newg*, was not free from trouble, but she lasted long enough to win.

It is a pity that the energy, time and money put into racing of this kind does not bring better results.

***Bostonia*, the American challenger for the British Model Yacht International Cup. She is owned by John Black of the Boston Model Y. C. The races will be sailed early in August.**

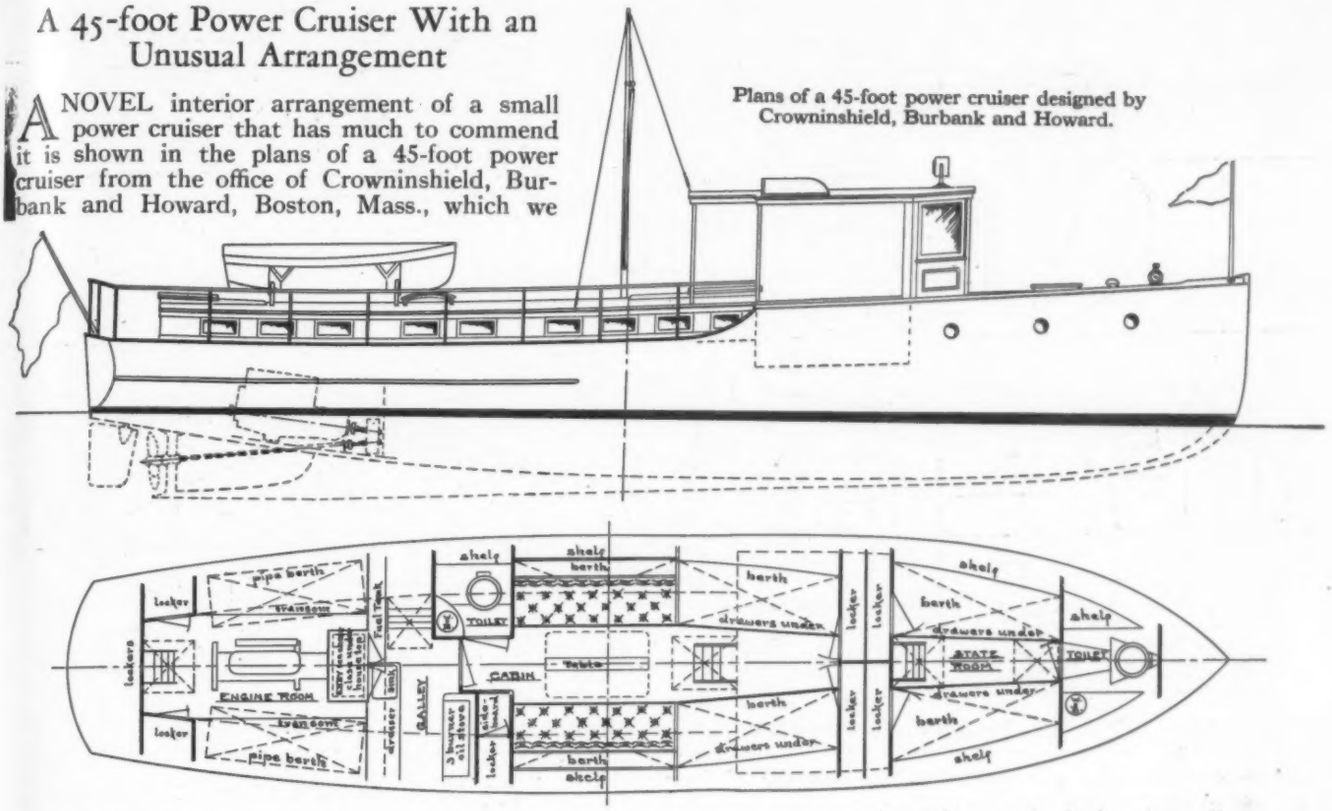



***Newg*, winner of the Duke of York Trophy on the Thames, where she took two out of three heats. She is owned by Miss Carstairs.**

## A 45-foot Power Cruiser With an Unusual Arrangement

A NOVEL interior arrangement of a small power cruiser that has much to commend it is shown in the plans of a 45-foot power cruiser from the office of Crowninshield, Burbank and Howard, Boston, Mass., which we received recently. In order to save the best part of the boat for the use of the owner, the "working end" was kept aft. This was made possible by the use of a gear box, the engine being reversed and set over the shaft, as shown in the plans. This arrangement makes it possible to place the engine where it and the crew space can be bulkheaded off from the living quarters for the owner, and gives a short shaft line. It also gives full headroom in the engine compartment, which is not possible where it is under the bridge deck. The weight of a high speed engine is such as to offer no problem on the turn of the boat when it is placed in this position, provided the boat is designed for it. The arrangement will also minimize noise, vibration and any odors from the engine. The designers state that the design is an experiment, but should work out satisfactorily.

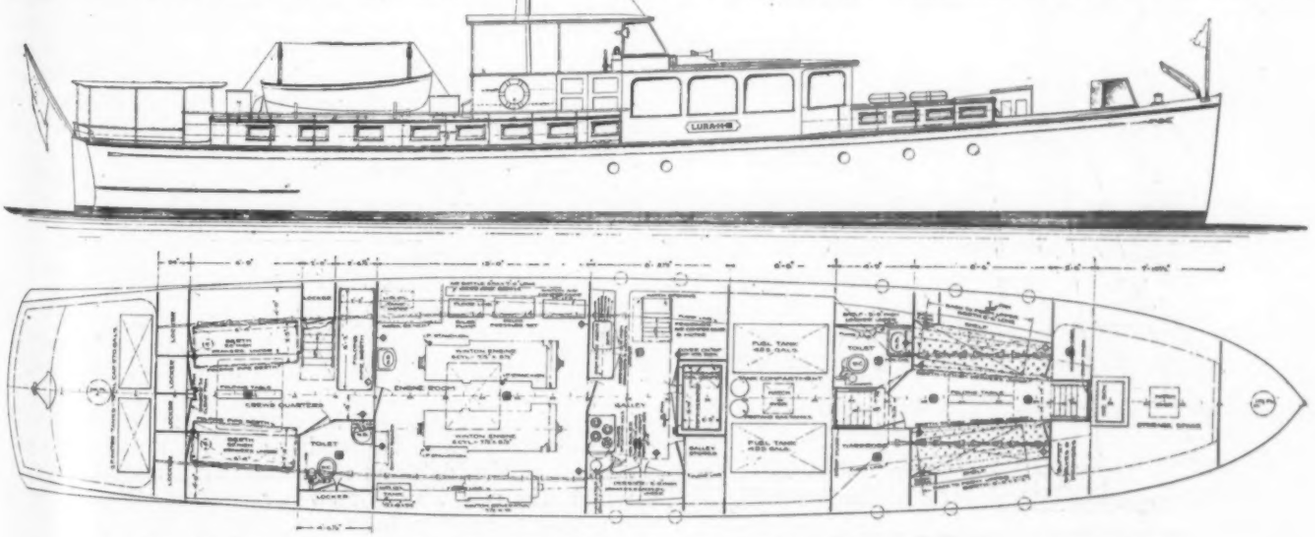
Plans of a 45-foot power cruiser designed by Crowninshield, Burbank and Howard.



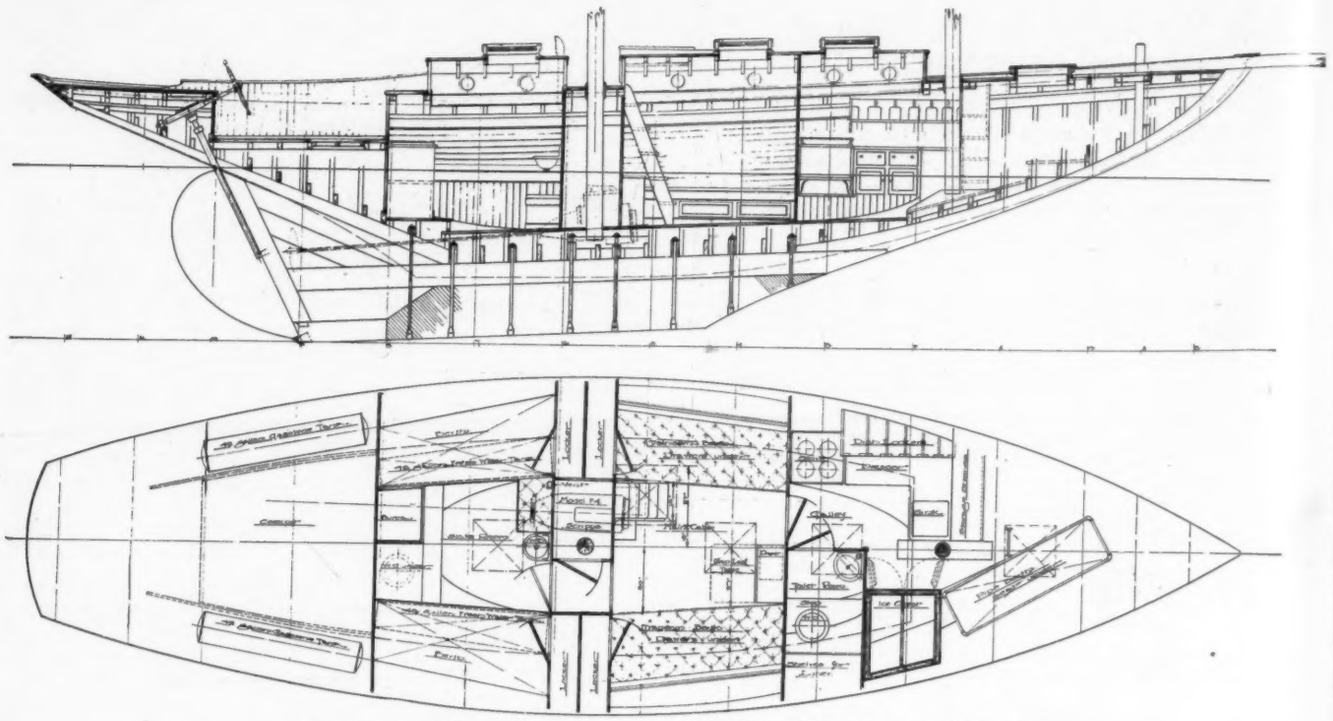

The arrangement of the owner's quarters is excellent, giving six full-length berths.

## *Lura M III*, a Fine Day Cruiser

THE accompanying plans are of the *Lura M III*, a fine express day cruiser recently delivered to Mr. William A. Fisher, of Detroit, Michigan. She is 80′ over all, with beam of 15′ and draft of 4′, and was designed by John H. Wells, Inc., especially for Great Lakes service, with especially high freeboard to take care of the rough, choppy seas experienced in these waters. No attempt has been made to get sleeping accommodations, although there are five well-furnished emergency berths for the



An 80-foot fast day cruiser recently delivered to William A. Fisher, of Detroit, from designs by John H. Wells, Inc.

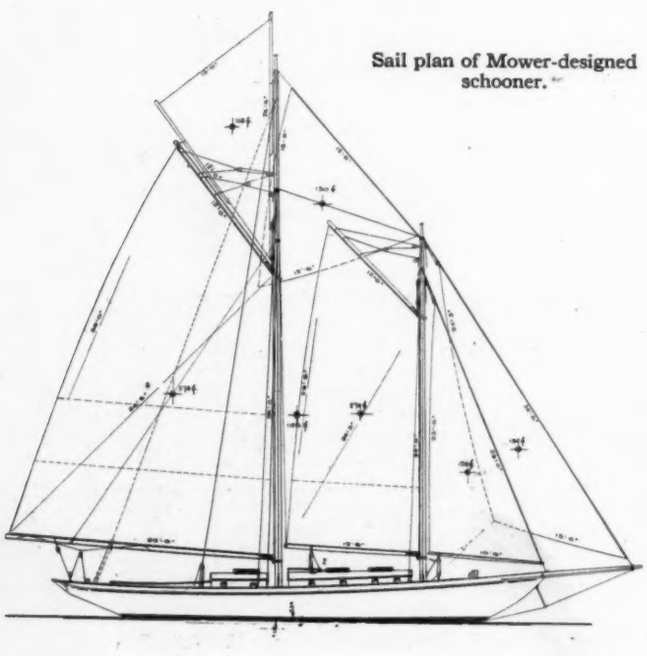


Plans of a cruising schooner 33½ feet on the water, designed by C. D. Mower.

owner and ample accommodations for a crew of four that is needed to run the day cruiser.

A forward and after cockpit give a large amount of outside deck room, and two unusually large cabins afford great comfort below decks for large parties during the daytime. Large sashless windows give maximum vision in the combination living and dining room.

Two Winton six-cylinder motors, rated at 350 h.p. at 1350 r.p.m., gave *Lura M III* a speed on her trial trip of 24 m.p.h., with engines turning at an average of 1255 r.p.m. The builders, the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp., of Morris Heights, N. Y., turned out a thoroughly fine job throughout.



Sail plan of Mower-designed schooner.

## A 33-Foot Water Line Schooner

THE first of the crop of new boats for next season is a small schooner designed by Charles D. Mower, the plans of which are shown here. Her dimensions are 46′ over all; 33′ 6″ water line; 12′ 9″ beam; 6′ 6″ draft; sail area 1,156 square feet in her four lowers.

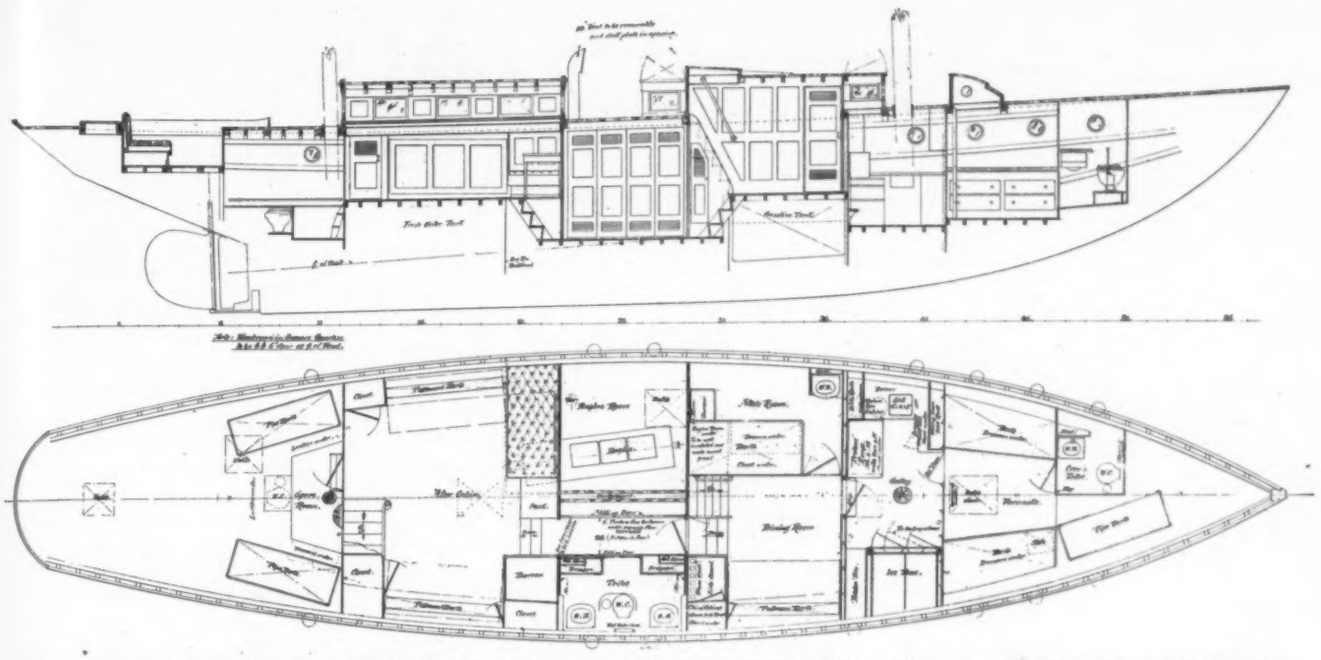
She is of the modern seagoing cruising type with moderate overhangs and good freeboard. The area of the lower sails is moderate so that she will carry them in a fresh breeze, while for light airs the club topsail and fisherman staysail will give her a fair turn of speed. The gaff rig was used by the owner's preference.

The cabin arrangement is also worked out to suit the owner's requirements and has many desirable features. The cabin houses are divided so that the mainmast is stepped through the main deck and the main cabin companionway is just forward of the mainmast, on the port side. There is a fine double stateroom aft with two wide berths, lockers, bureau, and toilet. This gives the greatest possible amount of privacy when the stateroom is used as a ladies cabin. The engine is located under the bridge deck, between the two cabins, and is entirely enclosed. A Scripps, Model F 4-cylinder motor will be used with a feathering propeller off center on the port side of the deadwood. The ballast will be all on the keel except about one ton of inside lead trimming ballast.

## A Novel 20-Rater

A NOVEL rating boat whose performance will be watched with interest is the *Sparrow*, which Isaac B. Mills, of Harvard, designed for his own use and which Benner, at Orient Heights, completed early in July. The designer admits that his creation is novel, but denies that she is a freak. He further declares that he has cut loose from the high cost of pleasure craft and has a yacht which has cost him but 30 per cent of the price of a majority of boats in her class.

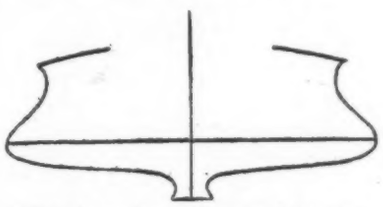
The *Sparrow* was designed for the 20-rating class and



Plans of *Ventura*, a 57-foot water line ketch of shoal draft owned by George F. Baker, Jr. She was designed by Henry J. Gielow, Inc.

Mr. Mills says that she conforms to every provision of the Universal Rule. She is 30 feet over all, 17¾ feet on the water, 10 feet beam and 18 inches draft with a 4-foot centerboard. She has a pronounced combination of a tumble home and a flare above the water line.

In speaking of his boat Mr. Mills said: "The *Sparrow* has comparatively a light displacement and a small wetted surface, combined with medium sail area. She embodies several of the elements mentioned by Clinton H. Crane in a recent article in YACHTING in which he says that above the point at which the quarter beam length



Midship section of the novel 20-rater *Sparrow*, designed and built by Isaac B. Mills.

is taken, there is practically no control of flare under the Universal Rule. The *Sparrow* makes use of the tumble home and the flare as the strongest feature of her design. The former makes her weatherly when heeled, but lessens the stability at large angles of heel. The latter gives a good platform and keeps the deck dry.

"The spread of canvas is comparatively large when one considers her Marconi-rigged mast of 50 feet from water to truck. I believe that she will prove extremely weatherly and fast, especially with started sheets."

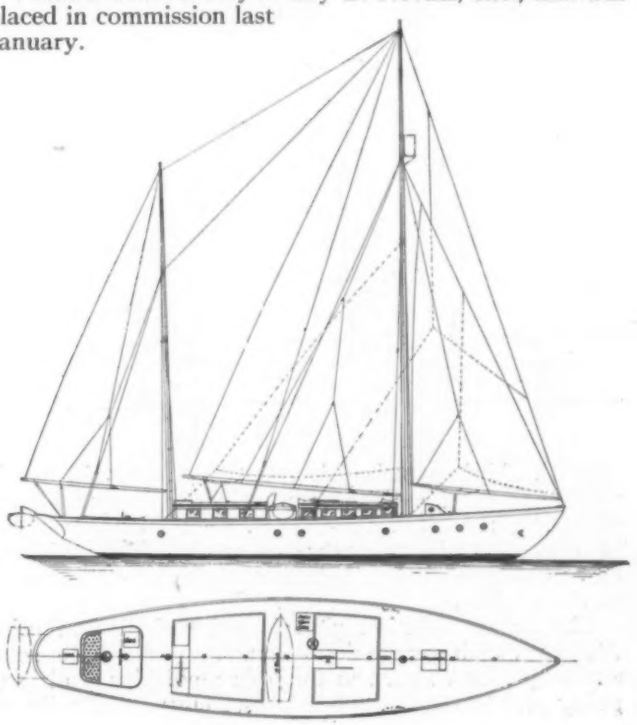
Mr. Mills concluded by saying: "I believe that the yachting public will welcome designs which do not cling too closely to the prevailing type. Let the best boat win."

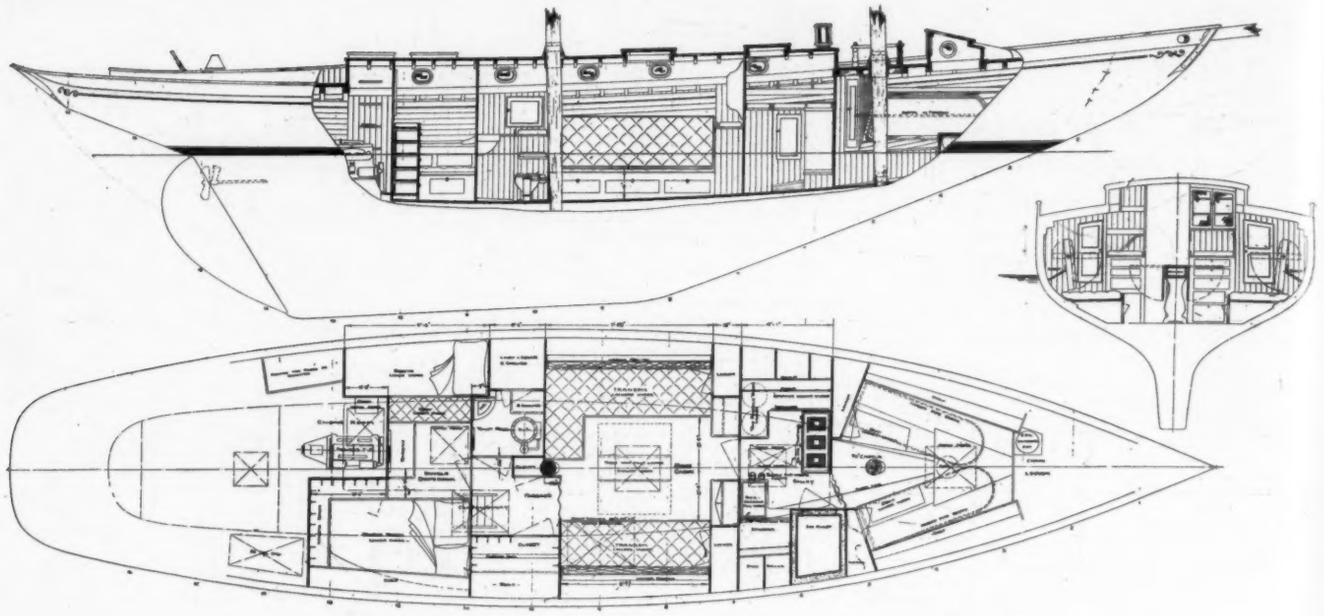
## Plans of *Ventura*, a Light Draft Ketch

SO much interest has been shown by the readers of YACHTING in the new ketch *Ventura*, owned by George F. Baker, Jr., a brief account of whose maiden cruise appeared in the May issue, that we have obtained the plans from her designers, Henry J. Gielow, Inc., for publication.

*Ventura* was designed for use in Florida and the West Indies in the winter and in northern waters in summer, and her draft was, therefore, kept down to 5 feet, 10 inches, on an overall length of 74 feet 3 inches. She is 57 feet, 6 inches on the water and 16 feet, 11 inches beam. The sail area is moderate, being only 1,680 square feet in her working sails, yet she is smart under sail, and made the passage from New York to Jacksonville in January in only five days and a few hours. The arrangement is novel, and gives a lot of room below, as the plans show. The engine, a 6-cylinder Winton, is off center in an enclosed engine room on the port side.

*Ventura* was built by Henry B. Nevins, Inc., and was placed in commission last January.

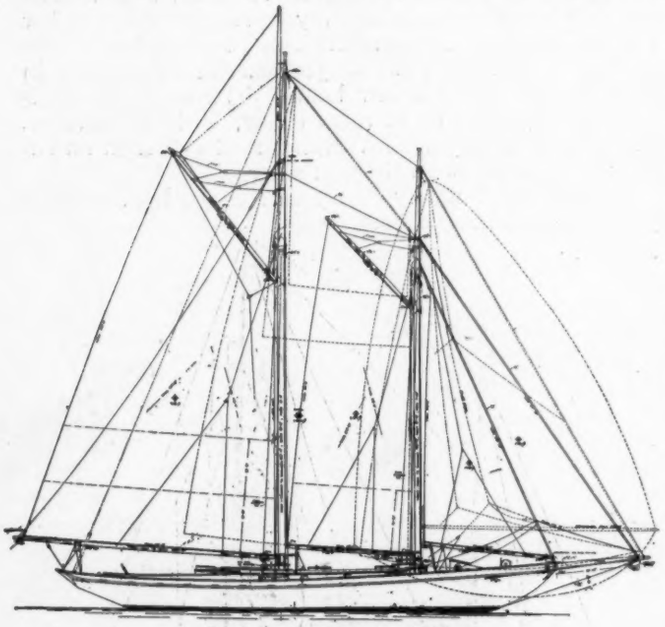




Plans of *Malabar VII*, winner of this year's Bermuda Race. Designed by J. G. Alden.

## The Winning *Malabar VII*

WE are glad to be able to present herewith the plans of *Malabar VII*, the latest creation of John G. Alden, of Boston, and the winner of this year's 660-mile race to Bermuda. The new flyer, while showing many of the characteristics of her older sisters, is a bit longer over all, with a bit less freeboard, and a little more sail. Her dimensions are: l.o.a., 53′ 9″; l.w.l., 38′; beam, 12′ 5″; draft, 7′ 3″; sail area, 1,406 sq. ft. Both the foremast and mainmast are a bit taller than on previous boats, giving a better chance to spread light canvas, and a jib topsail is carried besides.



Sail plan of *Malabar VII*.

The accommodation plan is quite similar to other *Malabars*, with a large double stateroom aft, toilet room and large locker space, main cabin amidships, and large galley and forecastle forward. The motor, a 2-cylinder, 6–8 h.p. Kermath, is installed aft behind a bulkhead, and drives her 4–5 miles per hour with a Thompson feathering wheel, the shaft running out through the port quarter.

*Malabar* was built by Reed-Cook, Boothbay Harbor, Maine, and she is canvassed with Cousens and Pratt sails. A 3-burner Protane gas stove in the galley has given excellent satisfaction all season.

## We Would All Like to Hear from Commodore Munroe

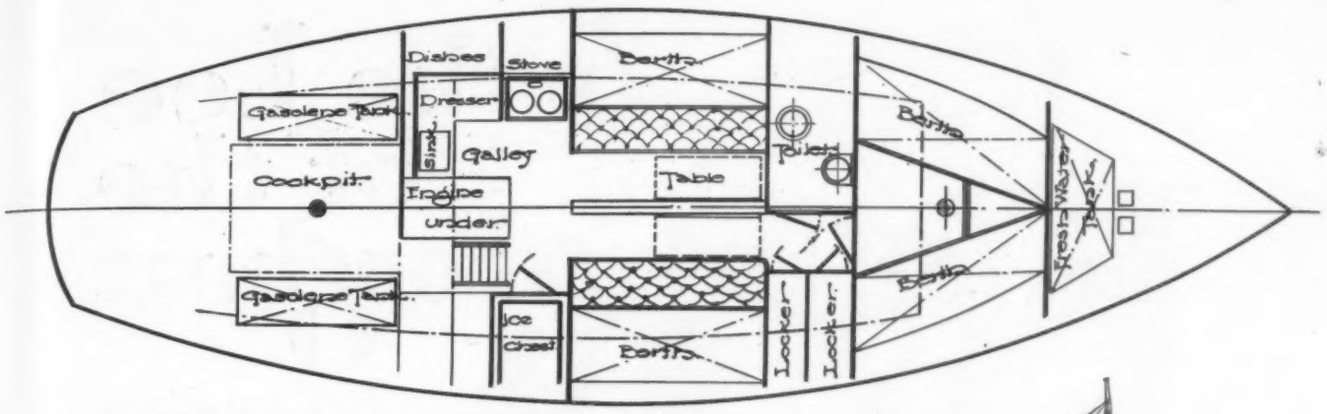
*Editor*, YACHTING:

On the subject of shallow draft boats for cruising, I doubt whether there is anybody alive whose opinion and experience is of more interest than that of Commodore Ralph M. Munroe, of Cocoanut Grove, Florida. In a recent letter he writes me as follows:

"I thank you for, and much appreciate, the Junk book (*Chinese Junks*, by I. A. Donnelly, Published by Kelly & Walsh, Ltd., Shanghai, China). It is a fine addition to my growing library on the light-draft subject, which by the way has, through Howard's article in YACHTING, been taken up by the Cruising Club and others, and somewhat adversely, so it seems. These comments and criticisms are fairly well stated, but they have not arrived at the basis of the proposition, and know not all of what they are talking of, and naturally lapse into the old ideas and phases of the skimming dish, which is easily understood, and thus dismissed from further consideration. Possibly some day I will take a day off and see if it can be elucidated. It can hardly be reduced to mathematics except to a limited degree, and is where its opponents usually down it, and under fanciful stresses. The hollows and crests of ocean waves have never been figured out and probably never will be. Only practical experience — and who has had more of it than a coast Chinaman? The mouths of their great rivers with inordinate tides and treacherous sand bars afford a supreme test in bad weather."

I wish YACHTING would invite him to write us more on the above subject, which is of intense interest to anyone who loves the sport of cruising more than mere jazz-races.

L. H. BAEKELAND.

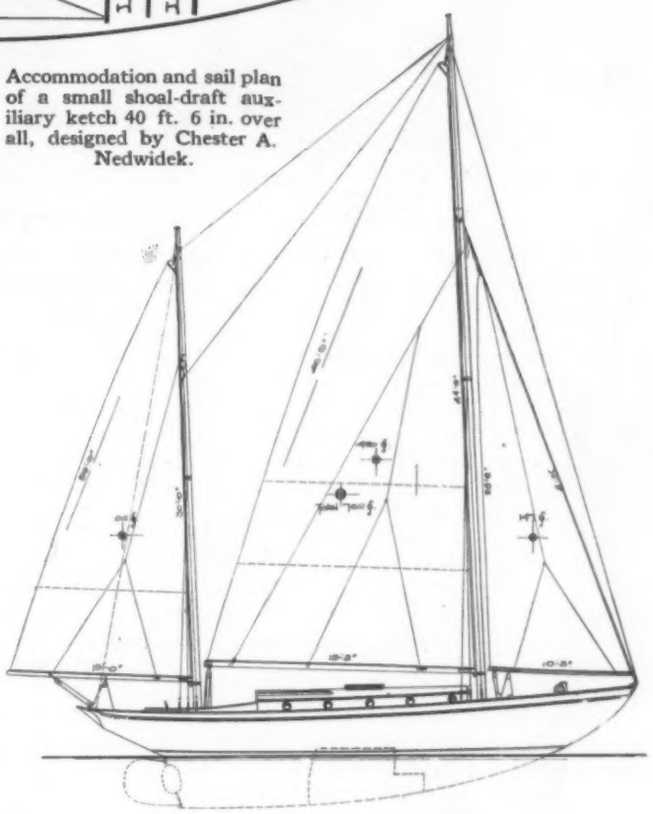



## A Shoal-Draft Auxiliary Cruising Ketch

HERE are the plans of a small, comfortable ketch, whose shoal draft will enable her to cruise in waters inaccessible to the deep keel type. The size is just large enough for the man who is looking for a boat where he will not have to carry a paid hand.

The rig is a jib-header, the sails being all practically inboard, to make for easy handling. Total sail area of 762 square feet. The dimensions are: length over all, 40′ 6″; length water line, 28′; beam extreme, 13′; draft with board up, 3′ 9″. The design is from the board of Chester A. Nedwidek.

Ample accommodations are shown for a party of four in cruising, with two berths forward in the stateroom and two regular built-in berths in the main cabin, with transom seats in front of them. There is a toilet room between the stateroom and the cabin on the port side and lockers to starboard. The galley is aft. The engine is to be a four-cylinder Scripps, located under a box at the after end of the cabin.

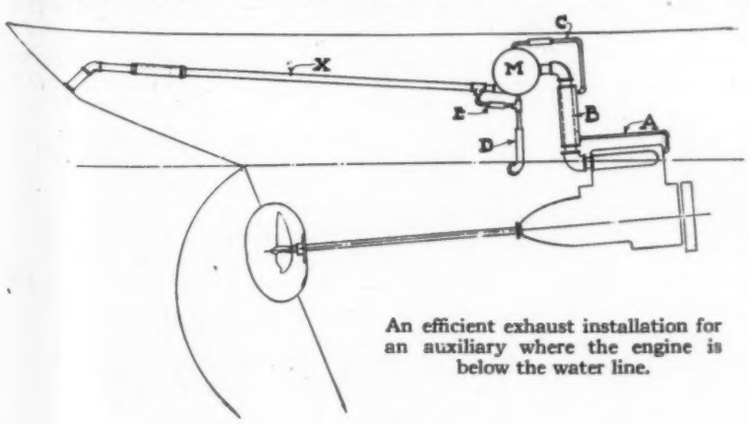


Accommodation and sail plan of a small shoal-draft auxiliary ketch 40 ft. 6 in. over all, designed by Chester A. Nedwidek.

## A Successful Exhaust System

MANY an auxiliary owner knows the trouble frequently encountered with the installation of an exhaust line which will do all which an exhaust line should do, and, in addition, which will absolutely prevent water getting into the engine, the latter fault being a serious one found most frequently when the exhaust manifold is below, or only slightly above, the water line of the boat. The accompanying sketches are of a system used for many years in different boats by Mr. R. P. Benedict, Jr., a well-known yachtsman of Chicago.

Sketch A shows a typical motor installation below the water line. The muffler, M, is placed as high up under the deck as possible, and on or near the 'midship line. The exhaust pipe, B, runs directly up from the exhaust manifold on the engine to the muffler. This section of exhaust line is water jacketed, the water entering from the water outlet pipe A, passing through the water jacketed pipe B, and through the by-pass, C, into the top of the muffler M. After going through the muffler, it passes overboard through a 1″ line, D, running through the side of the boat at or below the water line.




An efficient exhaust installation for an auxiliary where the engine is below the water line.

In the event of water backing up through the exhaust line X, it will run to the muffler, M, and out the overflow line D.

The muffler used by Mr. Benedict is shown in the accompanying sketch. Due to the fact that it has a vertical baffle plate in front of the exhaust outlet to keep circulating water from passing out with the exhaust, there is a chance for a pocket in the exhaust line at this point, as it runs up-hill. Therefore, a by-pass, E, is placed here, which will take care of any water which may come in, or of any condensation in the line.

Mr. Benedict states that this installation has been tried and proven highly efficient in a number of auxiliaries, and he believes that it will work successfully in any craft.

# In the Lee of the Longboat O

*by Cap Stan*

IN the June issue I had the temerity to make a few predictions on the outcome of the Bermuda Race, and, altogether, I didn't fare so badly. *Dragoon* led the fleet at the finish, but didn't quite save her time, which was quite in line with my dope. *Black Goose* came through as predicted. *Countess* was beaten in Class C by *Jolie Brise*, a post entry. *Windjammer* never had a chance with the wind ahead all the time, and light most of the way, but I still believe she is a dangerous boat with lifted sheets in a good sailing breeze or better, conditions which are most usual in Bermuda races.

But didn't John Alden make a clean-up! With *Malabar VII* taking the Bermuda Trophy and first prize in Class A, and four Alden-designed craft finishing in the first four positions in Class B. Believe me, they are as able and comfortable as any craft of their size that ever made the trip — and I've raced to Bermuda three times, twice in Alden boats and once in a craft of different design.

If I had my pick of the fleet — which, incidentally, was one of the finest aggregations of seagoing small yachts ever gathered together — I'd take the schooner *Trade Wind*. What a lovely ship she is! Graceful and beautiful, good beam, generous freeboard, fine accommodations. And fast, too. On the second day of the race, in a good breeze, she passed all the boats near her, and was pulling the leaders back. With a break or two in her favor she easily might have won. Here's to *Trade Wind* — the finest craft in the fleet.

* * *

Fortunately for the feelings of the vanquished and the ear drums of the entire gathering, the toastmaster at the Big Banquet didn't call on the crew of *Malabar VII* for a song, or here is what they all would have to have stood for, sung to the tune of "Working on the Railroad":

Oh, we've been racing to Bermuda,
On the *Malabar*,
Yes, we've been racing to Bermuda,
And we never lost a spar;
Tack by tack we beat to windward,
Up that long, long trail,
And we crossed the line a winner
In a fleet of sixteen sail.

* * *

It doesn't matter much whether you go to Bermuda on a winner or a loser — I've been on both — you always have a royal time, thanks to the unabridged hospitality of the Bermudians. Nothing is too good for the Yanks. Just lay your course for the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, and either Commodore "Teddy" Gosling, ex-Commodore Eldon Trimingham, "Bottomless" Pitt, or any of a dozen other gracious hosts will see that you get "the lay of the land." Hardships and heartbreaks are quickly forgotten, and "all hands" have the time of their life. Take a tip from me, Mates — never miss a Bermuda Race if you can possibly help it.

* * *

There's a vast difference between a "break" and a "bust," of which there were several during the race. A break is a matter of luck, pure and simple, such as one boat having a fine sailing breeze while another, only a few miles away, hammers around in a calm for hours on end. A "bust" is a bad mistake on the part of skipper, navigator or crew. The "breaks" in the race are well shown by the fact that the leading boats had very little calm, and fair weather all the way, whereas some of the boats in the middle of the fleet got long periods of calm, half a gale of wind, etc. As to "busts," *Malay's* navigator made one when he plotted their position 1° in error; *Cygnet's* navigator made another when he plotted his position from a couple of star sights which were later proven to be bad. But the prize "bust" was made by the owner of *Blue Water*, when, on Friday morning, they were ahead of *Malabar VII*, and almost in sight of the Islands, he doubted the position given by his navigator, who claimed that the finish line lay dead ahead, and headed off fully two points to leeward for several hours, resulting in *Blue Water* losing some twelve hours — and possibly the race.

* * *

The dory I painted with "brushing lacquer" has turned a light yellow, and has "alligatored" in spots. But it still sticks. Mr. H. A. Goesle, who owns a Star boat in Gravesend Bay, used the lacquer top and bottom, and also finds that it has turned yellow on the topsides. However, on the bottom, after a month's immersion, a short growth of green "whiskers" was instantaneously removed with scrub brush and water, and a rub with wet sandpaper produced a bottom "so slippery a fly would break his back trying to walk on it." Before the wind, Mr. Goesle says he easily outruns the fleet. He says nothing about "alligatoring," so perhaps only the above-water parts of a boat are affected this way — the dory has been hauled out on a float most of the time. I'd be glad to hear from anyone else who has tried this stuff.

# *Valspar protects the "Shadow K"*

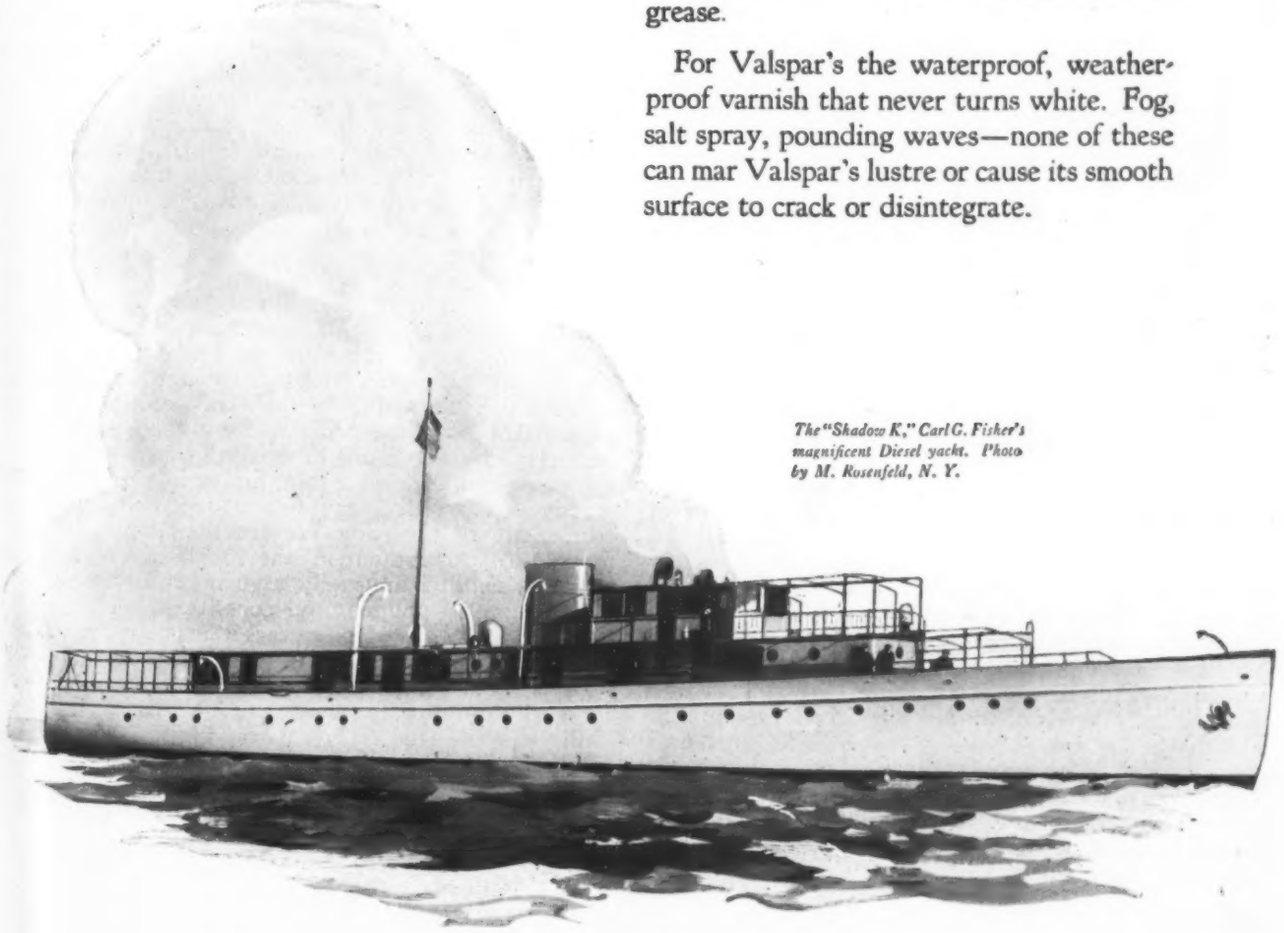
VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

SPEED yacht de luxe! That's a fitting designation for the "Shadow K," Carl G. Fisher's twin-screw steel yacht, said to be the fastest Diesel power yacht ever built.

Designed for speed, built for luxury as well as endurance, "Shadow K" is a veritable masterpiece of yacht construction. And, as on all the fine craft produced by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation, Valspar was used for all the bright work inside and out.

This appreciation of Valspar is unanimous with leading designers and builders of watercraft everywhere. All agree that Valspar is the best all-around varnish for marine use. All concede that Valspar never fails to give thorough protection from vibration and weather, from oil, gasoline and grease.

For Valspar's the waterproof, weatherproof varnish that never turns white. Fog, salt spray, pounding waves—none of these can mar Valspar's lustre or cause its smooth surface to crack or disintegrate.



*The "Shadow K," Carl G. Fisher's magnificent Diesel yacht. Photo by M. Rosenfeld, N. Y.*

# Letters and Correspondence

## More Light on the Centerboard Controversy

YOUR challenge to centerboard advocates to "upset Fenger's dope" should not go unanswered; yet it is a discussion which I enter with reluctance, since my personal experience in heavy weather at sea is slight. On the other hand, I have known Commodore Munroe, designer of *Alice*, for many years, and this spring spent a month with him, during which we discussed Mr. Fenger's article in your May issue; and for nineteen years I have sailed one of his boats, *Wabun*, mainly single-handed, all over Florida, to the Bahamas and to Cape Cod.

First, let me say that Mr. Fenger's article stands out by long odds as the best contribution to the centerboard discussion. It is fair-minded, and based on ample experience of weather. I would give much to get him and Com. Munroe together and hear them thrash it out. Unfortunately, the latter is much occupied by other affairs, and cannot reopen on paper a discussion over which he has gone several times in the 35 years since he originated his *Presto* type. Therefore I will try to pass on what I have learned from *Wabun* and from him, in favor of a properly designed centerboard boat. In doing this I will disregard the advantages of being able to navigate shallow water, though an instructive volume might be written on this subject. The Atlantic coast — indeed most coasts — has many shallow inlets, closed to keel boats, and often full of interest to the cruiser, more so, in fact, than the larger and better known harbors. But this discussion bears on ability, weatherliness and safety at sea in heavy weather.

We claim superiority for the shoal draft boat under these conditions in all respects save one: that the keel boat may be *driven harder* and made to go *faster to windward*, in heavy winds and rough water. If you want a racer, therefore, you must build deep. But the *Presto* type, of which *Alice* is a slight variant, will, on the other hand, keep on going to windward against any wind and sea that it is good for man to oppose, will do it at a good pace, and will do it with much greater comfort to her crew and less strain on hull and gear; she will keep dryer and will live longer than the "lead mine," and she will show equal or better speed in reaching or running.

For brevity, let us admit, with slight reservations, all that Mr. Fenger so aptly says, down to the sentence, "If we remove the keel, with its dollop of outside weight, we must increase the beam for stability's sake." That is not true of the *Presto* type. This is notably narrow, with slight initial stability, but with ample ballast, albeit inside, to give extreme firmness on the sailing lines — in conjunction, of course, with the characteristic flare above the water-line. She does not roll out when knocked down nor offer a high-standing, hard, weather bilge to the next sea, which Mr. Fenger properly states are the weaknesses of some shoal boats.

What she *does* do, which no heavily ballasted boat can, is to lift quickly and easily over any sea, even the most abrupt, instead of going through it, keeping herself dry and comfortable, and avoiding the racking strains between buoyancy and ballast, and between the deep-set keel and the exposed topsides, which are often responsible for leaks after a severe hammering.

She does not need large sail area to drive increased beam, nor width to carry sail; that easily becomes a vicious circle. There is no more easily driven type of hull, as is shown by its surprising speed under moderate auxiliary power. With cruising rig about equivalent to the average cruiser single-reefed, they have uniformly held their own with boats of their type and size; they carry this sail after the others are reefed, and the harder it blows the better they show up in comparison.

For example, *Micco* (50′ o.a.) on joining an Atlantic Y. C. fleet cruise, was offered 15 minutes' start of the racers, because of her obvious heavy type and small rig. But on the first day a thunder squall stripped the fleet of kites and threw it into confusion, while *Micco* carried full sail, finished second in a fleet of all sizes, and had her handicap at once revoked. She also finished second in her class in a recent Bermuda race, at 33 years of age, in spite of carrying away a doted masthead and rerigging at sea.

The original *Carib* I saw building at Coconut Grove, and often heard the story of her trial trip. A supposedly crack sloop of her size had been "laying for her," and they started across the Bay close-hauled, in a fresh summer northeaster, the sloop single-reefed, *Carib* whole sail. She covered the 11 miles while the sloop was doing 8, and the latter turned back in disgust. So much for speed to windward. *Carib* then proceeded out of the Bay and across Cape Florida bar into the Straits, through solid breakers, "as easy as an old shoe," as the Commodore expressed it. Then up stick and back across the bar, half a gale on the quarter, and she went through that boiling mess as though it were still water, steered with one hand all the time on one spoke. So much for balance and comfort. She spent years with Mr. Haigh at Cat Cay, in the Bahamas, knocking about across the Stream and through the West Indies in all seasons; afterwards a fisherman kept her many summers at moorings off the beach at Asbury Park, taking off fishing parties in a surfboat. When heavy weather stopped business he sometimes ran out to sea and hove to, for comfort.

One of the smallest of the *Presto*-boats, *Utilis*, 33′ o.a. 22″ draft, remained for twelve years the Commodore's own boat. She was an open boat (summer cabin, with canvas curtains at sides and rear) yet she took to the confused chop of the Gulf Stream in the Straits with perfect serenity, and made many trips to the Bahamas, never taking a drop aboard. She was 9′ beam, and so tender that she heeled considerably when one stepped on deck, and she sailed at a considerable angle; but beyond her sailing lines she would not go, and she would carry whole sail, and go to windward with it, until the cows came home. Even the Commodore calls her a paradox.

There was scarcely a boat of this type built which did not make many converts to a belief in the ability of *good* shoal draft boats, and they were all favorites with their owners. My own *Wabun* I will not speak of, for I would talk too long. The *Presto*-boats are honest, comfortable cruising ships, heavily built, reliable, easily handled, comfortable, both to themselves and their crews, and with a very surprising turn of speed, to windward as well as free. An unusual feature of their construction which has some bearing on their performance is the weight of their centerboards, which are in marked contrast to the old skimming-dish ideal of a thin, limber board. They are of massive oak, with many heavy drift-bolts, and their trunks are of the same construction, which makes it feasible to carry them in the roughest water without strain. *Wabun's* is unusually large and heavy, 10 feet long and about 900 pounds, and constitutes an appreciable item of ballast, while for 34 years it has been unmercifully banged on coral heads, driven deep into mud and sand, used as a handy mooring at shoal wharves, and subjected to every form of unreasonable strain, without damage.

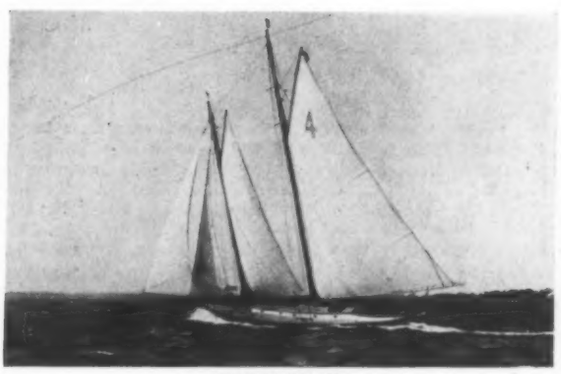
Perhaps the true answer to the keel advocates — certainly so to many of them — is simply: "You do not know what a *good* centerboard boat is, or what she can do. If you did, you would want to enjoy their greater comfort, safety and range."

VINCENT GILPIN.

# ALDEN Yachts Again Win Bermuda Race

MALABAR VII
53' 9" o.a. 12' 6" beam

BLACK GOOSE (ex-Mystic)
Winner Class B, 1926



MALABAR IV
Winner Bermuda Trophy, 1923
Winner Class B Trophy, 1923

Mr. Alden's *Malabar VII* demonstrated her speed and ability in the 1926 Bermuda Race by repeating the performance of "*MALABAR IV*" in 1923, winning both the Combined Class Bermuda Trophy out of a field of sixteen starters and the first prize in Class A.

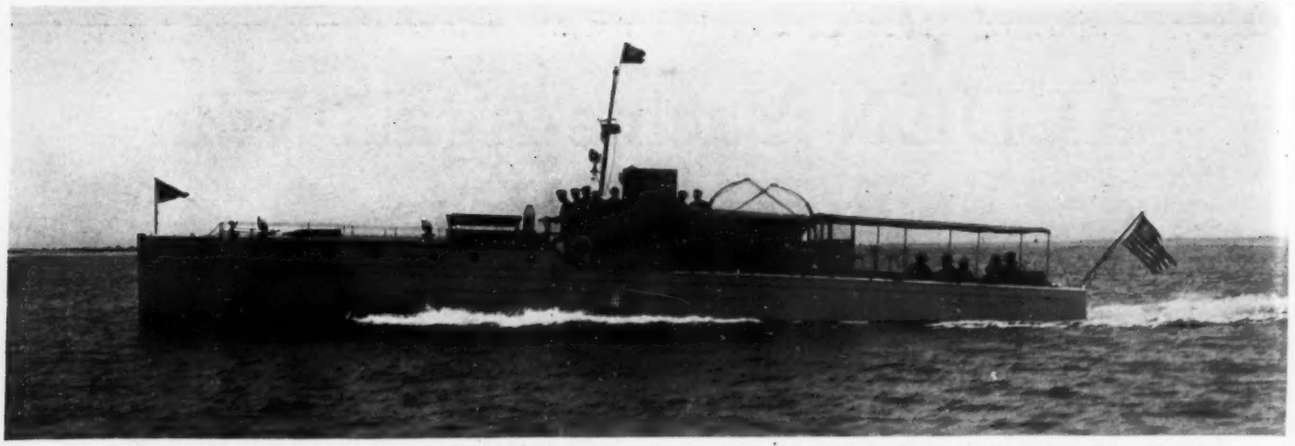
*Black Goose*, ex-*Mystic*, won first prize in Class B, defeating *Sagamore*, also an Alden schooner, for first place by seven minutes corrected time. The first four boats in Class B were Alden-designed.

An Alden-designed yacht of any type will give to its owner the fine points of sailing besides roomy cabins and ability to go and stay at sea. If you are considering building for the coming season, let me discuss your requirements.

I have numerous standardized schooners and ketches of sixty feet overall length now under construction for early winter or spring delivery.

## JOHN G. ALDEN

148 STATE STREET BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



*Tuna*, owned by John T. Pratt, carried officials and a large party to see the start of the Bermuda Race from New London.

# Of Interest to the Skipper

## Safe Steel Cruiser at Start of Bermuda Race

One of the 32′ stainless steel cruisers built by Safe Pleasure Boats, Inc. of Hartford, Connecticut, was selected and used by the Race Committee at the start of the recent Bermuda Race from New London. The photographers on board stated that this boat was one of the steadiest platforms for photographing boats in action they had ever worked from.

Safe Pleasure Boats, Inc. is now working on the construction of a stainless steel, unsinkable, non-corrosive 14′ outboard motor boat, embodying extremely interesting features in craft of this type.

## *Tuna* Speeds with Speedways

The snappy express cruiser *Tuna*, owned by John T. Pratt, which excited much favorable comment from spectators at the start of the Bermuda Race, gets her fine turn of speed from a pair of Speedway motors. Her deck fittings are of Crodon, the new non-tarnishing metal which is fast becoming popular among the owners of fine yachts.

## Richardson Double Cabin Cruiser

The good looking cruiser in the accompanying photograph is one of the stock craft turned out by the Richardson Boat Co. of North Tonawanda, N. Y., and is known as the "double cabin type." On an over all length of 34 feet and beam of 9 feet, these boats have splendid accommodations, including double stateroom forward, toilet room and clothes lockers, main cabin with upper and lower berths, and galley aft. Kermath motors are usually installed, or almost any other make, at the option of the purchaser. The boat shown is equipped with a Peerless 4-cylinder engine, which has given very satisfactory results.

## Super Elto Displayed Abroad

An outboard motor to be successful in foreign fields must operate with a complete absence of service problems. The ability of the Elto to perform up to this standard has probably been responsible for the tremendous success of this motor in world markets.

This year's model, the Super Elto, has enjoyed an even greater demand abroad than any of its predecessors, and foreign dealers are rapidly awakening to a realization of the tremendous possibilities for the sale of outboard motors for both pleasure and commercial use.

One recent evidence of this fact is the very forceful and attractive manner in which the Super Elto was displayed at the recent fair in Milan, Italy. Ettore Ceruti, Italian distributor for the Elto Outboard Motor Company at Milwaukee, Wis., was responsible for this most attractive display.

## "Little Pal" Now "Little Huskie"

In view of the fact that the name "Pal" has been used recently by another marine engine manufacturer in his advertising, Palmer Bros., of Cos Cob, Conn., wish to announce that the new motor which they introduced lately under the name Little Pal will be known hereafter as Little Huskie.

The Richardson 34-foot standardized double-cabin cruiser, powered with a 4-cylinder Peerless motor.

## New Hand Catalogue

John E. Hand & Sons Co., the well known makers and dealers in nautical instruments, have just issued a new edition of what was formerly called the Hand Nautical Almanac, but which is now appearing under the title of The Hand Book. This little volume contains a wealth of valuable information for the yachtsman, including tide tables, sailing directions, charts, etc., besides a complete list of the various compasses, logs, binnacles, binoculars and other nautical instruments manufactured by the firm. A complete line of Hand accessories is carried at their different stores in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and New Orleans. Readers of YACHTING may receive a copy of the Hand Book by writing to John E. Hand & Sons Co., 208 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## *Teaser* Beats More Trains

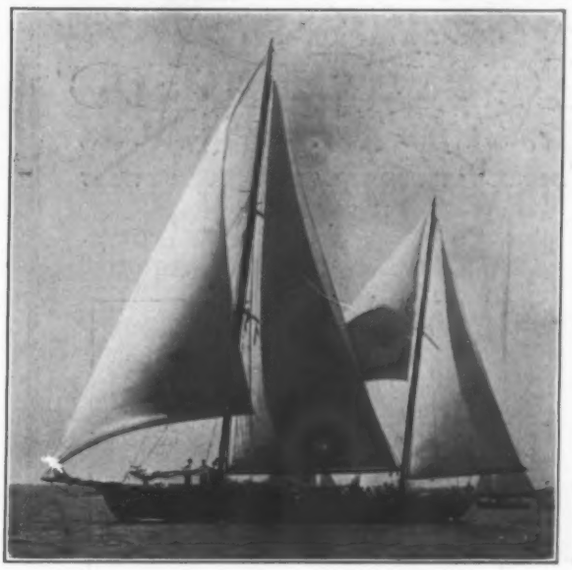
Another interesting run of the express runabout *Teaser* in comparison with railroad schedules was made at the time of the Yale-Harvard boat races, 25th June. Mr. Richard F. Hoyt, the owner of the *Teaser*, drove her from the New York Yacht Club landing at 26th Street, New York City, to New London in two hours, eighteen minutes. The Wright Typhoon 600 H. P. engine was not given full throttle at any time during the trip. Nevertheless, this elapsed time from New York to New London was twenty-six minutes faster than the schedule time of the two excess fare limited trains which make only one stop between New York and New London, and forty-seven minutes faster than the schedule time of the regular express trains. Mr. Hoyt and his guests had a very enjoyable trip, even at the high speed recorded, and the *Teaser* was in active use throughout the regatta.

## J. H. Curtiss Absorbs Goblet

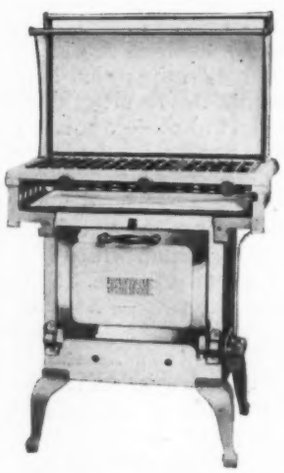
The J. H. Curtiss Co., of 4 South St., New York City, have purchased from Wm. Goblet, manufacturer of marine plumbing specialties, and especially Goblet and Goblet Dolon Marine Toilets, their patterns, parts, supplies, good will and copyrights. The purchase places the J. H. Curtiss Co. in the very enviable position of being able to supply their customers with any style or class of marine plumbing fixture desired.

# NEW LONDON—BERMUDA RACE

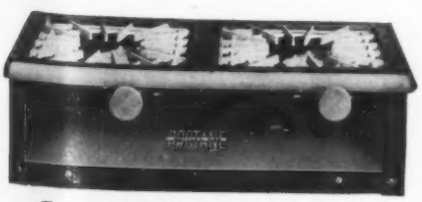
*At the left is Malabar VII, winner of the 1926 race. Below is Dragoon, who crossed the line first but finished second on corrected time. Seventeen yachts competing.*




# Both Winner and Runner-Up were PROTANE equipt



*Protane Junior Range, 28" x 14" square. Three table top burners and oven.*



*Two-Burner Hot Plate. For small galleys.*

If an army marches on its stomach, certainly a racing crew stays alert on its chow. Year after year it is the same story. Complete equipment that makes for the comfort and safety of the crew, helps win races.

PROTANE GAS for cooking is probably as great an innovation in yachting — below decks — as the Marconi rig was above.

Think of it, — GAS — as hot, as odorless when burning, as easy to operate, as city gas at home. No smell of alcohol or kerosene. No reeking heat. When you want it, the stove is hot—instantly. When you are through — it's out! And gas stoves — any size and model to select from — from a 14-inch "one-burner" for the smallest galley afloat, up to a full size cabinet range complete with oven and broiler.

***Inexpensive to operate***

Dragoon fed twelve men for three weeks for about $3.50. Other yachts tell the same story.

***Safe***

PROTANE is approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

***Quickly Installed***

No cutting or fitting for piping. An hour or two and you're ready.

***Reliable***

Hundreds of yachts use PROTANE. The majority of new ones launched this Spring are PROTANE equipt.

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## Across the Western Ocean in the *Jolie Brise*

(*Continued from page 40*)

a calm, blue sea, dotted with yellowish brown spots. I collected one spot with a boathook and found it was made of weed, 3 yellow shrimps, 2 pink crablets, 1 tiny blue lobster and a golden fish an inch long. Next day there was less blue water and more brown spots, and the day after that, the spots having collected themselves into orderly lines, we had a blue sea striped with yellow. A day or two afterwards we saw a large brown sandbank right ahead where 3000 fathoms of water ought to have been. This mysterious bank was just awash, the waves were breaking on its weather side and it had a patch of smooth water to loo'ard, all regular and proper. However, we sailed right through the middle of the thing. It turned out to be a floating island of weed and the only thing it did to us was to foul our log. This island was as large as a football field and, to me, it had a very sinister appearance. I felt that it only needed a few more feet of thickness and a dark night to make a very perfect trap for catching poor sailing ships.

Then we wandered into a pestilential spot called the Horse Latitudes. I have said some bitter words already about this disgusting area, but I can say a few more without straining myself. A long spell of the kind of weather we found there would make me give up going to sea altogether and take to motor boating. What those latitudes are like at their worst I do not know, because we were lucky and struck a thin place in the belt. It was only a hundred miles wide; but it took us five days to cross it.

Here is a sample from my log, written May 9th. when we were right in the middle of the "Variables." "A lovely dawn — on land; but I fear this perfect sky predicts another day of calms for we poor sailormen. A very high swell all night, with calms and light northerly airs. We rolled so desperately that we feared for our spars and sails. The racket aloft was awful. It was quite hopeless, but we *had* to try and sail her. If we do not get her out of this place soon she will be shaken to pieces. Each breath of wind was watched for longingly. Throughout the night our sails were trimmed a hundred times to catch and hold each wandering breath. For 12 hours this has kept us hard at work and anxious, and the result of our devotion has been a gain to the northward of — 3 miles. And now here comes the sun. He rises with a brassy look upon his face which promises another scorching day of calms. Well — we must bear it. Gales and hard weather may tax a man's fortitude, but these prolonged calms and light head winds lay a burden on a seaman which is very hard to bear. 6.45 a.m.: Light southerly breeze. Set spinnaker. A fair wind at last. The question is — how long will it last? 7 a.m.: A fierce white squall came down on us. Spinnaker down just in time but topsail halliards jammed. Ran her off and logged 2 9/10ths. knots in 15 minutes. Squall passed within 20 minutes. 8 a.m.: Calm. Heavy swell and jumble of sea. 8 p.m.: No wind all day. The sun set, a ball of cherry red, which said as plain as print, 'No wind tonight, my hearties.' Much more of this tumbling about and the ship will fall to pieces. Nothing built by man can stand this."

We did escape in the end, though. One day Æolus relented and sent a little sou'westerly wind, to which we spread with eagerness our suit of racing sails and wasted not one single blessed breath of it. That little wind lasted and grew in strength until it had wafted us clear into the middle of the Gulf Stream. When we were east of Hatteras we took a fierce westerly gale. However, we were ready for it, reduced sail to storm jib and reefed trysail and stood by for trouble.

I think Æolus was a little contemptuous of us at first. He led off by flinging a handful of dirty looking squalls at us out of the sou'west; but when he found we merely

# ALLEN'S HARBOR
## CAPE COD

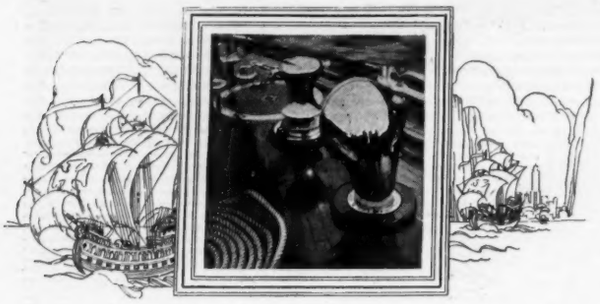
## *Night Times of Romance*

WITH every care behind, you'll find a great contentment when you have built your home among the pines at Allen's Harbor. And when the night comes to bring you rest, you'll live in a world anew — a world of quiet — a world of romance.

That you may better know how lasting are the appeals of this Cape Cod vacation colony — we have prepared the "Allen's Harbor Booklet" which we would like to place in your hands. If possible, visit Allen's Harbor in Harwichport, but by all means, send for its booklet.

## CAPE COD REAL ESTATE TRUST

HARWICHPORT, MASS.



# Dream Ships

YOU have perhaps dreamed of that perfect boat on which the brass and nickel would stay bright without polishing.

CRODON, the Chrome Alloy Plate, now makes this dream a reality, for, as CRODON surfaces never tarnish nor corrode, they never need polishing. An occasional wiping with a cloth removes grease or other foreign matter and leaves the original lustre unaffected.

Salt air and salt water have no effect on it. In fact, CRODON surfaces have withstood severe salt-spray tests for over 300 hours without showing any signs of physical breakdown. Each test has represented several years' service.

The unusual beauty of CRODON permits of no confusion with ordinary finishes. It is available either in a brilliant mirror-like surface or a soft silvery satin.

Any CRODON-plated fixture is guaranteed to retain its high lustre and color indefinitely from the time of installation without the necessity of using abrasives or any polishing compounds.

Moreover, a CRODON-plate will never peel nor discolor, resisting service wear, steam, sulphur and the majority of acids.

Upon request our Marine Division will give all details and estimate the probable cost of CRODON-plating your present equipment or that of any new boat. Write the Chemical Treatment Co., Inc., 26 Broadway, New York City.

*Specify* CRODON *for:*

*Ships' Bells, Binnacles, Binnacle Stands, Reverse Levers, Cleats, Engine Room Telegraphs, Chocks, Capstans, Windlass, Steering Wheels, Port Lights, Electric Fans, Search Lights and Reflectors, Plumbing Fixtures, Door Hardware, Hinges, Exposed Pipes, Rails.*

CRODON

*The Chrome* CT *Alloy Plate*

*Applied Only to Quality Products*

Chemical Treatment Co., Inc., Dept. M-1
26 Broadway, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me your booklet "CRODON for Marine Hardware and Fittings."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Name of Boat _____ Length _____

used these things to help us on our way he lost his temper, and at the end of a long, deceitful lull, he struck. This time he meant business and sent us a living gale from the nor'west.

I think, though, no gale can daunt the *Jolie Brise*. Certainly this gale off Hatteras quite failed to do so, although for 46 hours it tried its best. That savage wind, blowing across the current of the Stream, raised a sea so steep and high that it seemed absurd to hope any little boat could live in it. And then, when you watched the boat, it seemed absurd to think any sea could kill *her*. Make no mistake — she had to fight hard — very hard. But she fought with such gaiety and cheerfulness that it hardly seemed to be a fight at all. The *Jolie Brise* was very French just then.

We did our best to help her, of course. Instead of lashing the tiller and leaving her, Martin lashed himself to the steering bench and eased her along with the helm, while we hung oil bags over the weather rail and pumped more oil through the toilet. I do not think the oil did very much good — the seas were too big for any oil to calm them — but that was all we could do for our ship, so we did it. In the end Hatteras was defeated, but that gale drove us back for 70 miles.

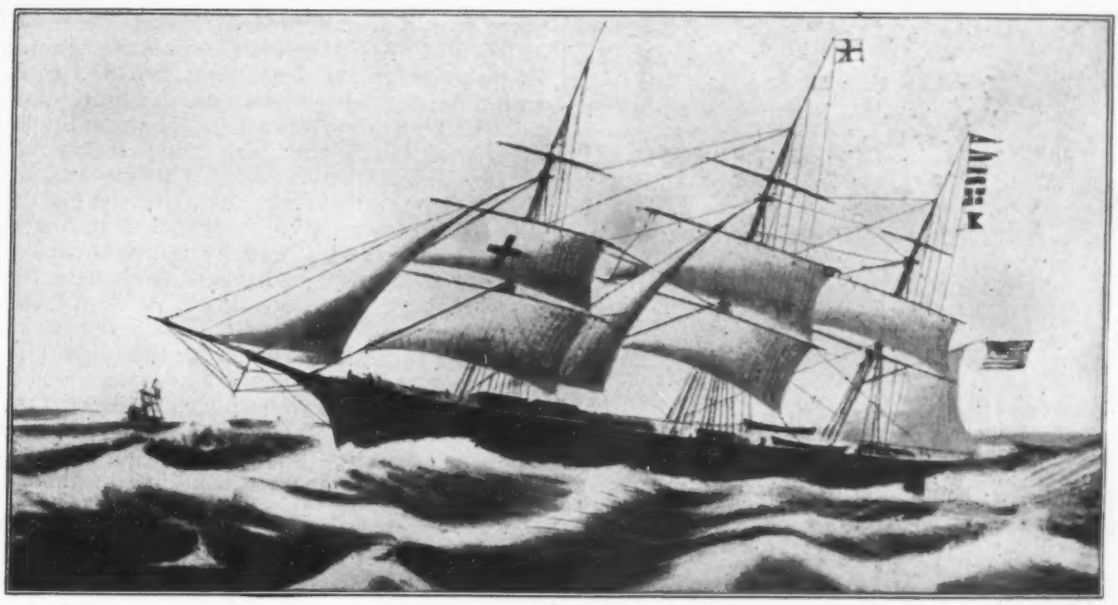
This is enough about that gale, I think; but as my personal impressions at the time may interest someone, I give one short extract from my private log: "This has been a very fierce gale, especially since the glass rose and the wind shifted from the SW to NW. The sea looks wicked, and I think, if we get any more wind it may be too much for even our storm jib and reefed trysail. We are thankful the gear is all sound and good and that nothing has carried away so far. I call this a prolonged and living gale and we now estimate the seas to be nearly 40 feet from trough to crest. And, Lord! what crests! This is the worst blow I have been in in a small craft. I do not want another one like it. Well done, old boat."

"May 19th. 120 miles South of Montauk. Light airs all day and threatening looking sky at sunset. Fresh wind all night, dead aft. Somebody is pulling on the strings.

"May 20th. Wind west, light. A grey day. 9 a.m.: Sighted land on the port bow from the masthead. My heart leapt when I saw that black line on the grey horizon. The first land we have seen since the ghost of Palma faded out astern, more than a month ago. I'm glad to see you, America, once more. Noon: Montauk Pt. abeam and our passage is done. 46 days, 18 hours out from Falmouth and we have sailed 5832 miles. This is, I think, the longest non-stop run ever made by a small boat. Well done, *Jolie Brise*, and thank you for carrying us so safely and comfortably over all those thousands of miles of sea. Now we are for the land again and all its troubles. And — talk of the devil — here comes a Coast Guard boat. Overboard with our last bottle of rum! 1 p.m.: Coast Guard people very surprised to hear where we were from. We told them we had only limejuice aboard and were bound for Larchmont. They seemed amused.

"May 21st. Light wind all night and a pleasant sail down Long Island Sound. Calm water and lights all around. It seems like another world. It *is* another world. Anchored off Larchmont at 7 p.m. A charming place and very charming people. Here is a sample of their kindness: The crew of the schooner *Carol*, hearing we were short of meat and sugar, immediately came alongside and piled the following items on our deck — A large joint of pork; another of beef; a ham, bacon, new bread, fresh milk, eggs, apples, grape fruit, 25 lbs. sugar, and all manner of other things besides. Wonderful! This is the sort of thing which warms the heart.

"May 22nd. America opened its heart to us today and welcomed us in. It was well worth sailing 6000 miles to find this great good will and kindness at the end."



DREADNAUGHT
*One of the fastest and most famous clipper ships ever built.*

# FROM THE CLIPPER SHIP DAYS OF 1850

IT was almost a century ago, when America was building a merchant marine later to become famous, that American ship owners first began the use of a marine varnish of an unusual quality.

This varnish was not only proof against fresh, salt or boiling water but was, at the same time, remarkable for its *durability*.

So famous did it become that it rapidly replaced foreign varnishes on American vessels—and was actually sent abroad to supply European shipyards.

The days of the old clipper ships have passed but from that time to this the finest American vessels of almost every type have been finished with Edward Smith's varnishes and marine paints—including every defender of the America's Cup since 1851.

Made of the hardest fossil gums — so hard indeed that a temperature of 650° F. must be used to melt them so that they will combine with oil—these varnishes give a surface of the greatest possible durability. They are furthermore peculiarly free from the eventual deep hair-line cracks so characteristic of modern varnishes made with resin or estergum.

*Copyrighted, M. Rosenfeld*

RELIANCE
WINNER OF 1903
INTERNATIONAL CUP RACE

Quick commercial methods have little to do with the preparation of Edward Smith's Varnishes—these varnishes all being specially aged.

Edward Smith's Marine Paints — Deck Paints, Bottom Paints, Marine Enamels, etc.—are equally famous, and made with the same unique regard for quality. No matter what type of boat you own you will find greatest satisfaction and economy in the use of Edward Smith products.

*Our booklet on marine paints may be helpful in selecting the particular paint or varnish for your need. A postcard will bring it to you. Address—Edward Smith & Co., Long Island City, N. Y.*

## EDWARD SMITH & COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS OF MARINE PAINTS AND VARNISHES
SINCE 1827

**Right— Mr. Wetherill!**

***"The outboard of fifteen years ago has been developed into a remarkably compact, efficient power plant, adapted to a multitude of uses."*** —Samuel Wetherill in June Yachting.

COUNT the achievements blazed in outboard history by Ole Evinrude—pioneer outboard designer, marine engineer and active head of the Elto organization. The first successful outboard—then the first big step beyond—the light weight 2-cylinder outboard. Ignition—full battery plus Atwater Kent. And easy starting. And control from any part of the boat. And the trouble-free Propello-Pump. And steady, unfailing dependability. And a score of other features, many of them exclusive to the Super Elto—the final perfect product of his genius.

Of course you want an outboard, and we believe you want a Super Elto. You want it for its sturdy power, for its clean-cut compactness, portability and "stowability". Most of all you want it for its instant starting and for that *absolutely unfailing reliability*. We have a book that tells you fully, frankly and interestingly about these things — send for it!

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR COMPANY
OLE EVINRUDE, President
Dept. 2 Mnfrs. Home Bldg., Milwaukee

"Starts on a quarter turn"
Super Elto

## Fox and Geese in Privateer Days

(*Continued from page 36*)

down foor him and fired a musket aheed of him. He histed no Cullars. We halled our wind again. At 3 seet English Cullars and bore down foor him againe. When within musket shot" (one must admire the nerve of these bluffing privateersmen!) "*hee* histed Englesh cullars. We halled our wind againe and left him. He proced on, by the wind, South West." The brig was, apparently, a British privateer, shorthanded at the end of a cruise. "She appeared to have abought 8 men. She appered to be very strate, with very hy bulworks and ports shut down. At dark she had pased us abought 3 miles. We saw her have her boate down. At 4 A.M. we saw her againe bairing South"—and all unconscious that £60,000 was lying there on the water for the taking!

A week of calms, then a hard gale which forced the *Hope* to take in all canvas but a close-reefed maintopsail, and still no sign of the land for which they literally hungered. But on July 31 they got soundings again, fine black, white and red sand in 60 fathoms, on Sable Bank. A brig was in sight, ahead. They dodged her, as they thought, in the dark, and kept out of her sight in the fog the following day. In the evening it cleared, and they boldly passed a schooner steering south on the opposite tack. At 4 o'clock in the morning on Aug. 2 the *Hope* also tacked to the southward. "At 5 A.M. saw a saile to the North of us" (the brig they had been dodging.) "At Mariden she caime a longside of us after firing a nombr of guns." As so often happened in the War of 1812 the firing did no damage. Not once does Peter Sawyer record anyone being hurt by cannon-shot. "Shee proved to bee His Britanic Magesty's Brig *Manly*, comanded by Edward Colyer on hir Cruse, eight days froom Halafax, and took us in to foor Hallafax, fifty days froom the time of capture by the *Fox*." So the rich American prize was once more in British hands. Peter Sawyer ended his record with this characteristic bit of individuality:

"*Hope* at Sea, August the 3rd, Tuesday, 1813.—Commences with light winds and good wether but bad luck, steering north by west foor Hallafax."

Master Peter's detention as a prisoner-of-war was not of long duration, and he was able to return to Portsmouth before the industrious *Fox* completed her cruise. His share of prize money was a large one, for the *Fox*, under Capt. Handy, was a very successful privateer, and the British barnyard paid heavy toll to her.

---

## One-Masted Schooners

*THE good old fashioned cutter rig*
*Gave place to ketch and yawl:*
*The schooner next was taken up*
*By ocean racers all.*

*The schooner's mainmast forward crept,*
*Her foremast dwindled fast*
*'Till in her modern staysail rig*
*It's little use at last.*

*And yet we call them schooners now,*
*One-masted soon they'll be,*
*The good old fashioned cutter yacht*
*May laugh at you and me!*

S. S. PIERCE

# DEBEVOISE MARINE PAINTS

*MALABAR VII—Winner of 1926 Bermuda Race*

## Read what John G. Alden, designer, owner and skipper of MALABAR VII, says about DEBEVOISE MARINE PAINT

"The Debevoise paint which I used on the topsides of *Malabar VII* in the Bermuda Race gave most excellent satisfaction. On the return of my boat at Newport the paint looked fresh and smooth, and I could ask for no better paint for the topsides of a yacht."

(*Signed*) JOHN G. ALDEN

**DEPACO DECK PAINT** — A hard drying durable, elastic finish for wood and canvas decks and cabin tops. *Ten Colors — All Good — and Made to Walk on.*

**FULTON COPPER PAINTS** (*Brown — Red — Green*) — For bottoms of wooden vessels. Absolutely the best preservative against barnacles, worms, grass and all marine growth. Contains more metal than other brands. More poisons and metal means less barnacles.

**MARINE FLAT WHITE** *"The White that stays White"* — The most satisfactory in the long run because it never blisters, cracks or peels and never has to be burned or scraped off.

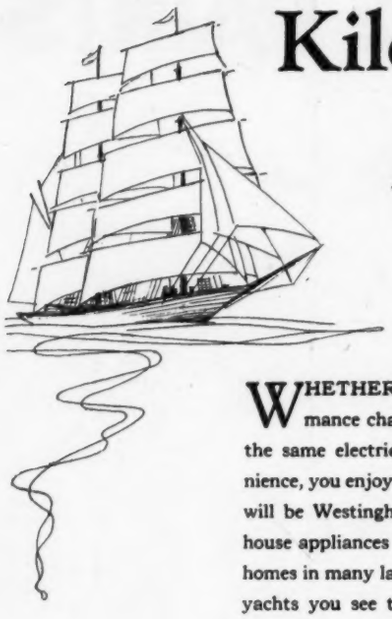
**DEBEVOISE WHITE ANTI-FOULING COMPOSITION** — Something different for wood or metal bottoms. It contains a combination of powerful poisons selected for their effective anti-fouling properties. Gives a very smooth sailing surface and presents a beautiful, attractive and distinctly unique appearance.

WRITE FOR COLOR FOLDERS AND NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER

DEBEVOISE MARINE PAINTS

*MADE BY*

*The Debevoise Company, 968-78 Grand Street, Brooklyn, New York*



# Kilowatts Afloat

WHETHER whim or search of romance charts the course, take along the same electrical comforts and convenience, you enjoy at home. Of course, they will be Westinghouse. Just as Westinghouse appliances are chosen for the finest homes in many lands, so aboard the finest yachts you see the familiar trade-mark, in galley and cabin, saloon and deck—everywhere, on appliances that bring comfort and convenience far out of proportion to their small cost.

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Company
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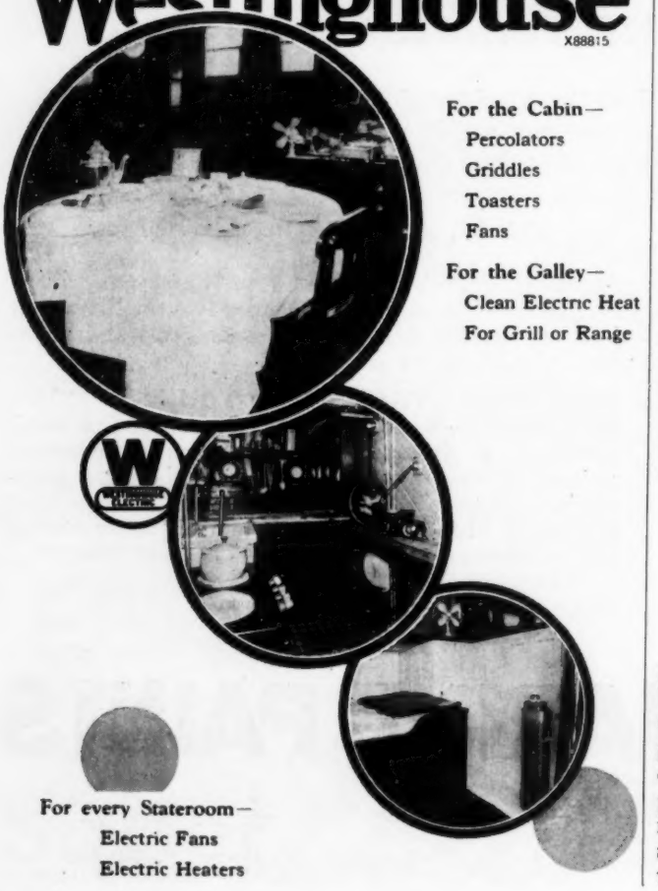

For the Cabin—
Percolators
Griddles
Toasters
Fans

For the Galley—
Clean Electric Heat
For Grill or Range

For every Stateroom—
Electric Fans
Electric Heaters


### The Escapades of the *Eleanor*

(*Continued from page 45*)

and starboard lights were arranged for electricity but the designer had not understood how thoroughly wet things get aboard a small boat. Consequently fuses were always blowing out when we were in dirty weather. Then we would rig oil lamps with no success. It seemed impossible for us to devise an oil mixture that was satisfactory. We tried colsa, kerosene, and every other kind of fuel we could imagine and none would work. Electric running lights are the thing if they can be made watertight, but will someone tell me what sort of oil works satisfactorily in the auxiliary lamps that every cruiser should carry, trimmed and ready for emergencies?

Then we raised the Timor coast and sighted several large buildings we thought must be Dilhi. The wind, however, was right against us and it grew dark before we got near enough to discover our mistake. All that night, hove to, we rode in sight of a few twinkling shore lights, only to have morning reveal that we'd wasted 24 hours hanging off a great Portuguese convent 20 miles west of the capitol city. Turning then before the high wind, we skirted the coast, making the run in just a little over two hours.

Dilhi is a sleepy, ancient little town lying behind the splendid shelter of two reefs ringing a deep, placid harbor. So steep is the Timor coast that big steamers go right up to the shore and make their lines fast to the great trees shading an inviting promenade. Though Timor has been populated through the activities of the Portuguese courts, we found its happy exiles most kindly and hospitable. We were royally entertained by anarchists, counterfeiters, and bomb throwers.

The captain of a rusty revenue cutter, which did not dare leave her dock, insisted upon lending his entire crew to the task of reconditioning the *Eleanor*. At the wave of his hand sailmakers, riggers, and painters appeared with their materials and soon had the yawl looking fit and fresh once more. I don't know who these repairs were charged to. All our efforts to press payment were refused except the gift of fine wine that the Skipper raked out of our lazarette and sent to the blithesome captain.

A light, fair wind sped us away from Dilhi after three days of dillydallying, if I'm permitted the pun, and we headed eastward again with Thursday Island our next objective, a full thousand miles distant.

Three days later an increase in the wind brought our daily runs up to 80 or 90 miles and that joyous condition of affairs lasted until March 12th, when we were again practically becalmed. Rolling in the seaway carried away our main gaff jaws, not for the first time by any means, and Mac did a clever job of repair work with the blow torch and heavy hammer. All through the trip we had trouble with iron fastenings, the gaff jaws and the goosenecks, and we came to the conclusion that nothing is as satisfactory as the old style wooden jaws that commercial small-boatmen use everywhere.

(*To be continued*)

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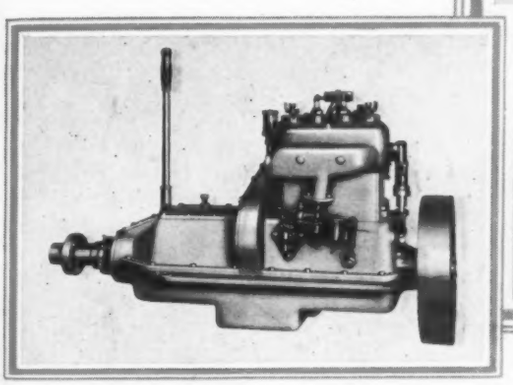
### Auxiliary Engine Installations

(*Continued from page 41*)

for racing, will always remain true auxiliaries and never become over powered, short rigged compromises. Such craft, however, to be entirely successful, will require a great deal of study and coöperation on the part of designers and engine and propeller makers. In other words, the power plant can be tolerated only so long as it does not interfere with accommodations, space for stowing light and spare sails and gear, and above all, the sailing qualities of the craft.

*"A Kermath Always Runs"*



# The Choice — Wherever It Must Be the Best

**It is worthy of note that the *Malabar VII* owned by John Alden, winner of the 660-mile ocean race to Bermuda was equipped with a Kermath two-cylinder 6-8 horse power motor as auxiliary power. It is significant that Mr. Alden placed complete confidence in Kermath after he had tried out other marine power plants. Wherever it must be the best, Kermath motors are invariably the choice. An enviable record of endurance, economy and performance has been established by Kermath marine motors in launches, runabouts, workboats, cruisers and yawls. Mr. Alden's choice is a reaffirmation of confidence in the ability of Kermath boat engines to perform.**

*Display Rooms*
50 W. 17th Street
New York

**KERMATH MFG. COMPANY**
**DETROIT**
5893 Commonwealth Avenue

*Branch*
11 E. Wellington St.
Toronto

# The Honolulu Race

¶ All wooden yachts in the Honolulu Race were painted with our Metallic Copper Anti-fouling Paint. Not recommended for steel hulls.

¶ In addition to the above, we desire to call your attention to the following facts, hoping that this information may cause you to consider our paint when you next paint the hull of your boat.

¶ We use Metallic Copper in its manufacture.

¶ It actually places a sheet of Metallic Copper on the hull.

¶ Covers more surface than any other anti-fouling paint we know of.

¶ Does not settle out in cans as is characteristic of other copper paints.

¶ May be put on new hulls without any other primer.

¶ Does not come off in fresh or salt water.

¶ Harry Pidgeon painted the "Islander" with it. He now has a supply on board so he will have it to use when he next paints in the South Seas.

¶ Ted Geary had the "Sir Tom", Pacific Coast Lipton Cup Holder, painted with it.

¶ Wilmington Boat Works of Wilmington, California, use it on all new craft.

¶ We have the first time to have any one change after once using our paint.

¶ 75 per cent of the yachts in Southern California use our Yacht Brown.

¶ It leaves a smooth hard surface, which is slippery (similar to a fish), when wet.

¶ Used by Fellows and Stewart of Wilmington, California, on all new craft.

¶ Three months is generally the average life of any other bottom paint in Los Angeles Harbor.

¶ Such owners as Ex-Commodore of C. Y. C. Ben Weston, leave their yachts in the water, when painted with our paint, eight months without touching them.

¶ Stevens Bros. of Stockton, California, use it on their 35-mile speed boats as well as on all new cruisers.

¶ It is absolutely impossible for a teredo to go through our paint.

¶ Only necessary to use good paint practice when applying.

¶ Not necessary to scrape off all old paint when it is first used.

¶ Howard Motor Boat Co. (Western Representatives of Elco Motor Boat Company), use it on cruisers shipped to the West Coast.

¶ The "Mollilou" was painted with our "Yacht Brown". After lying in the waters of Los Angeles Harbor for six months, she was hauled out, just prior to the Honolulu Race, and it was found that all of the marine growth and life attached to the port side of her hull, while still wet, weighed less than 11 ounces.

¶ Paint must be applied according to directions on can.

¶ We will gladly return and do authorize our agents to return your money, if you, *yourself*, are not absolutely satisfied with the results obtained. The only requirement being that you do not again use our paint.

¶ Anti-fouling property of this paint remains as long as any is left on the hull.

¶ This paint may be purchased at shipyards and leading chandlers.

¶ Yacht Brown for the yachts. Fishermen's Red for the fish and commercial craft. (*Patents applied for*)

**American Copper Paint Co.**

2530 San Fernando Road

LOS ANGELES * * * CALIFORNIA


As in these boats the run is fine and overhangs long, placing the engine aft in the usual way cuts off too much space from the accommodations; placing it forward solves this problem only, and entails the disadvantages enumerated above. Something very unconventional must eventually be resorted to, and, as these boats will usually be built in lots of at least five or six, it would seem within reason to expect engine builders to design something to meet the requirements.

Fig. I. shows a suggestion which should not be unreasonable to accomplish in spite of its rather wild appearance at first sight. In fact, it is nothing more than an overgrown version of the familiar outboard motor with the vertical part of the shaft housed within the deadwood. There is no reason why such a power plant could not be built up to 12 or 14 h.p., (higher powers would undoubtedly entail bevel gears of a diameter so much greater than the thickness of the deadwood as to make a lump of considerable drag at that point). Needless to say the water and exhaust piping would be installed in the usual way, requiring a vertical hole through the deadwood of a diameter just sufficient to house the shaft only. Fig. II. shows the same thing but with the bevel gears inside the hull for an off-center installation of the screw; in this case the power might be greatly increased with the possibility of developing from a two-cylinder opposed, into a multi-cylinder radial engine of aircraft type.

Abroad, engines of the conventional type have been installed in a housing on deck or on the cockpit floor driving through two sets of bevel gears, with partial success; but deck space on a sailboat is always at a premium and two sets of bevel gears are more than twice as bad as one. The possibility of electric drive, with engine and generator placed well aft athwartships and the electric driving motor under the cabin floor may some day be considered for larger craft, but must always remain extremely complicated and expensive.

The amount of power required varies with different types of hull, but, up to a certain point, increases but very little with increase of size. The required horsepower should always be calculated as accurately as possible, otherwise enormous waste may result. For instance, suppose that it is desired to drive a certain 40′ schooner at five knots under power in still water, which is accomplished by installing an engine of 16 h.p., and at some later time it is discovered that she can be driven at four and a half knots with 8 h.p., is that half a knot worth lugging an engine of twice the power really necessary to accomplish all the purposes of a true auxiliary? Such extreme cases as this are, of course, rather rare but they have been known to happen and every sail boat has a certain speed at which it may be economically driven under power, and, to increase that speed appreciably is sheer waste of energy. It should always be borne in mind that the speed of a boat, like the size of a fish, or the earlier reports of Mark Twain's decease, is invariably exaggerated.

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### The Coast Guard and the Yachtsmen

(*Continued from page 48*)

No. 236, which explains fully what is required to properly equip all classes of boats.

It has been the experience of the Coast Guard that the most frequent causes of report are (a) Lack of life preservers or failure of life preservers to come up to the standard prescribed; (b) failing to have two copies of the Pilot Rules; (c) Lack of or faulty means of extinguishing burning gasoline; (d) Not having an efficient whistle. This last is often the cause of argument, as no size or style is prescribed and naturally if one is pronounced inefficient by the boarding officer, the matter is open for discussion and it is hard to determine who is right.

Often it occurs that boats are reported without lights

# Arresting Attention wherever they are Seen

## Chris-Craft Leaves Nothing More to be Desired

The symmetry and grace of Chris-Craft is a heritage from its many gallant forerunners in the racing field. Designed and built by the famous builders of the fastest boats afloat, the Chris-Craft runabout is a revelation in riding achievement, beauty of appearance and completeness.

Chris-Craft contains all the elements to make it safe, to assure comfort and guarantee both speed and performance. Every Chris-Craft is built with a double-planked mahogany bottom, solid mahogany keel, with decks and sides of mahogany. Ribs and stem are of white oak selected for added strength. Bronze shaft log, stuffing box and strut are specially designed to give maximum strength where the stress comes.

The propeller shaft is of fine stainless steel, considered the best for both salt and fresh water. The propeller wheel is bronze, and a heavy bronze plate protects the hull at this point from any possibility of damage by driftwood or from a bent wheel. Whether they carry their maximum load of ten passengers in the forward and after cockpits, or but a single person, Chris-Craft are fashioned in such perfect balance that they handle more quickly, run more smoothly and bank more perfectly than any other runabout built.

With these facts, compare what Chris-Craft offers. Without question, Chris-Craft is unequalled for its fine riding qualities, its speed and its appearance. And a price comparison will immediately reveal its superiority in the entire field of runabouts.

*With the Kermath 100-H. P. marine motor Chris-Craft gives guaranteed speeds of 30 to 32 miles per hour*

$3200 F. O. B. ALGONAC

# Chris-Craft

# Chris Smith & Sons Boat Co.

ALGONAC, MICHIGAN

# BOLINDER'S

This illustration shows the well known fisherman type Auxiliary Schooner Yacht "MICHABO" equipped with an 80 h. p. Two-cylinder BOLINDER Oil Engine.

ABSENCE of undue vibration, a smokeless and odorless exhaust — and no fire hazards, these are the valuable features of the BOLINDER Oil Engine which makes it popular with the modern yachtsman.

The BOLINDER is built by a factory that stands supreme in the whole world for workmanship and materials used. Built up to a standard and not down to a price it is

"THE BEST THE WORLD PRODUCES"

in low pressure, surface ignition, solid injection type oil engines.

**Low weight, compact and powerful. Sizes range from 6 to 600 h.p. Engines and parts in stock — Service Department.**

BOLINDER'S COMPANY
*Incorporated*
33 Rector Street
New York City


after sunset, and the excuse is offered that the boats went out after daylight expecting to be back before sunset, but were held up by various reasons. Having in view the uncertainty of all things connected with the sea, one should not take this chance, and while it is recognized that when boats are lying at a mooring or secured to a dock, the owners are perfectly right in taking their equipment away to avoid theft, yet when starting on a cruise, all equipment should be on board.

If owners and Captains of boats will realize that the Coast Guard is largely composed of men who recognize the brotherhood of the sea and who are more desirous of aiding than hindering all seafarers, and will remember that they are only obeying orders and doing their duty, then there will be less friction this season than last, for after all: Good seamen keep their equipment and gear up-to-date, and in the best condition. A clean ship and well found, is a sure sign of successful operation whether for business or pleasure, and a thorough seaman knows it.

---

### The Bermuda Race of 1926

(*Continued from page 29*)

A brief summary of the weather may be of interest although it can be only general, as the yachts experienced different local conditions when from 50 to 100 miles separated them.

For once the conditions at the start at New London were ideal. There was a light northerly wind blowing with a tendency to veer to N.E. All crossed on the port tack and broke out ballooners and spinnakers, glad to be off at last for Bermuda. *Malabar VII* and *Cygnet* got rather the best of the start. Before Race Rock light was reached the wind came in southerly and reaching canvas came fluttering down as the yachts trimmed in hard. No one could lay the course, but *Cygnet* held up the highest while some of the others had difficulty clearing Block Island. Just before dark a shift came to the S.E. and all of the fleet came about and stood to the west of south. At 6:00 P.M. *Jolie Brise* crossed *Dragoon* and *Malabar VII* and led the fleet as darkness came, the sixteen yachts being strung out to the west and south of Block Island.

The wind held at S.E. and moderate all night, and everyone hung on to all the kites that would draw, making westing while they could. It was calm the latter part of the night and then came in S.E. again, a dead muzzler. At daylight *Jolie Brise* was to windward with *Dragoon*, *Blue Water*, *Malabar VII*, *Trade Wind* and *Cygnet* to leeward and abeam, or abaft the beam. As the day advanced the wind went back to eastward and let the fleet lie up more on its course, freshening around noon. *Dragoon* then took the lead, followed by *Cygnet*, to the west of her, and *Malabar VII*.

The wind hung around S.E. most of the next night and day, so that each tack seemed the wrong one, but most of the yachts strove to make some westing. It was well they did, as the next night there was a long calm and the current was running strong N.E. Then Wednesday morning a light northerly set in, to which spinnakers or ballooners were set, and held until 10:00 A.M. when the leaders had another spell of flat calm, with sails slatting and making but little headway. At 5:00 P.M. a light air from the S.W. came in and put the sails to sleep. This freshened to a hard sou'wester, which blew all night and next day. The sea got up, the sky was overcast, with frequent squalls of wind and rain, but all the leaders hung on to everything and made grand time, as the seas washed the decks from forward to aft. Back in the ruck the little fellows got it worse, with a velocity of probably 40 miles per hour for awhile. When this let go, after giving the yachts a fine lift on their way to the islands, they had moderate to light southwest to south winds and a smooth sea to the finish.

Ford

# Charcoal Briquets

## Ideal Fuel for the Cruise

Ford Charcoal Briquets solve the galley fuel problem for cruising. Clean-burning, without smoke and with practically no ash. Packed in convenient sized bags for close quarters. They give a very intense heat and burn twice as long as lump charcoal. Veteran yachtsmen recommend this fuel as the best to be found for galley use.

**Produced by**

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Mich.

**Sold by**

BALTIMORE, MD.
Lyon-Conklin & Co., Inc.
BAY CITY, MICH.
Robert Gage Coal Co.
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WHAT could be more luxurious than following the social seasons from Bar Harbor to Miami, entertaining and living in complete comfort on a Consolidated yacht of your own planning.
Write today for information on whatever type of boat you have in mind—whether a Play-boat or large yacht for off shore travel.
CONSOLIDATED SHIPBUILDING CORP.
MORRIS HEIGHTS NEW YORK CITY
The Zinganee II (as illustrated) was designed and built by Consolidated for Mr. Edward S. Moore and is powered with two 550 H. P., each, Wright-Typhoon engines, giving a speed of 28 miles per hour.

## The New Schooners

(*Continued from page 60*)

| | *Elapsed* | *Corrected* |
|---|---|---|
| *Advance* | 3 26 25 | 2 38 52 |
| *Flying Cloud* | 3 51 12 | 3 03 53 |
| *Resolute* | Disabled | |

July 1–2—Third Race. Vanderbilt Cup. Newport to Marblehead. Course 148½ miles round Cape Cod. Sea smooth. Wind very light.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Resolute* | 31 35 15 | 28 12 20 |
| *Flying Cloud* | 36 39 15 | 28 29 20 |

Fourth Race. Eastern Yacht Club July 3, Off Marblehead. Course 9¾ miles windward and return, total 19½ miles. Sea smooth. Wind light and variable.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Vanitie* | 3 01 52 | 3 01 52 |
| *Flying Cloud* | 3 13 21 | 3 02 09 |
| *Resolute* | 3 03 31 | 3 02 34 |
| *Advance* | 3 18 48 | 3 07 20 |
| *Wildfire* | 3 14 39 | 3 09 19 |

Fifth Race, Eastern Yacht Club July 5, Off Marblehead. Course triangular, 7 miles, 8 miles and 10 miles. Total 25 miles Sea smooth. Wind light to fresh.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Advance* | 3 11 30 | 2 57 29 |
| *Resolute* | 2 58 43 | 2 57 33 |
| *Flying Cloud* | 3 14 58 | 3 01 10 |
| *Vanitie* | 3 02 03 | 3 02 03 |
| *Vagrant* | 3 09 04 | 3 05 08 |
| *Wildfire* | 3 24 55 | 3 12 06 |

Sixth Race, Marblehead to Bar Harbor July 6–7

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Advance* | 23 41 55 | 22 05 35 |
| *Flying Cloud* | 24 29 12 | 22 54 19 |
| *Vagrant* | 24 12 18 | 23 44 41 |
| *Resolute* | 24 01 40 | 23 53 40 |
| *Wildfire* | 24 51 07 | 23 57 23 |
| *Vanitie* | 24 00 09 | 24 00 09 |

Seventh Race, Bar Harbor to Blue Hill July 12. Course 24 miles. Egg Rock to Hardwood Island. Beat 12 miles to Great Duck Island, reach to finish.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Advance* | 3 06 20 | 2 52 19 |
| *Vagrant* | 2 56 52 | 2 52 36 |
| *Resolute* | 2 54 57 | 2 53 47 |
| *Wildfire* | 3 10 29 | 3 02 39 |
| *Flying Cloud* | 3 25 39 | 3 11 51 |

Eighth Race, Islesboro to Boothbay July 12. Course 44 miles. Gilkey's Harbor to Squirrel Island. 30 mile beat and 14 mile close fetch. Wind light to moderate. Sea smooth.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Advance* | 6 38 02 | 6 12 41 |
| *Vanitie* | 6 25 12 | 6 25 12 |
| *Vagrant* | 6 34 16 | 6 26 54 |
| *Resolute* | 6 35 33 | 6 33 25 |
| *Wildfire* | 6 56 20 | 6 32 00 |

Ninth Race, Boothbay to Portland, July 13. Course 26½ miles. Squirrel Island to Witch Rock. Beat to Seguin.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Advance* | 3 54 45 | 3 39 17 |
| *Wildfire* | 3 59 44 | 3 53 07 |
| *Vagrant* | 4 09 09 | 4 04 43 |
| *Resolute* | 4 18 24 | 4 16 57 |
| *Vanitie* | Disqualified. | |

## Records Smashed on the Ohio River

(*Continued from page 51*)

with a Johnson outboard, hung up the remarkable record of 23:38 m.p.h. for the mile straightaway, while *Bacteria*, a tiny 9 ft. boat powered with a Lockwood-Ash outboard, did 19:90 m.p.h. in her mile trials. *Little Star*, the flashy little 151-class hydroplane from Peoria, carried away two world's records, one in her own class and the other in the 215-class.

Below are some of the new records established:

*Little Star*, Waugh Bros., Peoria, 40:18 m.p.h. in competition, 151-class; 39:91 m.p.h. 215-class in competition.

*Miss Houston IV*, Frank H. Robertson, Houston, Texas, 49:18 m.p.h. new world's record in competition, 510-class.

*Helen M IV*, J. A. Mitchell, Houston, Texas, 61:22 m.p.h., new world's competitive record 725-class hydros.

*Chastity II*, C. S. McLean, Glenview, Ky., 20:32 m.p.h., world's record Class C outboards in competition.

*Whizz*, Ralph Blue, South Bend, Ind., world's record of 23:38 m.p.h. for Class C outboards on straightaway.

*Mermerus, Block Island Winner 1925*
*Chas. A. Goodwin, Owner*
*Rigged with Wamsutta Yacht Duck*

# A seagoing winner of a seagoing race

WHEN Mermerus captured the '25 Block Island Classic a moral as well as an actual victory was scored. She was the smallest contender.

Light airs prevailed, but her well-cut sails of closely woven Wamsutta Yacht Duck caught every puff of the failing breeze—and gave her every ounce of power there was in it.

More and more owners find specifying Wamsutta just another of those details that go so far towards insuring a successful season.

*Samples from your sailmaker or our distributors*

**HOWE & BAINBRIDGE**
220 Commercial Street Boston, Mass.

*Made in All Weights for Boats of Every Size*

# WAMSUTTA YACHT DUCK

***Made in America for American Yachts***

WAMSUTTA MILLS, New Bedford, Mass., *Founded 1846.*—RIDLEY WATTS & CO., *Selling Agents,* 44 Leonard St., N. Y.

COUSENS & PRATT
SAILS
ON MALABAR VII
WINNER OF THE
BERMUDA RACE

*We have also furnished the sails for*

MALABAR I
MALABAR II
MALABAR III
MALABAR IV
MALABAR V
MALABAR VI

COUSENS & PRATT
SAILMAKERS
493 C Street, Brown-Wales Bldg.
South Boston, Mass.

YACHT·BLOCKS

Winches
Goosenecks

Turnbuckles
Slides and Track

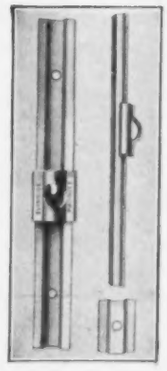
***Malabar VII*** **and practically all the other Bermuda Racers carried Merriman Blocks. Also *Resolute, Vanitie, Wildfire* and *Advance*.**

MERRIMAN·BROS
185 Amory Street, Boston, Mass.

Hoist Sails Easily

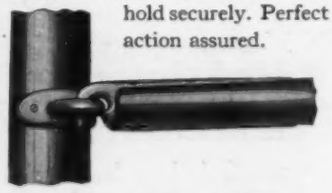
Sail Track and Slide

No sticking, always free running—capable of holding the sail in heavy winds.



Spinnaker Fittings

have won and lost races. Evinrude unique fittings work freely and hold securely. Perfect action assured.



Gaff SLIDE

Strongly reinforced to hold securely in any weather. Can't bind or stick. Made of brass and bronze.

*Write for literature*

Evinrude Motor Company
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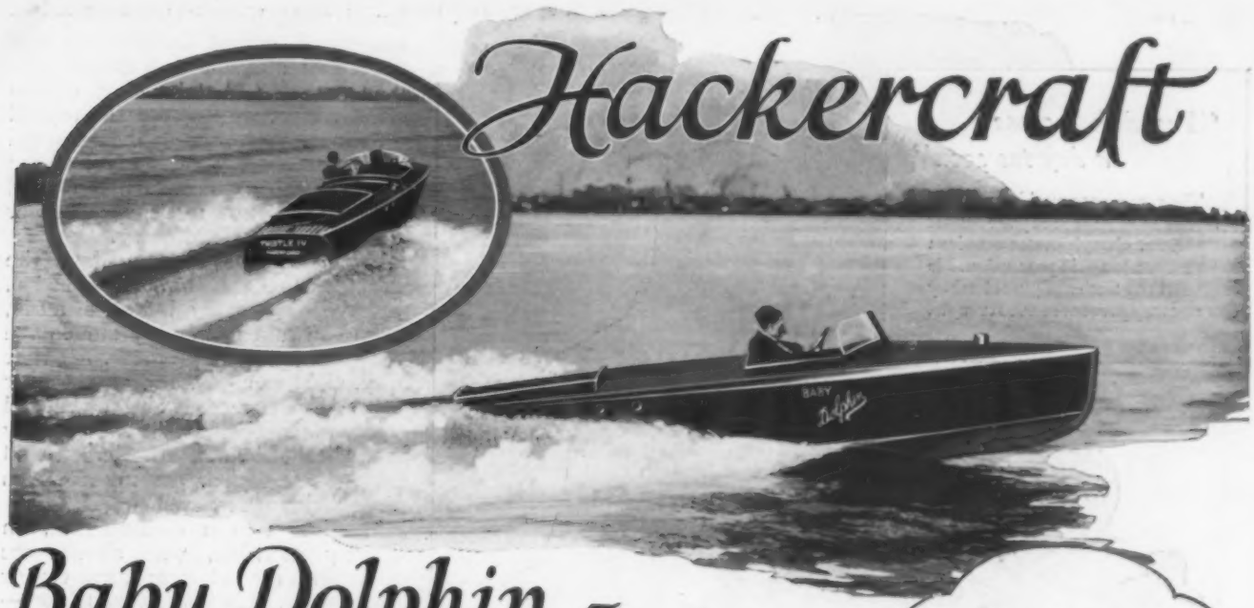



# Baby Dolphin –

## Fastest Stock Runabout of its Price

Every day, as the boating season advances, come new and convincing evidences of the tremendous popularity of the Baby Dolphin. Demand has gone far beyond the original quantity production schedule laid out for the factory.

Quantity production and popular demand have enabled the builders of the Baby Dolphin to give you the fastest stock runabout of its price.

Look over Baby Dolphin specifications. Note the remarkable construction features, equipment and the quality reflected there. See the boat, and mark its beauty, its gracefully curved deck, exclusive design hardware, luxurious upholstery and super-finish.

Powered by the F-4, F-6 or Special F-6 Scripps Marine Motor, it will deliver speeds of 25, 32 or 36 miles per hour, respectively.

***Salt Water Equipped Throughout***

***Prices:*** **$2595 — $2995 — $3095**

Office of
ESTATE OF D. H. McALPIN
Twelfth Floor
HOTEL McALPIN
New York

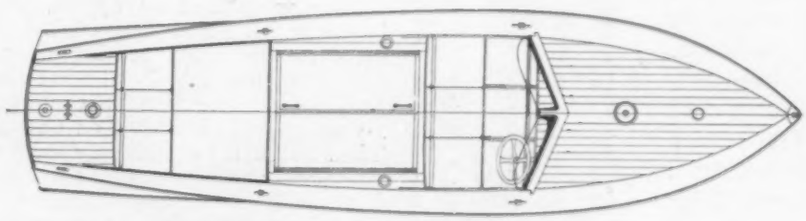
June 30, 1926

Hacker & Fermann, Inc.,
6300 E. Jefferson Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

*Dear Sirs: —*

I received my twenty-two foot Baby Dolphin boat a week ago Saturday at Greenport and ran it across Gardner's Bay to Three Mile Harbor. The engine ran perfectly all the way over from the minute we started out at Greenport. I went across the Sound on Friday, June 25, to the Yale-Harvard Boat Race at New London. Coming back that evening we ran into a very heavy sea and the boat went through it beautifully. In fact, I would hesitate to have come across in a boat of such size if it had not acted so well in such rough water from the start. A thirty-five foot raised deck cruiser, which followed us over, took the sea over its bow several times. Assuring you that I am more than satisfied with the performance of the boat, I am

Very truly yours,
GEO. L. McALPIN



Plan view of the Baby Dolphin, showing forward cockpit control with seating arrangement, and rear cockpit with permanent seat for three and room for two additional chairs.

### *Eastern Distributors*

New England States —
Walter H. Moreton Corporation
1045 Commonwealth Avenue
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New York and Environs —
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# HACKER and FERMANN

DISTRIBUTORS
6300 E. Jefferson Ave.

INCORPORATED
Detroit, Michigan

"You didn't come
a day too soon"
The sure way to avoid trouble in your mouth is to see your dentist in time. Go to him at least twice a year as a sensible precaution. He will keep teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious trouble.

# 4 out of 5
## *see him too late*

Don't let carelessness or a false feeling of security give dangerous pyorrhea a chance to fasten itself in your mouth. Four out of five have this dread infection at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

A little foresight will keep you among the fortunate who escape. At least every six months let your dentist go over your mouth carefully to detect signs of gum infection and start now to brush night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

The entire family should brush with Forhan's. It's a pleasant tasting dentifrice that firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It gives the teeth a thorough cleansing and keeps them white and clean.

You can't begin using Forhan's too soon. Delay may exact a heavy toll. It's unwise to take chances with pyorrhea. Get your tube of Forhan's today. All druggists: 35c and 60c in tubes.

*Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.* · · · Forhan Company, New York

# Forhan's
## FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE · · *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*


board tack, barely able to lay our course. A parted halliard on the fisherman staysail was quickly replaced, but when the sprit topsail sheet let go, we lowered the topsail for some hours, until in the morning, in a soft spot, we quickly lowered the mainsail, rove off a new topsail sheet, and once more were under everything we could carry.

By daylight on Thursday, the 24th, the breeze had moderated a lot, but there was still a bobble of a sea, and we could barely lay our course and make decent progress. All that day, all that night, and all the next forenoon we were on that starboard tack, plugging through that sloppy sea, with visions of other craft, well to the westward, driving towards the finish with started sheets.

To add to our discomfiture, on Friday morning, who should we discover a bit to leeward, and two or three miles ahead, but *Blue Water — Blue Water*, the boat we had sailed completely out of sight two days before. And if *Blue Water* had gotten such a big lift, how about some of the others? It wasn't a very pleasant outlook as we held her as high as possible on her course to try to fetch Kitchen Shoal buoy, with a man up the foremast scouting for Gibbs Hill or St. David's Head.

*Blue Water* was being sailed a full two points wide of our course, and soon was well to leeward. If she was driving for the finish, then we were "pinching" to the westward, and losing valuable ground. But Bill Parker, our navigator, was insistent that we weren't holding even high enough. And he was dead right. Not quite able to lay our course, and with a current setting us to the eastward, we were some eight or ten miles to leeward of our mark when we finally saw St. David's Head looming through the haze about 9 A.M.

Soon we picked up *Cygnet*, well inside of us. From then on it was disheartening work beating up to the finish in a light head wind and head chop, though we felt confident we were within our time on *Cygnet*. Then *Trade Wind* suddenly loomed up to the northward, drove around Kitchen Shoal buoy, and camped on our trail, only a mile or so astern. *Cygnet* finished. And still we beat up for the line, the chop and strong adverse current making it miserably slow work.

With visions of *Dragoon*, *Jolie Brise* and others already in Hamilton Harbor, we slowly approached the line. Hailing a small rowboat, we were informed that "*Jolie Brise* and *Dragoon* finished this morning about 6 o'clock." A little quick figuring — we still had a fighting chance! An-

(*Continued on page 97*)

# HALL-SCOTT

## Reduction Gear Powered Boats Win

BRICKTON IV, owned by VICE-COM. A. L. BOBRICK

BRICKTON IV

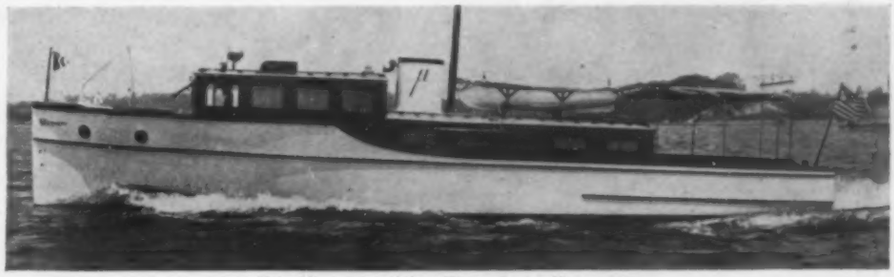
44-foot fast cruiser built by Greenport Basin and Construction Company.

Powered with HALL-SCOTT 60–70 h.p. Marine Engine, equipped with 2 to 1 Reduction Gear.

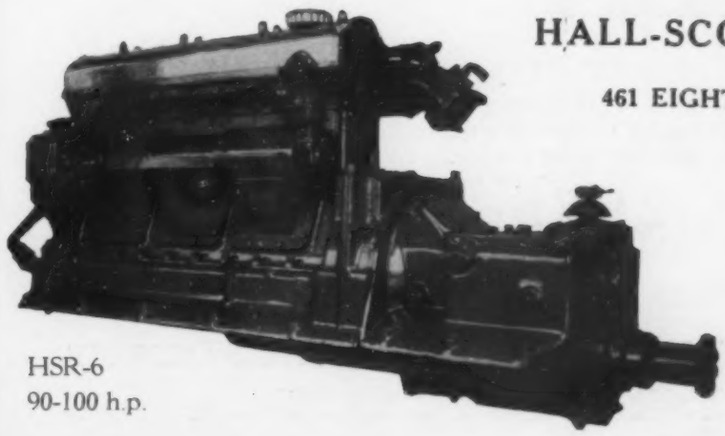
Winner of the Bear Mountain Race held June 27, also the Block Island Race held July 10.

Mu 1

47-foot A. C. F. Cruiser, powered with HALL-SCOTT 90–100 h.p. Marine Engine equipped with 3 to 1 Reduction Gear. Second in the Bear Mountain and third in the Block Island Race.



Mu 1, owned by DOUGLAS RIGNEY



HSR-6
90-100 h.p.

### HALL-SCOTT MOTOR CAR CO.

*Eastern Branch:*
461 EIGHTH AVENUE, AT 33RD STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

FACTORY:
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

COMPLETE LINE OF
HALL-SCOTT MARINE ENGINES

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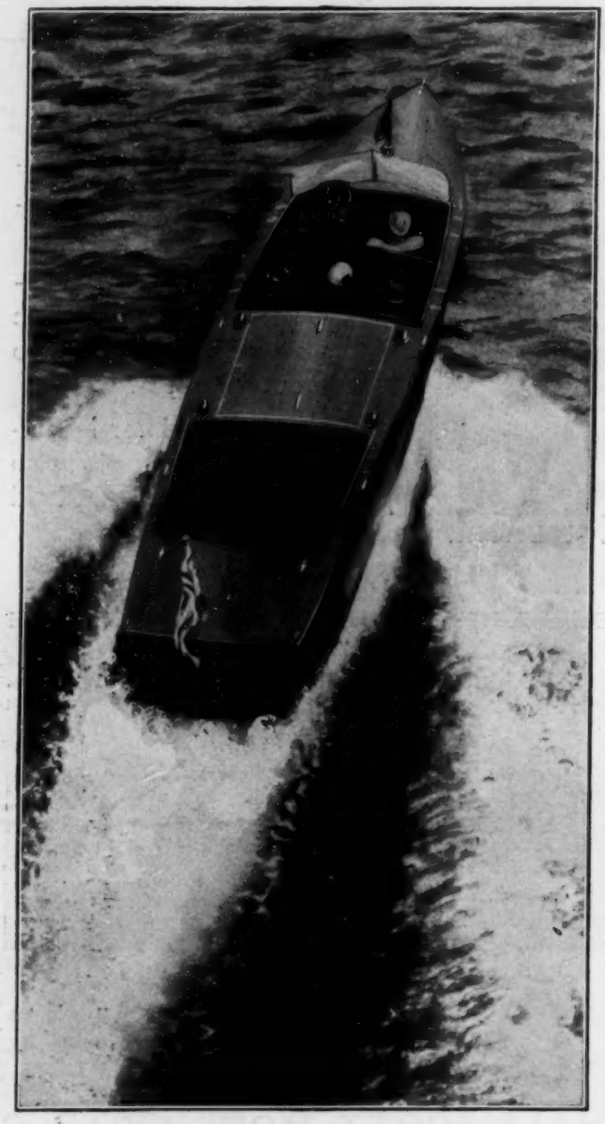
|---|---|---|---|
| HSM-4 | 50- 70 h.p. | 1200-1800 r.p.m. | 1290 lbs. |
| HSM-6 | 75-100 h.p. | 1200-1800 r.p.m. | 1590 lbs. |
| HSR-4 | 60- 70 h.p. | 600 or 900 r.p.m. | 1750 lbs. |
| HSR-6 | 90-100 h.p. | 600 or 900 r.p.m. | 2200 lbs. |
| LM-4 | 125 h.p. | 1700 r.p.m. | 1200 lbs. |
| LM-6 | 200 h.p. | 1700 r.p.m. | 1500 lbs. |

# WITH A DODGE WATERCAR



## *You Will Enjoy Your Outings As Never Before*

Get behind the wheel of a Dodge Watercar and you face a new world of joyful possibilities.

Press the starter button and feel the stimulating throb of mighty power. Swing out to the open water and see the clouds of silvery spray flash out behind. The panorama of beautiful shores, smiling skies and laughing waters add a new zest to life.

There is utmost comfort and safety in a Dodge Watercar and plenty of room for congenial companions. It is easy to drive and comes with complete fittings and accessories ready to go.

*Performance gladly demonstrated. Descriptive booklet and name of nearest dealer mailed on request.*

MODEL 422
22' 6", Single Cockpit.
Dodge Marine Motor
30 H.P. 20 Miles per Hr.
$2475

MODEL 822
22' 6", Single Cockpit.
Dodge-Curtiss Motor
90 H.P. 37 Miles per Hr.
$2975

MODEL 826
26', Double Cockpit.
Dodge-Curtiss Motor
90 H.P. 35 Miles per Hr.
$3475

All Prices F. O. B. DETROIT—*Deferred Payments arranged when desired.*

THE HORACE E. DODGE BOAT WORKS, INC., DETROIT

*New York Representatives:* YOUNG & HALL, INC., 522 5th Avenue, New York City
*Chesapeake Bay Distributors:* C. H. REEVES & CO., INC., 1313-1315 Cathedral Street, Baltimore, Md.

other boat then informed us — "*Dragoon* finished at 8 A.M., *Cygnet* second."

Hooray! Better yet! More than a fighting chance!

Another dreary, slow half mile, and we were at last over the line, and a sure winner unless one of the smaller boats saved her time — which none of them came anywhere near doing.

We had no really bad weather during the entire trip, though some of the boats astern apparently hit a "snorter" which the leaders escaped. Meals were regular — and real meals, too. Though well heeled at times, the motion was easy, *Malabar* slicing and lifting through the head seas in wonderful shape. The weather bunks were just as much in demand as were the leeward berths.

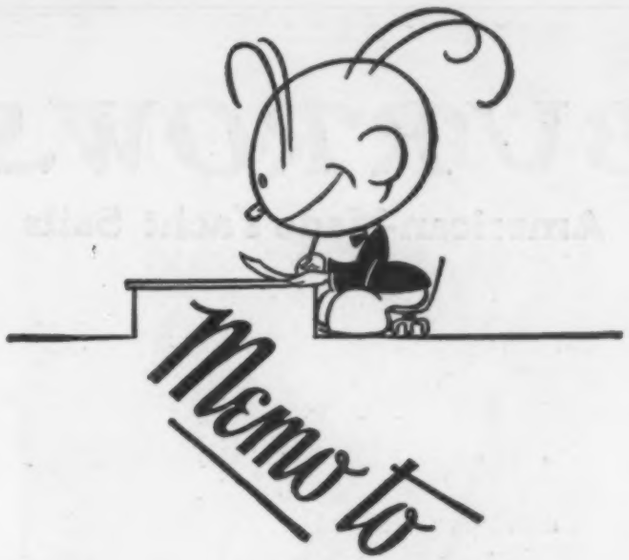
Only one squall came near us — and that one hit us, on Wednesday afternoon, when we had on everything we could set. We saw it coming, but it didn't seem to impress Alden, who merely remarked, "I guess she'll stand it." She did. Hove down to the top of her cabin trunk, everything held, and *Malabar* gradually righted, shook herself, and romped on towards Bermuda.

We had a beautiful suit of sails, and all the light canvas imaginable — balloon jib, two jib topsails, spinnaker, three maintopmast staysails, sprit topsail and working topsail — and we used every one but the last, which was still in its bag when we finished.

Our crew — "Bill" Parker, "Hank" Rubinkam, Jack Parkinson, Jr., Allen Weeks and John Ham — was the best I have ever shipped with in an ocean race — competent, cheerful, hustling, and seagoing. Our navigation was wellnigh perfect — every time I went on watch, Parker would poke his pencil in the chart and say, "Here we are. The course to Kitchen Shoal Buoy is so-and-so, and you have just blank miles to go." Sun, moon and stars were all the same to Parker — he'd get a definite "fix," day or night, as long as there was a heavenly body to "shoot."

Fortunately, our two paid hands, trained in fishermen, were A-1. The captain was quietly efficient, always on the job; and the cook produced good, hot chow at all times.

I haven't said much about our skipper, John Alden. Well, all he did was to design and build the boat, equip her for every possible condition to be met with, sign on a bang-up crew, and then sail his craft with judgment and foresight to a hard-earned victory. And if there's to be a "next time," I'd like nothing better than to sign on with another *Malabar*, with the same crew, and the same skipper.


King C. Gillette

No honing, no stropping, you say. Right-o! And let us add:

No brush!

No rub-in!

Just Barbasol to hold the wet hairs stiff against the blade, and shaving is down to its simplest, swiftest, easiest terms.

All the old-time preparation of the tools, the messing around with a brush, and the rubbing in of suds until the fingers ache — Barbasol's put a sudden end to all that. Here, men, is the Modern Way of Shaving:

1. Wash the face (but leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)
3. Shave

Delightful? You don't know the half of it! A cool, clean feeling follows every stroke of the blade. No after smart. No ingrowing hairs. Because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin — takes nothing away but the whiskers.

Send 10c for a trial tube. Give Barbasol the 3-time trial according to directions. Then thank us!

(*Wonderful for Sunburn*)

Barbasol

*For Modern Shaving*

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name.....

Address.....

Y-8-26

# BURROWS

**American-Made Yacht Sails**

*NORTHERN LIGHT*

OWNER
Geo. G. Smith, Jr.

DESIGNER
Chas. D. Mower, N. A.

**Complete Rigging Loft**

**Best Plow Steel Wire**

**Shrouds, Halliards, Sheets, Etc.**

***GEO. R. BURROWS, Inc.,***
***2 South St., New York City***

*Cable "Burrosails", N. Y.*
*Telephones Bowling Green 9062 and 9063*


### Comment on the Bermuda Race

(*Continued from page 55*)

The crude system of measurement and time allowance, at which many sharp-cornered brick-bats have been heaved, was pretty well vindicated by the results. Glance over the corrected time of the leaders in Class A, then take a look at Class B, and see how close the finishes were. There may be other systems which are far better, theoretically; but I'd like to hear of one which is *actually* better, or simpler, or more practical.

Radio came into its own this year. *Malabar VII*, *Dragoon*, *Cygnet* and *Jolie Brise*, at least, were equipped with efficient sets, which means that each day their navigators got a check on their chronometers. As these boats were among the first five to finish, it pretty well proves that their navigation was O. K. On *Malabar*, a chronometer error was detected which would have thrown her some eight miles out. Some of the dubious landfalls might easily be traced to chronometer failures. Live and learn.

Much has been written about *Jolie Brise*, but not a bit too much. From start to finish, it was a mighty sporty proposition to sail a boat 5800 miles across the Atlantic, take part in a 660-mile ocean race, and then sail back home. And *Jolie Brise* upset a lot of dope. Many "experts" couldn't see her with a 12-power binocular, and wondered how her owner had the temerity to try conclusions with the pick of America's finest ocean racers. The result shows how the experts were fooled. While she didn't win the race, the bluff-bowed cutter was right up with the leaders the first two days, and only unfavorable conditions put her back in fifth position at the finish. Her skipper and crew were representative of the highest type of British yachtsmen. May we have more British entries in the next race.

Two staysail-rigged schooners competed, one in each class. Their showings throw little light on the performance of the rig for ocean work, though the conditions were just about ideal for a "cleanup." *Cygnet* finished an actual second, and was third on corrected time. *Malabar III* was beaten by the gaff-headers in her class. All told, the schooners with gaff mainsails and regulation foresails won all the prizes, and the staysail-riggers failed to score.

### A Correction

YACHTING regrets very much that in the advertisement of Louis J. Larsen, Yacht Sailmaker, New York City, which appeared in our June issue, the address should have read 45 instead of 75 Fulton Street.

# ANNOUNCING

A New Yacht Construction and Marine Repair Service on Long Island Sound

## The New Haven Marine Construction Company

MAIN OFFICES AND YARD

West Haven --- Connecticut

## New Construction

*Wood, Steel or Non-Corrosive Metal*
*Power, Sail or Auxiliary*

## Marine Repair Work

*The largest Marine Railway between New York and New London. Two Docks. Ample Facilities and an experienced organization.*

Correspondence Invited

STEARNS-Mc KAY

# MARBLEHEAD ANTI-FOULING GREEN

**Used by John G. Alden on the MALABAR VII**

*"It gives wonderful results"*
—JOHN G. ALDEN

*Malabar VII, Winner of the Bermuda Race*

**Lenore, winner of the Puritan Cup, Baby Gar VI, winner of the Fisher-Allison Trophy, also used MARBLEHEAD GREEN**

*The Most Powerful Preventative of Marine Growth, Barnacles and Borers*

LONG LIFE—STAYS CLEAN—A HARD, SLIPPERY SURFACE
Highly recommended and used by J. Murray Watts, Cox & Stevens, George Lawley & Son Corp'n, Consolidated Ship Building Corp'n, Herreshoff Mfg. Co., The Matthews Co., The Elco Works and many other famous Naval Architects and by the most reliable ship and yacht yards.

IT HAS NO EQUAL IN TROPICAL AND SEMI-TROPICAL WATERS

**STEARNS-Mc KAY MFG. CO.**
MARBLEHEAD, MASS., U. S. A.

# MAYBACH

DIESEL POWERED
EXPRESS CRUISERS
THE LATEST IN SAFETY
AND ECONOMY · FROM
FORTY-FIVE FEET UP

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F. W. VON MEISTER, GEN. AGENT FOR U. S. A.
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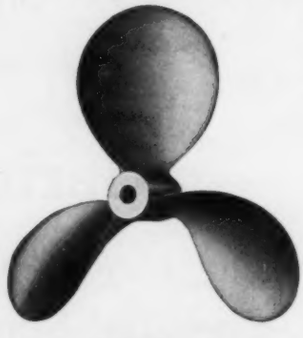
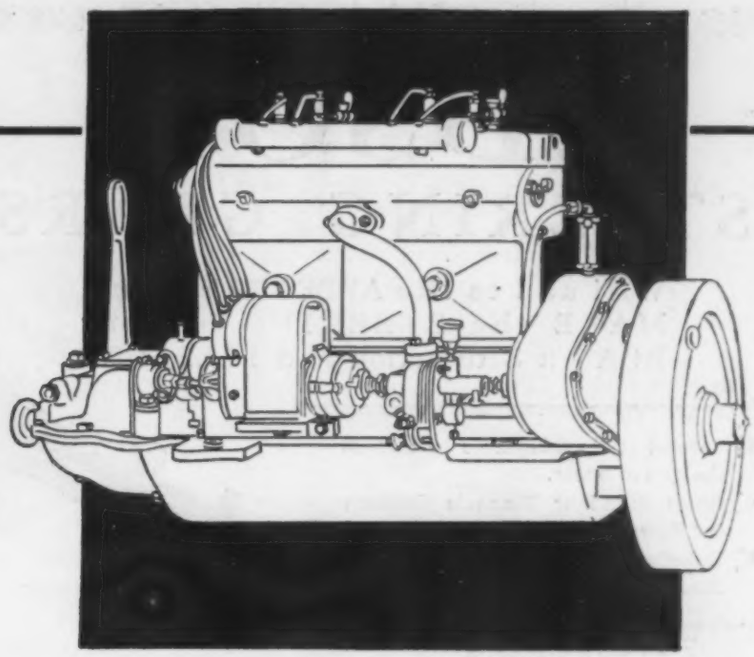


**SPEED**
**EFFICIENCY**
**RELIABILITY**

**Our booklet "Propeller Efficiency" will be sent free upon request**

**HYDE WINDLASS CO.**
**Dept. F, Bath, Maine, U. S. A.**



PALMER

# The New "Little Huskie"

Substantial, high speed, yet small — there in a nutshell are the characteristics of this new member of the Palmer family of marine engines. "Little Huskie" is bound to prove a faithful friend to the boat owner whose space is at a premium, yet who yearns for four-cylinder, four-cycle dependability.

This new Palmer engine is the ideal power plant for auxiliary, dory, runabout or small cruiser. It will fit into such a small space that it makes the installation of adequate power in many boats possible for the first time. Especially in shoal-draft boats where the center-board trunk takes up so much room, the trimness of "Little Huskie" is sure to appeal.

Rated at 10 to 15 h.p. at 1,000 to 1,500 r.p.m., 3 in. bore by 4 in. stroke, with full 2-inch balanced crankshaft and oversize camshaft, it is a beautifully designed job and delivers ample power with the flexibility of a much larger engine. Inquire at our branch offices, or send for descriptive bulletins.

## SPECIFICATIONS

10–15 h.p. at 1,000 to 1,500 r.p.m.

4-cylinder, 4-cycle, 3 in. bore x 4 in. stroke.

Balanced 2-inch crankshaft.

Overall length, flywheel to shaft coupling 41½ in.

Length flywheel to end of cylinder block, 24½ in.

Length over top of cylinder head, 17¾ in.

Overall width, except magneto and pump, 14½ in.

Diameter of flywheel, 14 in.

Height above bed, 14¾ in.

Weight complete with built-in magneto and Palmer enclosed disc clutch, 375 lbs.

Price with magneto ignition and reverse gear $340.00.

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**Will add to the APPEARANCE and MAKE the STEERING of your BOAT a Satisfaction and PLEASURE**

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Used by John Alden on the MALABAR VII and other designs

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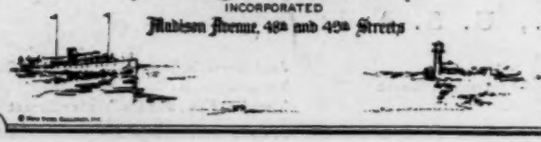

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*For 68 years successful boats have been delivered*

***We are now producing***

## High Grade Cruisers and Yachts
*at*
## *Amazingly Low Prices*

20-foot and 30-foot
on Deck Sailing Yachts
28-foot, 34-foot, 38-foot and 40-foot
Cabin Cruisers to Standardized Designs
Other sizes up to 80 feet on Special Designs

*Write for information*
*or come and see the boats*

THE A. G. CUTHBERT COMPANY
SANDUSKY, OHIO

Scripps

*"The Motor That Crossed the Atlantic"*

Banfield Sea Skiff Works
MANUFACTURERS
GENUINE JERSEY SEA SKIFFS
ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS N J

June 10, 1926

Scripps Motor Co.
1519 Lincoln Ave.
Detroit, Michigan

Gentlemen:

We have instructed Rosenfeld to send you photos of "No Foolin", which we recently conducted trials on.

This boat as you know, was powered with twin P-6 SCRIPPS, supplied us through your New York distributors, the Holt Marine Engineering Corporation. This is the first boat that we have made this installation on and we must admit that the results have proven more than satisfactory.

We have held off pushing the P-6 Motor as we never recommend any manufacturers motor without first convincing ourselves that they are all they are represented to be. We have for the past year been watching the various performances of the P-6 and were convinced that it was an ideal motor for our boats. The trial of "No Foolin" has shown us we were right and it will be a pleasure from now on to push sale of this motor in both our 30 and 34 foot Cruisers. Will report to you on the trials of other P-6 Twin installations which will soon be ready for launching.

Very truly yours,
BANFIELD SEA SKIFF WORKS INC.
Chas. A. Hindman
Sales Manager

CA Hindman:MM

## AND NOW THE BANFIELD WORKS IS CONVINCED

STILL another recognized leader among builders of standardized craft expresses his appreciation of SCRIPPS performance.

The Banfield Sea Skiff Works of Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, are the world's largest producers of standardized sea skiffs and their wide experience is of inestimable value to all engine users.

Every SCRIPPS engine in service is upholding a twenty-year-old reputation for reliability, honesty of construction and engineering, and outstanding motor value. There are types and sizes for almost every type of boat, from 10 to 150 horse power.

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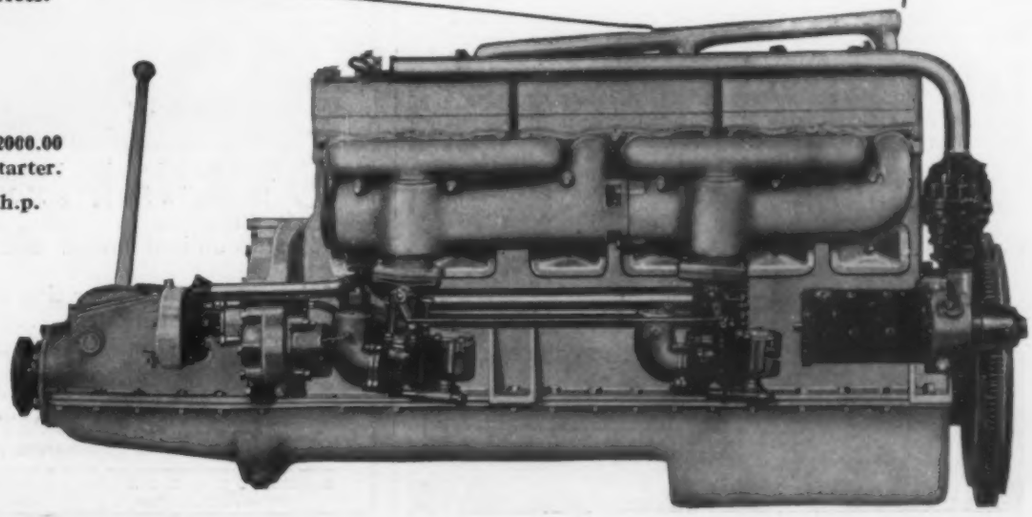
**5833 Lincoln Avenue**
**Detroit, Mich.**



**Model G-6, 150 h.p.—$2000.00**
**— Including Electric Starter.**

**Other sizes 10 to 150 h.p.**

Double Bracket Lamp

Bracket Lamp with Shade

Single Bracket Lamp

*Erico Fixtures were specified by Mr. Alden for the MALABAR VII, which was designed and built for his personal use.*

Two-Light Ceiling Fixture

**HUBBARD H. ERICKSON & Co.**

ERICO MARINE SPECIALTIES

3045 N. WESTERN AVENUE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

# SPEED BEAUTY AND COMFORT

WHILE speed has an irresistible appeal to the motor boat enthusiast — beauty of line and appointment are equally essential to the satisfaction of the owner. It is in its entirety — its individuality — rather than in any particular detail that the Baby Gar exerts its greatest attraction.

The BABY GAR is as easy to control as an automobile. Equipped with the famous Gar Wood Marine engine, it has one horsepower for every 3½ pounds of weight. It is the favorite of the best known sportsmen of America and Europe.

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*Mr. Lyon will be pleased to arrange a demonstration at your convenience.*

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***"Exclusive Distributor"***
*Telephone:* Columbus 1212

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***Winslow Designed . . . Richardson Built***

ONE-DESIGN class keel racing sloop, 16′ x 12′ 2⅝″ x 5′ 7¼″ x 3′ 3″. Sail area 157.5 sq. ft. *Price* . . . . . **$650**
23′ standardized cruiser with model Z Gray motor . . . . . **$1950**
34′ cruiser with twin or single motors giving up to 20 miles per hour at . . . . . **$5200** *up*

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**RICHARDSON BOAT CO., Inc.**
**North Tonawanda, N. Y.**

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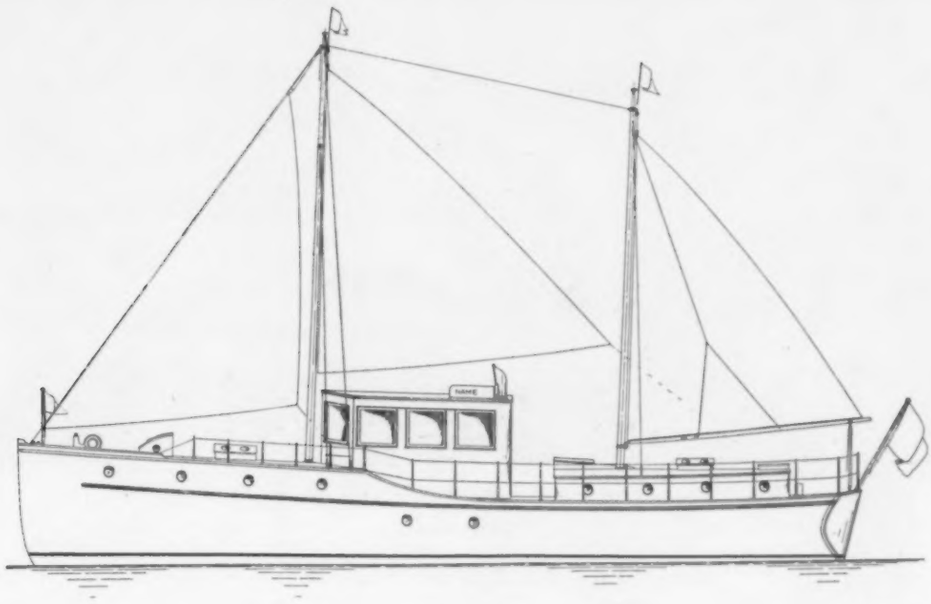

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THIS Deep Sea Cruiser was designed by William H. Hand, Jr. for the utmost in seaworthiness at a moderate price.

| ***Deep Sea Cruiser*** | |
|---|---|
| *L. O. A.* | *56 feet* |
| *L. W. L.* | *54 feet 6 inches* |
| *Beam* | *13 feet* |
| *Draft* | *5 feet 5 inches* |

It will cruise in luxurious comfort in every corner of the world — any distance in all weathers.

It is especially well adapted for such waters as Labrador, West Indies and Caribbean. Also the Great Lakes.

Deep draft, sturdy and able; ruggedly framed of native Maine oak. Either twin-screw gasoline engines or single-screw Diesel; fuel capacity 1500 miles with the gasoline engines and 3000 miles with the Diesel; auxiliary sail power. Electric refrigeration; coal or kerosene burning range.

There is another seaworthy type—the Houseboat — designed for coastwise cruising. Arrangements to go aboard the sister Houseboats *Vitesse* and *Rascal*, now in New York waters, have been made with the owners, but permission to go aboard must be secured through Staples, Johnson & Co., preferably on your letterhead stationery.

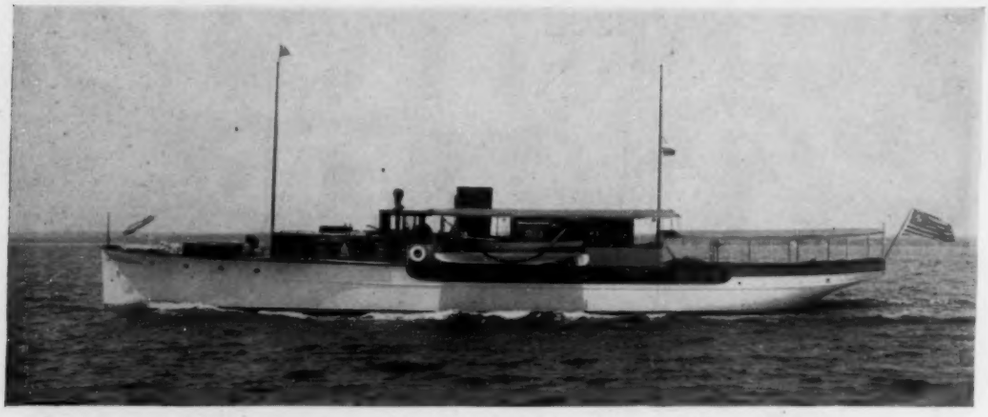
Should your requirements vary from either the Deep Sea Cruiser or the Houseboat, we would be glad to figure on your own specifications or cooperate with your architect.

In any event, it will be worth your while to send for full particulars. There is no obligation attached.

## STAPLES, JOHNSON & CO.

***Established 1923***

**Biddeford, Maine** **Yard on Saco River**



*RAMNA — Designed and built by Luders. Owner: Walter B. Lashar*

EQUIPPED WITH

# CUTLESS RUBBER BEARINGS

*Send for Descriptive Matter and Price*

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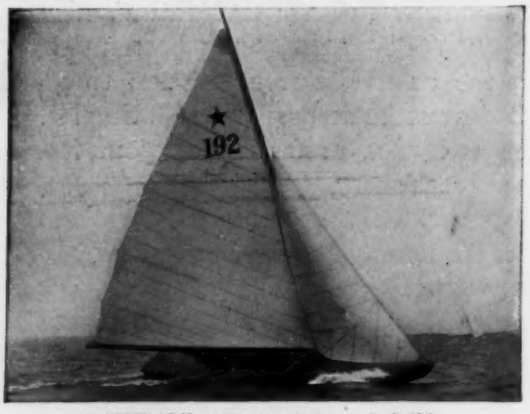
AMERICAN MADE **YACHT SAILS**




**"ASTRAL"** *(Fitted with Larsen's Sails)*

Owner, Roger Ward — Built by Parkman
Winner of Gravesend Bay Star Fleet Championship 1925
Winning 4 Prizes of 6 Starts Larchmont Race Week 1925
Winning 1 1st Prize Larchmont Race Week 1925

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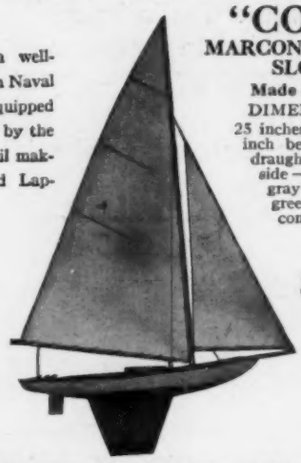
## *Boys Today—Men Tomorrow*

**Build a boat of this type from our construction set for $12.00. Hull already built**

**"COOT"**
**MARCONI RIGGED SLOOP**
**Made in America**

DIMENSIONS
25 inches over-all; 6¼ inch beam; 6½ inch draught; painted; top side — black, white, gray; under side — green, red in above combination.

Designed by a well-known American Naval Architect and equipped with sails made by the world-famous sail makers, Ratsey and Lapthorn, Ltd.



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It is arranged for compensation. Has sighting lines for quick bearings. Uses very little cockpit space. Is substantial, good looking and practical.

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The different sizes and styles provide for almost every situation.

*Made by*
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*Established* 1830 STAMFORD, CONN.

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GIVES protection to your engine. A scientific and efficient means for cooling and rejuvenating your motor oil. Returns oil at proper temperature.

Guaranteed to pay for itself in a season's run in cost of oil formerly wasted through evaporation.

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FORD & PAYNE DESIGNS cost more because they are worth more

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**"With Columbians on the N. Y. Patrol Boats, they ain't landin' their stuff as easy as they used to!"**

(Write for propeller information.)

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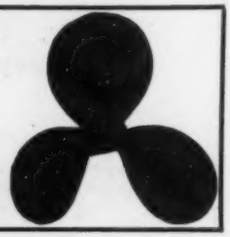

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**Keel Marconi Sloop**

**A fast and more roomy yacht of the same type as the famous "Wee Scot," and having the same features of safety and easy handling. Unsinkable—Uncapsizable. Cost, complete with sails and rigging.....$950.00**

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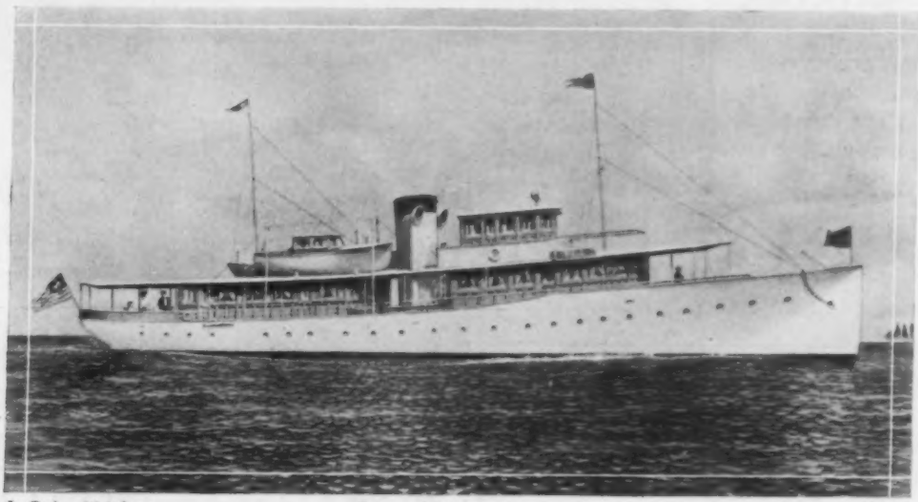

L.O.A., 124 feet Beam, 20 feet, 6 inches Draft, 7 feet

The new sea-going yacht "SIELE." Owner, Mr. John H. French. Designed by B. T. Dobson. Built by Pusey and Jones. Cruising radius, 4,000 miles. Power: Winton-Diesel Engines, twin-screw, total 600 h.p.

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But to make your cruise a success you must be well fitted out.

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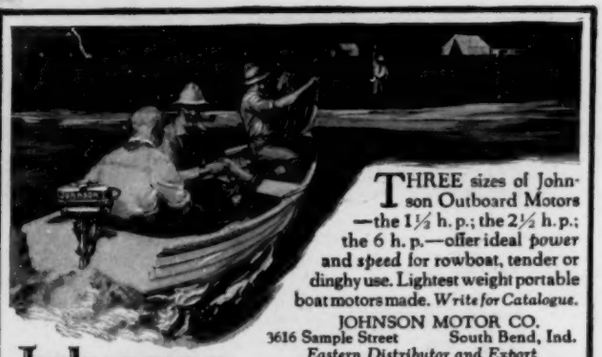

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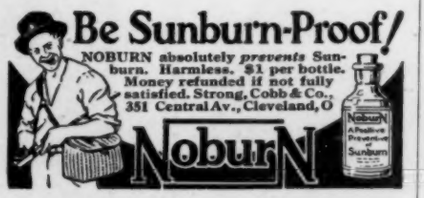
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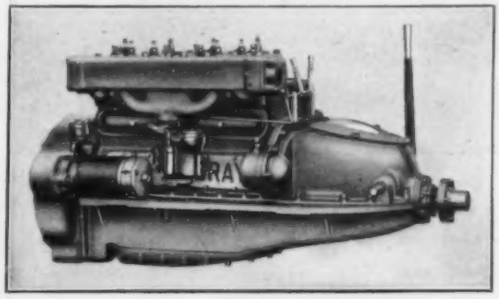

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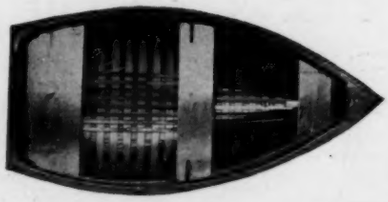

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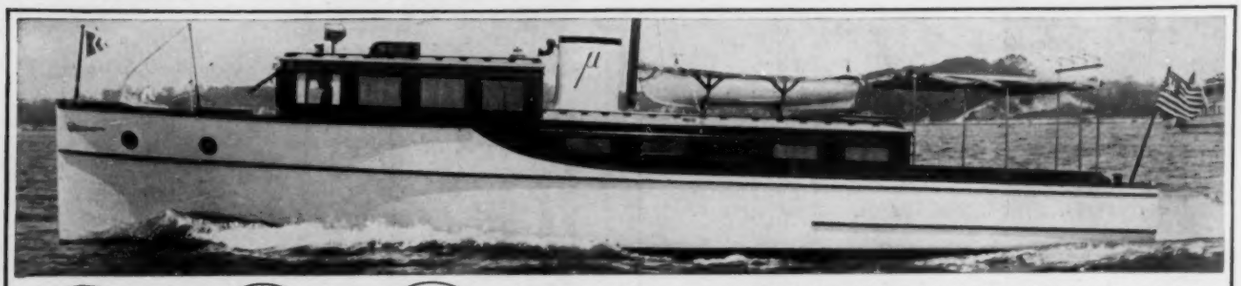

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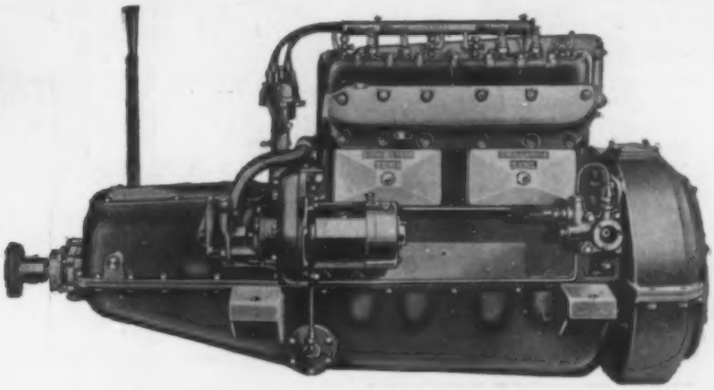

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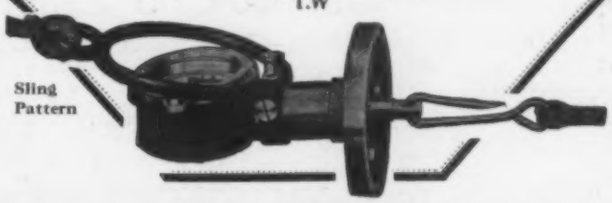


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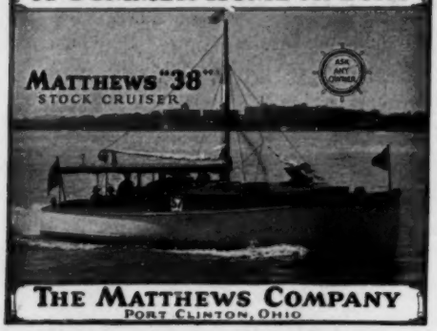


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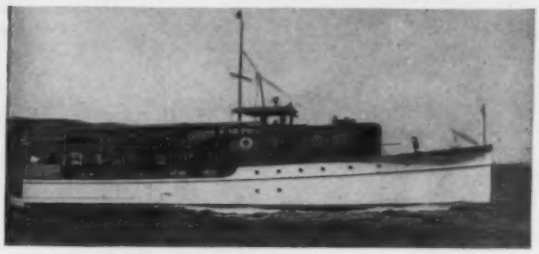

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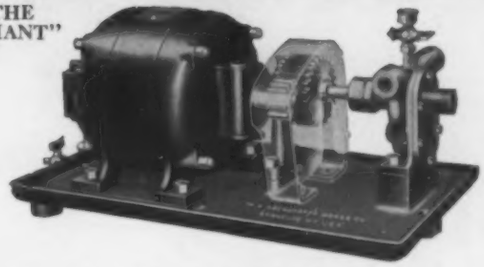

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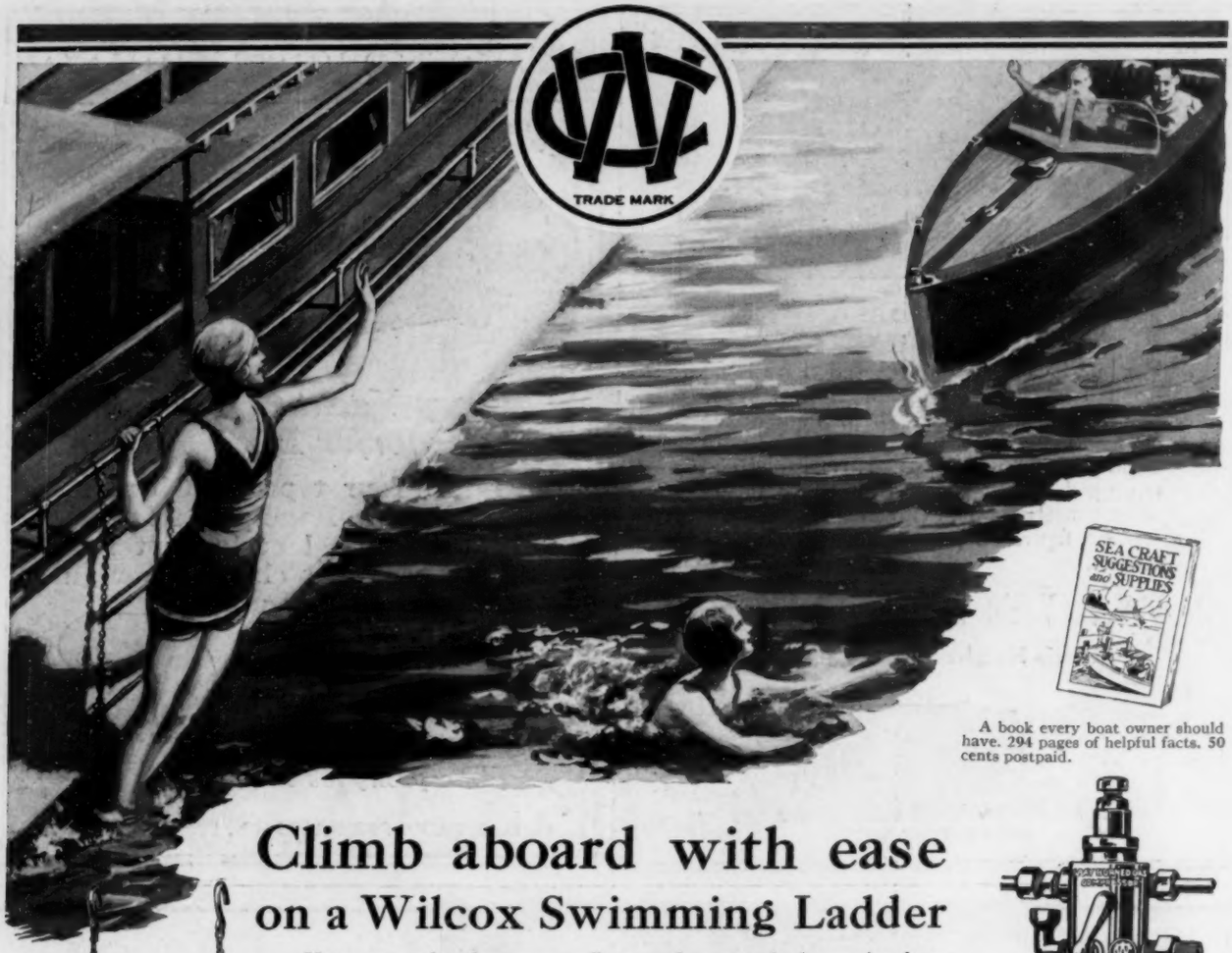





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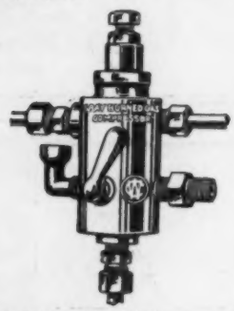

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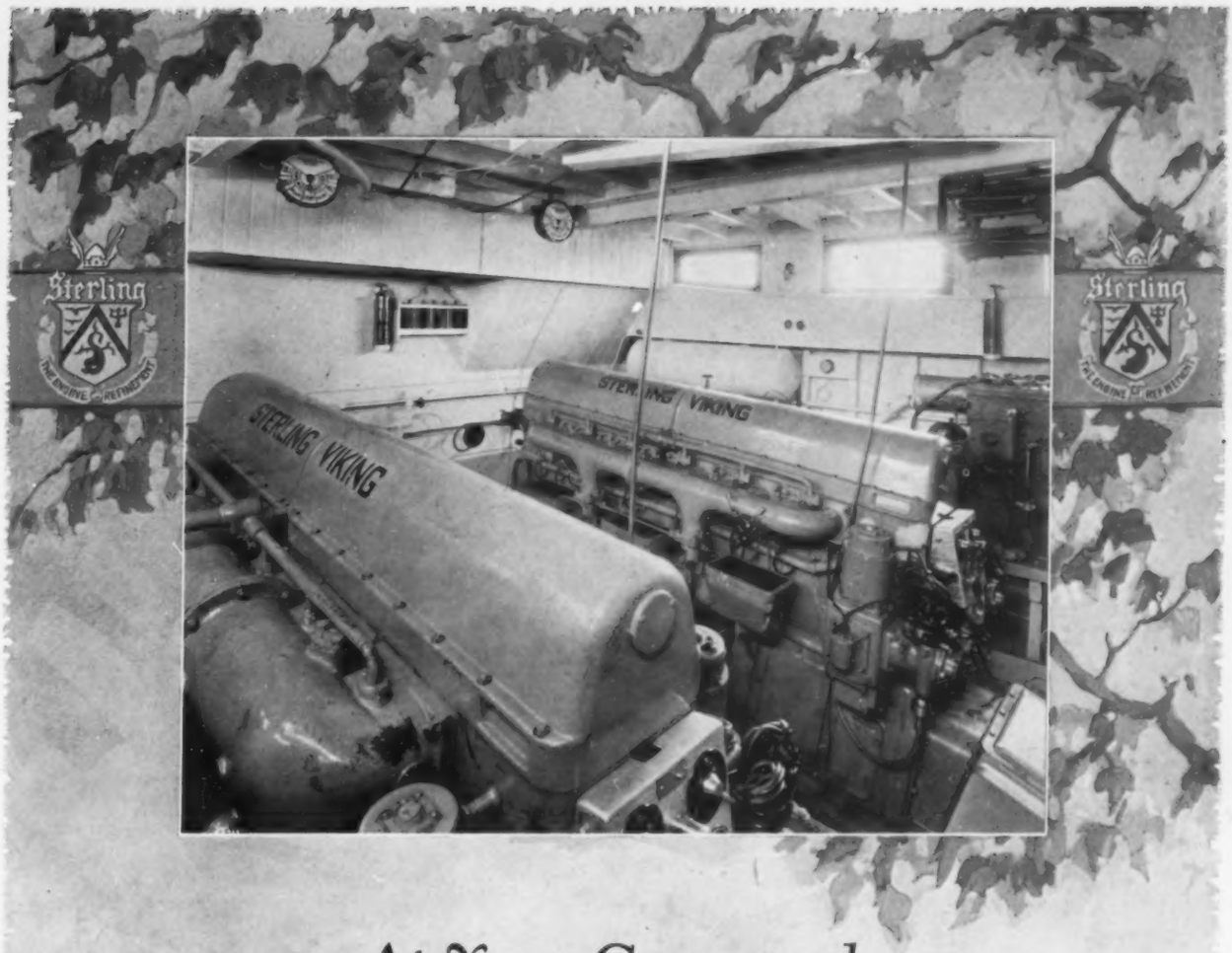


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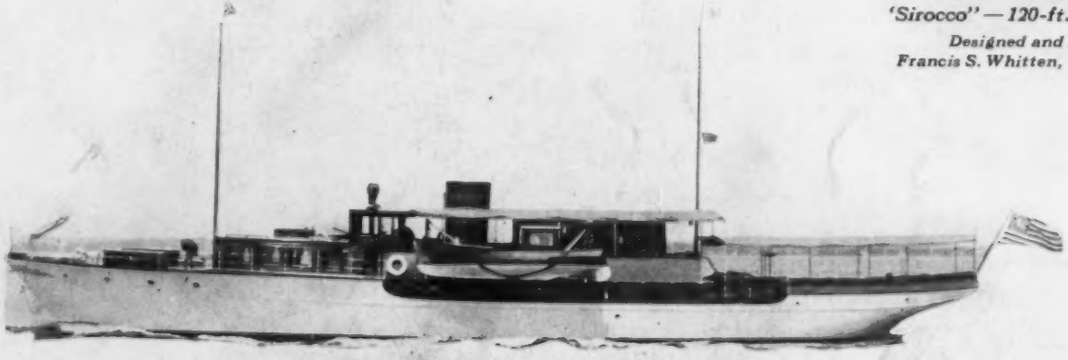

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